

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

*A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art,
and Politics.*

VOL. XXV.—APRIL, 1870.—NO. CL.

JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER IX.

THE train moved slowly along through the straggling and shabby suburbs, increasing its speed as the city melted gradually into the country; and Joseph, after a vain attempt to fix his mind upon one of the volumes he had procured for his slender library at home, leaned back in his seat and took note of his fellow-travellers. Since he began to approach the usual destiny of men, they had a new interest for him. Hitherto he had looked upon strange faces very much as on a strange language, without a thought of interpreting them; but now their hieroglyphics seemed to suggest a meaning. The figures around him were so many sitting, silent histories, so many locked-up records of struggle, loss, gain, and all the other forces which give shape and color to human life. Most of them were strangers to each other, and as reticent (in their railway conventionality) as himself; yet, he reflected, the whole range of passion, pleasure, and suffering was probably illustrated in that collection of existences. His own

troublesome individuality grew fainter, so much of it seemed to be merged in the common experience of men.

There was the portly gentleman of fifty, still ruddy and full of unwasted force. The keenness and coolness of his eyes, the few firmly marked lines on his face, and the color and hardness of his lips, proclaimed to everybody: "I am bold, shrewd, successful in business, scrupulous in the performance of my religious duties (on the Sabbath), voting with my party, and not likely to be fooled by any kind of literary nonsense." The thin, not very well-dressed man beside him, with the irregular features and uncertain expression, announced as clearly, to any who could read: "I am weak, like others, but I never consciously did any harm. I just manage to get along in the world, but if I only had a chance, I might make something better of myself." The fresh, healthy fellow, in whose lap a child was sleeping, while his wife nursed a younger one,—the man with ample mouth, large nostrils, and the hands of a mechanic,—also told his story: "On the whole, I find life a

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

VOL. XXV.—NO. 150.

comfortable thing. I don't know much about it, but I take it as it comes, and never worry over what I can't understand."

The faces of the younger men, however, were not so easy to decipher. On them life was only beginning its plastic task, and it required an older eye to detect the delicate touches of awakening passions and hopes. But Joseph consoled himself with the thought that his own secret was as little to be discovered as any they might have. If they were still ignorant of the sweet experience of love, he was already their superior; if they were sharers in it, though strangers, they were near to him. Had he not left the foot of the class, after all?

All at once his eye was attracted by a new face, three or four seats from his own. The stranger had shifted his position, so that he was no longer seen in profile. He was, apparently, a few years older than Joseph, but still bright with all the charm of early manhood. His fair complexion was bronzed from exposure, and his hands, graceful without being effeminate, were not those of the idle gentleman. His hair, golden in tint, was short locks as it pleased a smooth, frank forehead; the eyes were dark gray, and the mouth, partly hidden by a mustache, at once firm and full. He was moderately handsome, yet it was not of that which Joseph thought; he felt that there was more of developed character and a richer past history expressed in those features than in any other face there. He felt sure — and smiled at himself, notwithstanding, for the impression — that at least, some of his own doubts and difficulties had found their solution in the stranger's nature. The more he studied the face, the more he was conscious of its attraction, and his instinct of reliance, though utterly without grounds, justified itself to his mind in some mysterious way.

It was not long before the unknown felt his gaze, and, turning slowly in his seat, answered it. Joseph dropped his eyes in some confusion, but not until

he had caught the full, warm, intense expression of those that met them. He fancied that he read in them, in that momentary flash, what he had never before found in the eyes of strangers, — a simple, human interest, above curiosity and above mistrust. The usual reply to such a gaze is an unconscious defiance: the unknown nature is on its guard: but the look which seems to answer, "We are men, let us know each other!" is, alas! too rare in this world.

While Joseph was fighting the irresistible temptation to look again, there was a sudden thud of the car-wheels. Many of the passengers started from their seats, only to be thrown into them again by a quick succession of violent jolts. Joseph saw the stranger springing towards the bell-rope; then he and all others seemed to be whirling over each other; there was a crash, a horrible grinding and splintering sound, and the end of all was a shock, in which his consciousness left him before he could guess the violence.

After a while, on some blank, haunted by a single lost, wandering sense of existence, he began to awaken slowly to life. Flames were still dancing in his eyeballs, and waters and whirlwinds roaring in his ears; but it was only a passive sensation, without the will to know more. Then he felt himself partly lifted and his head supported, and presently a soft warmth fell upon the region of his heart. There were noises all about him, but he did not listen to them; his effort to regain his consciousness fixed itself on that point alone, and grew stronger as the warmth calmed the confusion of his nerves.

"Dip this in water!" said a voice, and the hand (as he now knew it to be) was removed from his heart.

Something cold came over his forehead, and at the same time warm drops fell upon his cheek.

"Look out for yourself: your head is cut!" exclaimed another voice.

"Only a scratch. Take the handkerchief out of my pocket and tie it up;

but first ask yon gentleman for his flask!"

Joseph opened his eyes, knew the face that bent over his, and then closed them again. Gentle and strong hands raised him, a flask was set to his lips, and he drank mechanically, but a full sense of life followed the draught. He looked wistfully in the stranger's face.

"Wait a moment," said the latter; "I must feel your bones before you try to move. Arms and legs all right, — impossible to tell about the ribs. There! now put your arm around my neck, and lean on me as much as you like, while I lift you."

Joseph did as he was bidden, but he was still weak and giddy, and after a few steps, they both sat down together upon a bank. The splintered car lay near them, upside down; the passengers had been extricated from it, and were now busy in aiding the few who were injured. The train had stopped and was waiting on the track above. Some were very pale and grave, feeling that Death had touched without taking them; but the greater part were concerned only about the delay to the train.

"How did it happen?" asked Joseph: "where was I? how did you find me?"

"The usual story, — a broken rail," said the stranger. "I had just caught the rope when the car went over, and was swung off my feet so luckily that I somehow escaped the hardest shock. I don't think I lost my senses for a moment. When we came to the bottom you were lying just before me; I thought you dead until I felt your heart. It is a severe shock, but I hope nothing more."

"But you, — are you not badly hurt?"

The stranger pushed up the handkerchief which was tied around his head, felt his temple, and said: "It must have been one of the splinters; I knew nothing about it. But there is no harm in a little blood-letting, except" — he added, smiling — "except the spots on your face."

By this time the other injured pas-

sengers had been conveyed to the train; the whistle sounded a warning of departure.

"I think we can get up the embankment now," said the stranger. "You must let me take care of you still: I am travelling alone."

When they were seated side by side, and Joseph leaned his head back on the supporting arm, while the train moved away with them, he felt that a new power, a new support, had come to his life. The face upon which he looked was no longer strange; the hand which had rested on his heart was warm with kindred blood. Involuntarily he extended his own; it was taken, and held, and the dark-gray, courageous eyes turned to him with a silent assurance which he felt needed no words.

"It is a rough introduction," he then said: "my name is Philip Held. I was on my way to Oakland Station, but if you are going farther —"

"Why, that is my station also!" Joseph exclaimed, giving his name in return.

"Then we should have probably met, sooner or later, in any case. I am bound for the forge and furnace at Coventry, which is — If the company who employ me to buy it, — according to the report I shall make, — the works will be placed in my charge."

"It is but six miles from my farm," said Joseph, "and the road up the valley is the most beautiful in our neighborhood. I hope you can make a favorable report."

"It is only too much to my own interest to do so. I have been mining and geologizing in Nevada and the Rocky Mountains for three or four years, and long for a quiet, ordered life. It is a good omen that I have found a neighbor in advance of my settlement. I have often ridden fifty miles to meet a friend who cared for something else than horse-racing or *monte*; and your six miles, — it is but a step!"

"How much you have seen!" said

Joseph. "I know very little of the world. It must be easy for you to take your own place in life."

A shade passed over Philip Held's face. "It is only easy to a certain class of men," he replied,—"a class to which I should not care to belong. I begin to think that nothing is very valuable, the right to which a man don't earn,—except human love, and that seems to come by the grace of God."

"I am younger than you are,—not yet twenty-three," Joseph remarked. "You will find that I am very ignorant."

"And I am twenty-eight, and just beginning to get my eyes open, like a nine-days' kitten. If I had been frank enough to confess my ignorance, five years ago, as you do now, it would have been better for me. But don't let us measure ourselves or our experience against each other. That is one good thing we learn in Rocky Mountain life; there is no high or low, knowledge or ignorance, except what applies to the needs of men who come together. So there are needs which most men have, and go all their lives hungering for, because they expect them to be supplied in a particular form. There is something," Philip concluded, "deeper than that in human nature."

Joseph longed to open his heart to this man, every one of whose words struck home to something in himself. But the lassitude which the shock left behind gradually overcame him. He suffered his head to be drawn upon Philip Held's shoulder, and slept until the train reached Oakland Station. When the two got upon the platform, they found Dennis waiting for Joseph, with a light country vehicle. The news of the accident had reached the station, and his dismay was great when he saw the two bloody faces. A physician had already been summoned from the neighboring village, but they had little need of his services. A prescription of quiet and sedatives for Joseph, and a strip of plaster for his companion, were

speedily furnished, and they set out together for the Asten place.

It is unnecessary to describe Rachel Miller's agitation when the party arrived; or the parting of the two men who had been so swiftly brought near to each other; or Philip Held's farther journey to the forge that evening. He resisted all entreaty to remain at the farm until morning, on the ground of an appointment made with the present proprietor of the forge. After his departure Joseph was sent to bed, where he remained for a day or two, very sore and a little feverish. He had plenty of time for thought,—not precisely of the kind which his aunt suspected, for out of pure, honest interest in his welfare, she took a step which proved to be of doubtful benefit. If he had not been so innocent,—if he had not been quite as unconscious of his inner nature as he was over-conscious of his external self,—he would have perceived that his thoughts dwelt much more on Philip Held than on Julia Blessing. His mind seemed to run through a swift, involuntary chain of reasoning, to account to himself for his feeling towards her, and her inevitable share in his future; but towards Philip his heart sprang with an instinct beyond his control. It was impossible to imagine that the latter, also, would not be shot, like a bright thread, through the web of his coming days.

On the third morning, when he had exchanged the bed for an arm-chair, a letter from the city was brought to him. "Dearest Joseph," it ran, "what a fright and anxiety we have had! When pa brought the paper home, last night, and I read the report of the accident, where it said, '*J. Asten*, severe contusions,' my heart stopped beating for a minute, and I can only write now (as you see) with a trembling hand. My first thought was to go directly to you; but ma said we had better wait for intelligence. Unless our engagement were generally known, it would give rise to remarks,—in short, I need not repeat to you all the *worldly*

reasons with which she opposed me; but, oh, how I longed for *the right* to be at your side, and assure myself that the dreadful, dreadful danger has passed! Pa was quite shaken with the news: he felt hardly able to go to the Custom-House this morning. But he sides with ma about my going, and now, when my time as a daughter with 'them is growing so short, I dare not disobey. I know you will understand my position, yet, dear and true as you are, you cannot guess the anxiety with which I await a line from your hand, the hand that was so nearly taken from me forever!"

Joseph read the letter twice and was about to commence it for the third time, when a visitor was announced. He had barely time to thrust the scented sheet into his pocket; and the bright eyes and flushed face with which he met the Rev. Mr. Chaffinch convinced both that gentleman and his aunt, as she ushered the latter into the room, that the visit was accepted as an honor and a joy.

On Mr. Chaffinch's face the air of authority which he had been led to believe belonged to his calling had not quite succeeded in impressing itself; but melancholy, the next best thing, was strongly marked. His dark complexion and his white cravat intensified each other; and his eyes, so long uplifted above the concerns of this world, had ceased to vary their expression materially for the sake of any human interest. All this had been expected of him, and he had simply done his best to meet the requirements of the flock over whom he was placed. Any of the latter might have easily been shrewd enough to guess, in advance, very nearly what the pastor would say, upon a given occasion; but each and all of them would have been both disappointed and disturbed if he had not said it.

After appropriate and sympathetic inquiries concerning Joseph's bodily condition, he proceeded to probe him spiritually.

"It was a merciful preservation. I

hope you feel that it is a solemn thing to look Death in the face."

"I am not afraid of death," Joseph replied.

"You mean the physical pang. But death includes what comes after it,—judgment. That is a very awful thought."

"It may be to evil men; but I have done nothing to make me fear it."

"You have never made an open profession of faith; yet it may be that grace has reached you," said Mr. Chaffinch. "Have you found your Saviour?"

"I believe in him with all my soul!" Joseph exclaimed; "but you mean something else by 'finding' him. I will be candid with you, Mr. Chaffinch. The last sermon I heard you preach, a month ago, was upon the nullity of all good works, all Christian deeds; you called them 'rags, dust, and ashes,' and declared that man is saved by faith alone. I *have* faith, but I can't accept a doctrine which denies merit to works; and you, unless I accept it, will you admit that I have 'found' Christ?"

"There is but One Truth!" exclaimed Mr. Chaffinch, very severely.

"Yes," Joseph answered reverently, "and that is only perfectly known to God."

The clergyman was more deeply annoyed than he cared to exhibit. His experience had been confined chiefly to the encouragement of ignorant souls, willing to accept *his* message, if they could only be made to comprehend it, or to the conflict with downright doubt and denial. A nature so seemingly open to the influences of the Spirit, yet inflexibly closed to certain points of doctrine, was something of a problem to him. He belonged to a class now happily becoming scarce, who, having been taught to pace a reasoned theological round, can only efficiently meet those antagonists who voluntarily come inside of their own ring.

His habit of control, however, enabled him to say, with a moderately friendly manner, as he took leave: "We will talk again when you are

stronger. It is my duty to give spiritual help to those who seek it."

To Rachel Miller he said: "I cannot say that he is dark. His mind is cloudy, but we find that the vanities of youth often obscure the true light for a time."

Joseph leaned back in his arm-chair, closed his eyes, and meditated earnestly for half an hour. Rachel Miller, uncertain whether to be hopeful or discouraged by Mr. Chaffinch's words, stole into the room, but went about on tiptoe, supposing him to be asleep. Joseph was fully conscious of all her movements, and at last startled her by the sudden question:—

"Aunt, why do you suppose I went to the city?"

"Goodness, Joseph! I thought you were sound asleep. I suppose to see about the fall prices for grain and cattle."

"No, aunt," said he, speaking with determination, though the foolish blood ran rosily over his face, "I went to get a wife!"

She stood pale and speechless, staring at him. But for the rosy sign on his cheeks and temples she could not have believed his words.

"Miss Blessing?" she finally uttered, almost in a whisper.

Joseph nodded his head. She dropped into the nearest chair, drew two or three long breaths, and in an indescribable tone ejaculated, "Well!"

"I knew you would be surprised," said he; "because it is almost a surprise to myself. But you and she seemed to fall so easily into each other's ways, that I hope—"

"Why, you're hardly acquainted with her!" Rachel exclaimed. "It is so hasty! And you are so young!"

"No younger than father was when he married mother; and I have learned to know her well in a short time. Isn't it so with you, too, aunt?—you certainly liked her?"

"I'll not deny that, nor say the reverse now: but a farmer's wife should be a farmer's daughter."

"But suppose, aunt, that the farmer

don't happen to love any farmer's daughter, and *does* love a bright, amiable, very intelligent girl, who is delighted with country life, eager and willing to learn, and very fond of the farmer's aunt (who can teach her everything)?"

"Still, it seems to me a risk," said Rachel; but she was evidently relenting.

"There is none to you," he answered, "and I am not afraid of mine. You will be with us, for Julia could n't do without you, if she wished. If she were a farmer's daughter, with different ideas of housekeeping, it might bring trouble to both of us. But now you will have the management in your own hands until you have taught Julia, and afterwards she will carry it on in your way."

She did not reply; but Joseph could see that she was becoming reconciled to the prospect. After a while she came across the room, leaned over him, kissed him upon the forehead, and then silently went away.

CHAPTER X.

ONLY two months intervened until the time appointed for the marriage, and the days rolled swiftly away. A few lines came to Joseph from Philip Held, announcing that he was satisfied with the forge and furnace, and the sale would doubtless be consummated in a short time. He did not, however, expect to take charge of the works before March, and therefore gave Joseph his address in the city, with the hope that the latter would either visit or write to him.

On the Sunday after the accident Elwood Withers came to the farm. He seemed to have grown older, in the short time which had elapsed since they had last met; after his first hearty rejoicing over Joseph's escape and recovery, he relapsed into a silent but not unfriendly mood. The two young men climbed the long hill behind the house and seated themselves under a noble pin-oak on the height, whence there was a lovely view of the valley for many miles to the southward.

They talked mechanically, for a while, of the season, and the crops, and the other usual subjects which farmers never get to the end of discussing; but both felt the impendence of more important themes, and, nevertheless, were slow to approach them. At last Elwood said: "Your fate is settled by this time, I suppose?"

"It is arranged, at least," Joseph replied. "But I can't yet make clear to myself that I shall be a married man in two months from now."

"Does the time seem long to you?"

"No," Joseph innocently answered; "it is very short."

Elwood turned away his head to conceal a melancholy smile; it was a few minutes before he spoke again.

"Joseph," he then said, "are you sure, quite sure, you love her?"

"I am to marry her."

"I meant nothing unfriendly," Elwood remarked, in a gentle tone. "My thought was this,—if you should ever find a still stronger love growing upon you,—something that would make the warmth you feel now seem like ice compared to it,—how would you be able to fight it? I asked the question of myself for you. I don't think I'm much different from most soft-hearted men,—except that I keep the softness so well stowed away that few persons know of it,—but if I were in your place, within two months of marriage to the girl I love, I should be miserable!"

Joseph turned towards him with wide, astonished eyes.

"Miserable from hope and fear," Elwood went on; "I should be afraid of fever, fire, murder, thunderbolts! Every hour of the day I should dread lest something might come between us; I should prowl around her house day after day, to be sure that she was alive! I should lengthen out the time into years; and all because I'm a great, disappointed, soft-hearted fool!"

The sad, yearning expression of his eyes touched Joseph to the heart. "Elwood," he said, "I see that it is not in my power to comfort you; if I give

you pain unknowingly, tell me how to avoid it! I meant to ask you to stand beside me when I am married; but now you must consider your own feelings in answering, not mine. Lucy is not likely to be there."

"That would make no difference," Elwood answered. "Do you suppose it is a pain for me to see her, because she seems lost to me? No; I'm always a little encouraged when I have a chance to measure myself with her, and to guess—sometimes this and sometimes that—what it is that she needs to find in me. Force of will is of no use; as to faithfulness,—why, what it's worth can't be shown unless something turns up to try it. But you had better not ask me to be your groomsman. Neither Miss Blessing nor her sister would be overly pleased."

"Why so?" Joseph asked; "Julia and you are quite well acquainted, and she was always friendly towards you."

Elwood was silent and embarrassed. Then, reflecting that silence, at that moment, might express even more than speech, he said: "I've got the notion in my head; maybe it's foolish, but there it is. I talked a good deal with Miss Blessing, it's true, and yet I don't feel the least bit acquainted. Her manner to me was very friendly, and yet I don't think she likes me."

"Well!" exclaimed Joseph, forcing a laugh, though he was much annoyed, "I never gave you credit for such a lively imagination. Why not be candid, and admit that the dislike is on your side? I am sorry for it, since Julia will so soon be in the house there as my wife. There is no one else whom I can ask, unless it were Philip Held—"

"Held! To be sure, he took care of you. I was at Coventry the day after, and saw something of him." With these words, Elwood turned towards Joseph and looked him squarely in the face. "He'll have charge there in a few months, I hear," he then said, "and I reckon it as a piece of good

luck for you. I've found that there are men, all, maybe, as honest and outspoken as they need be; yet two of 'em will talk at different marks and never fully understand each other, and other two will naturally talk right straight at the same mark and never miss. Now, Held is the sort that can hit the thing in the mind of the man they're talking to; it's a gift that comes o' being knocked about the world among all classes of people. What we learn here, always among the same folks, is n't a circumstance."

"Then you think I might ask him?" said Joseph, not fully comprehending all that Elwood meant to express.

"He's one of those men that you're safe in asking to do anything. Make him spokesman of a committee to wait on the President, arbitrator in a crooked lawsuit, overseer of a railroad gang, leader in a prayer-meeting (if he'd consent), or whatever else you choose, and he'll do the business as if he was used to it! It's enough for you that I don't know the town ways, and he does; it's considered worse, I've heard, to make a blunder in society than to commit a real sin."

He rose, and they loitered down the hill together. The subject was quietly dropped, but the minds of both were none the less busy. They felt the stir and pressure of new experiences, which had come to one through disappointment and to the other through success. Not three months had passed since they rode together through the twilight to Warriner's, and already life was opening to them,—but how differently! Joseph endeavored to make the most kindly allowance for his friend's mood, and to persuade himself that his feelings were unchanged. Elwood, however, knew that a shadow had fallen between them. It was nothing beside the cloud of his greater trouble; he also knew the cost of his own justification to Joseph, and prayed that it might never come.

That evening, on taking leave, he said: "I don't know whether you meant to have the news of your en-

gagement circulated; but I guess Anna Warriner has heard, and that amounts to —"

"To telling it to the whole neighborhood, does n't it?" Joseph answered. "Then the mischief is already done, if it is a mischief. It is well, therefore, that the day is set: the neighborhood will have little time for gossip."

He smiled so frankly and cheerfully, that Elwood seized his hand, and with tears in his eyes, said: "Don't remember anything against me, Joseph. I've always been honestly your friend, and mean to stay so."

He went that evening to a home-stead where he knew he should find Lucy Henderson. She looked pale and fatigued, he thought; possibly his presence had become a restraint. If so, she must bear his unkindness: it was the only sacrifice he could not make, for he felt sure that his intercourse with her must either terminate in hate or love. The one thing of which he was certain was, that there could be no calm, complacent friendship between them.

It was not long before one of the family asked him whether he had heard the news; it seemed that they had already discussed it, and his arrival revived the flow of expression. In spite of his determination, he found it impossible to watch Lucy while he said, as simply as possible, that Joseph Asten seemed very happy over the prospect of the marriage; that he was old enough to take a wife; and if Miss Blessing could adapt herself to country habits, they might get on very well together. But later in the evening he took a chance of saying to her: "In spite of what I said, Lucy, I don't feel quite easy about Joseph's marriage. What do you think of it?"

She smiled faintly, as she replied: "Some say that people are attracted by mutual unlikeness. This seems to me to be a case of the kind; but they are free choosers of their own fates."

"Is there no possible way of persuading him — them — to delay?"

"No!" she exclaimed, with unusual energy; "none whatever!"

Elwood sighed, and yet felt relieved.

Joseph lost no time in writing to Philip Held, announcing his approaching marriage, and begging him — with many apologies for asking such a mark of confidence on so short an acquaintance — to act the part of nearest friend, if there were no other private reasons to prevent him.

Four or five days later the following answer arrived: —

MY DEAR ASTEN:—Do you remember that curious whirling, falling sensation, when the car pitched over the edge of the embankment? I felt a return of it on reading your letter; for you have surprised me beyond measure. Not by your request, for that is just what I should have expected of you; and as well now, as if we had known each other for twenty years; so the apology is the only thing objectionable — But I am tangling my sentences; I want to say how heartily I return the feeling which prompted you to ask me, and yet how embarrassed I am that I cannot unconditionally say, "Yes, with all my heart!" My great, astounding surprise is, to find you about to be married to Miss Julia Blessing, — a young lady whom I once knew. And the embarrassment is this: I knew her under circumstances (in which she was not personally concerned, however) which might possibly render my presence now, as your groomsman, unwelcome to the family: at least, it is my duty — and yours, if you still desire me to stand beside you — to let Miss Blessing and her family decide the question. The circumstances to which I refer concern them rather than myself. I think your best plan will be simply to inform them of your request and my reply, and add that I am entirely ready to accept whatever course they may prefer.

Pray don't consider that I have treated your first letter to me ungraciously. I am more grieved than you can imagine that it happens so. You

will probably come to the city a day before the wedding, and I insist that you shall share my bachelor quarters, in any case.

Always your friend,

PHILIP HELD. }
}

This letter threw Joseph into a new perplexity. Philip a former acquaintance of the Blessings! Formerly, but not now; and what could those mysterious "circumstances" have been, which had so seriously interrupted their intercourse? It was quite useless to conjecture; but he could not resist the feeling that another shadow hung over the aspects of his future. Perhaps he had exaggerated Elwood's unaccountable dislike to Julia, which had only been implied, not spoken; but here was a positive estrangement on the part of the man who was so suddenly near and dear to him. He never thought of suspecting Philip of blame; the candor and cheery warmth of the letter rejoiced his heart. There was evidently nothing better to do than to follow the advice contained in it, and leave the question to the decision of Julia and her parents.

Her reply did not come by the return mail, nor until nearly a week afterwards; during which time he tormented himself by imagining the wildest reasons for her silence. When the letter at last arrived, he had some difficulty in comprehending its import.

"Dearest Joseph," she said, "you must *really* forgive me this long trial of your patience. Your letter was *so* unexpected, — I mean its contents, — and it seems as if ma and pa and Clementina would never agree what was best to be done. For that matter, I cannot say that they agree now; we had *no idea* that you were an intimate friend of Mr. Held, (I can't think how ever you should have become acquainted!) and it seemed to break open old wounds, — none of mine, fortunately, for I have none. As Mr. Held leaves the question in our hands, there is, you will understand, all the more necessity

that we should be careful. Ma thinks he has said nothing to you about the unfortunate occurrence, or you would have expressed an opinion. You never can know how happy your fidelity makes me ; but I felt that, the first moment we met.

"Ma says that at *very private* (what pa calls informal) weddings, there need not be bridesmaids or groomsmen. Miss Morrissey was married that way, not long ago ; it is true that she is not of our circle, nor strictly a *first* family (this is ma's view, not mine, for I understand the hollowness of society) ; but we could very well do the same. Pa would be satisfied with a reception afterwards ; he wants to ask the Collector, and the Surveyor, and the Appraiser. Clementina won't say anything now, but I know what she thinks, and so does ma ; however, Mr. Held has so dropped out of city life that it is not important. I suppose everything must be dim in his memory now ; you do not write to me much that he related. How strange that he should be your friend ! They say my dress is lovely, but I am sure I should like a plain muslin just as well. I shall only breathe freely when I get back to the quiet of the country, (and your — *our* charming home, and dear, good Aunt Rachel !) and away from all these conventional forms. Ma says if there is one groomsmen, there ought to be two ; either very simple, or according to custom. In a matter so delicate, perhaps Mr. Held would be as competent to decide as we are ; at least, I am quite willing to leave it to *his* judgment. But how trifling is all this discussion, compared with the importance of the day to us ! It is now drawing very near, but I have no misgivings, for I confide in you wholly and forever !"

After reading the letter with as much coolness as was then possible to him, Joseph inferred three things : that his acquaintance with Philip Held was not entirely agreeable to the Blessing family ; that they would prefer the simplest style of a wedding, and this was in consonance with his own tastes ; and

that Julia clung to him as a deliverer from conditions with which her nature had little sympathy. Her incoherence, he fancied, arose from an agitation which he could very well understand, and his answer was intended to soothe and encourage her. It was difficult to let Philip know that his services would not be required, without implying the existence of an unfriendly feeling towards him ; and Joseph, therefore, all the more readily accepted his invitation. He was assured that the mysterious difficulty did not concern Julia ; even if it were so, he was not called upon to do violence, without cause, to so welcome a friendship.

The September days sped by, not with the lingering, passionate uncertainty of which Elwood Withers spoke, but almost too swiftly. In the hurry of preparation, Joseph had scarcely time to look beyond the coming event and estimate its consequences. He was too ignorant of himself to doubt : his conscience was too pure and perfect to admit the possibility of changing the course of his destiny. Whatever the gossip of the neighborhood might have been, he heard nothing of it that was not agreeable. His aunt was entirely reconciled to a wife who would not immediately, and probably not for a long time, interfere with her authority ; and the shadows raised by the two men whom he loved best seemed, at last, to be accidentally thrown from clouds beyond the horizon of his life. This was the thought to which he clung, in spite of a vague, utterly formless apprehension, which he felt lurking somewhere in the very bottom of his heart.

Philip met him on his arrival in the city, and after taking him to his pleasant quarters, in a house looking on one of the leafy squares, good-naturedly sent him to the Blessing mansion, with a warning to return before the evening was quite spent. The family was in a flutter of preparation, and though he was cordially welcomed, he felt that, to all except Julia, he was subordinate in interest to the men who

came every quarter of an hour, bringing bouquets, and silver spoons with cards attached, and pasteboard boxes containing frosted cakes. Even Julia's society he was only allowed to enjoy by scanty instalments; she was perpetually summoned by her mother, or Clementina, to consult about some indescribable figment of dress. Mr. Blessing was occupied in the basement, with the inspection of various hampers. He came to the drawing-room to greet Joseph, whom he shook by both hands, with such incoherent phrases that Julia presently interposed. "You must not forget, pa," she said, "that the man is waiting: Joseph will excuse you, I know." She followed him to the basement, and he returned no more.

Joseph left early in the evening, cheered by Julia's words: "We can't complain of all this confusion, when it's for our sakes; but we'll be happier when it's over, won't we?"

He gave her an affirmative kiss, and returned to Philip's room. That gentleman was comfortably disposed in an arm-chair, with a book and a cigar. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you find that a house is more agreeable any evening than that before the wedding?"

"There is one compensation," said Joseph; "it gives me two or three hours with you."

"Then take that other arm-chair, and tell me how this came to pass. You see, I have the curiosity of a neighbor, already."

He listened earnestly while Joseph related the story of his love, occasionally asking a question or making a suggestive remark, but so gently that it seemed to come as an assistance. When all had been told, he rose and commenced walking slowly up and down the room. Joseph longed to ask, in turn, for an explanation of the circumstances mentioned in Philip's letter; but a doubt checked his tongue.

As if in response to his thought, Philip stopped before him and said:

"I owe you my story, and you shall have it after a while, when I can tell you more. I was a young fellow of twenty when I knew the Blessings, and I don't attach the slightest importance, now, to anything that happened. Even if I did, Miss Julia had no share in it. I remember her distinctly; she was then about my age, or a year or two older; but hers is a face that would not change in a long while."

Joseph stared at his friend in silence. He recalled the latter's age, and was startled by the involuntary arithmetic which revealed Julia's to him. It was unexpected, unwelcome, yet inevitable.

"Her father had been lucky in some of his 'operations,'" Philip continued, "but I don't think he kept it long. I hardly wonder that she should come to prefer a quiet country life to such ups and downs as the family has known. Generally, a woman don't adapt herself so readily to a change of surroundings as a man: where there is love, however, everything is possible."

"There is! there is!" Joseph exclaimed, certifying the fact to himself as much as to his friend. He rose and stood beside him.

Philip looked at him with grave, tender eyes.

"What can I do?" he said.

"What should you do?" Joseph asked.

"This!" Philip exclaimed, laying his hands on Joseph's shoulders,—"this, Joseph! I can be nearer than a brother. I know that I am in your heart as you are in mine. There is no faith between us that need be limited, there is no truth too secret to be veiled. A man's perfect friendship is rarer than a woman's love, and most hearts are content with one or the other: not so with yours and mine! I read it in your eyes, when you opened them on my knee: I see it in your face now. Don't speak: let us clasp hands."

But Joseph could not speak.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

IN 1825 a royal prince of Siam (his birthright wrested from him, and his life imperilled) took refuge in a Buddhist monastery and assumed the yellow garb of a priest. His father, commonly known as Phên den-Klang, first or supreme king of Siam, had just died, leaving this prince, Chowfa Mongkut, at the age of twenty, lawful heir to the crown; for he was the eldest son of the acknowledged queen, and therefore by courtesy and honored custom, if not by absolute right, the legitimate successor to the throne of the Phra-batts.* But he had an elder half-brother, who, through the intrigues of his mother, had already obtained control of the royal treasury, and now, with the connivance, if not by authority, of the Senabawdee, the Grand Council of the kingdom, proclaimed himself king, under the title of Phra-chow-Phra-sat-thong. He had the grace, however, to promise his plundered brother—such royal promises being a cheap form of propitiation in Siam—to hold the reins of government only until Chowfa Mongkut should be of years and strength and skill to manage them. But, once firmly seated on the throne, the usurper saw in his patient but proud and astute kinsman only a hindrance and a peril in the path of his own cruder and fiercer aspirations. Hence the forewarning and the flight, the cloister and the yellow robes. And so the usurper continued to reign, unchallenged by any claim from the king that should be, until March, 1851, when, a mortal illness having overtaken him, he convoked the Grand Council of princes and nobles around his couch, and proposed his favorite son as his successor. Then the safe asses of the court kicked the dying lion with seven words of sententious scorn,—"The crown has already its rightful owner"; whereupon Phra-

chow-Phra-sat-thong literally cursed himself to death; for it was almost in the convulsion of his chagrin and rage that he came to his end, on the 3d of April.

In Siam there is no such personage as an heir apparent to the throne, in the definite meaning and positive value which attaches to that phrase in Europe,—no prince with an absolute and exclusive title, by birth, adoption, or nomination, to succeed to the crown. And while it is true that the eldest living son of a Siamese sovereign by his queen or queen consort is recognized by all custom, ancient and modern, as the *probable* successor to the high seat of his royal sire, he cannot be said to have a clear and indefeasible right to it, because the question of his accession has yet to be decided by the electing voice of the Senabawdee, the Grand Council of the realm, in whose judgment he may be ineligible, by reason of certain physical, mental, or moral disabilities,—as extreme youth, effeminacy, imbecility, intemperance, profligacy. Nevertheless, the election is popularly expected to result in the choice of the eldest son of the queen, though an interregnum or a regency is a contingency by no means unusual.

It was in view of this jurisdiction of the Senabawdee, exercised in deference to a just and honored custom, that the voice of the oracle fell upon the ear of the dying monarch with a disappointing and offensive significance; for he well knew who was meant by the "rightful owner" of the crown. Hardly had he breathed his last when, in spite of the busy intrigues of his eldest son (whom we find described in the Bangkok Recorder of July 26, 1866, as "most honorable and promising"), in spite of the bitter vexation of his lordship Chow-Phya Sri Surry Wongse, so soon to be premier, the prince Chowfa Mongkut doffed his sa-

* The Golden-footed.

cerdotal robes, emerged from his cloister, and was crowned, with the title of Sometch-Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut.*

For twenty-five years had the true heir to the throne of the Phra-batts, patiently biding his time, lain perdu in his monastery, diligently devoting himself to the study of Sanskrit, Bali, theology, history, geology, chemistry, and especially astronomy. He was a familiar visitor at the houses of the American missionaries, two of whom (Dr. House and Mr. Mattoon) were, throughout his reign and life, gratefully revered by him for that pleasant and profitable converse which helped to unlock to him the secrets of European vigor and advancement, and to make straight and easy the paths of knowledge he had started upon. Not even the essential arrogance of his Siamese nature could prevent him from accepting cordially the happy influences these good and true men inspired; and doubtless he would have gone more than half-way to meet them, but for the dazzle of the golden throne in the distance, which arrested him midway between Christianity and Buddhism, between truth and delusion, between light and darkness, between life and death.

In the Oriental tongues this progressive king was eminently proficient; and toward priests, preachers, and teachers, of all creeds, sects, and sciences, an enlightened exemplar of tolerance. It was likewise his peculiar vanity to pass for an accomplished English scholar, and to this end he maintained in his palace at Bangkok a private printing establishment, with fonts of English type, which, as may be perceived presently, he was at no loss to keep in "copy." Perhaps it was the printing-office which suggested, quite naturally, an English governess for the *élite* of his wives and concubines, and their offspring, — in number amply adequate to the constitution of a royal school, and in material most attractively fresh and romantic. Happy thought! Wherefore, behold me, just

* Duke, and royal bearer of the great crown.

after sunset on a pleasant day in April, 1862, on the threshold of the outer court of the Grand Palace, accompanied by my own brave little boy, and escorted by a compatriot.

A flood of light sweeping through the spacious Hall of Audience displayed a throng of noblemen in waiting. None turned a glance, or seemingly a thought, on us, and, my child being tired and hungry, I urged Captain B—— to present us without delay. At once we mounted the marble steps, and entered the brilliant hall unannounced. Ranged on the carpet were many prostrate, mute, and motionless forms, over whose heads to step was a temptation as drolly natural as it was dangerous. His Majesty spied us quickly, and advanced abruptly, petulantly screaming, "Who? who? who?"

Captain B—— (who, by the by, is a titled nobleman of Siam) introduced me as the English governess, engaged for the royal family. The king shook hands with us, and immediately proceeded to march up and down in quick step, putting one foot before the other with mathematical precision, as if under drill. "Forewarned, forearmed," my friend whispered that I should prepare myself for a sharp cross-questioning as to my age, my husband, children, and other strictly personal concerns. Suddenly his Majesty, having cogitated sufficiently in his peculiar manner, with one long final stride halted in front of us, and, pointing straight at me with his forefinger, asked, "How old shall you be?"

Scarcely able to repress a smile at a proceeding so absurd, and with my sex's distaste for so serious a question, I demurely replied, "One hundred and fifty years old."

Had I made myself much younger, he might have ridiculed or assailed me; but now he stood surprised and embarrassed for a few moments, then resumed his quick march, and at last, beginning to perceive the jest, coughed, laughed, coughed again, and then in a high, sharp key asked, "In what year were you borned?"

Instantly I "struck" a mental balance, and answered, as gravely as I could, "In 1788."

At this point the expression of his Majesty's face was indescribably comical. Captain B—— slipped behind a pillar to laugh; but the king only coughed, with a significant emphasis that startled me, and addressed a few words to his prostrate courtiers, who smiled at the carpet, — all except the prime minister, who turned to look at me. But his Majesty was not to be baffled so: again he marched with vigor, and then returned to the attack with *Stan*.

"How many years shall you be married?"

"For several years, your Majesty."

He fell into a brown study; then suddenly rushed at me, and demanded triumphantly: —

"Ha! How many grandchildren shall you now have? Ha! ha! How many? How many? Ha! ha! ha!"

Of course we all laughed with him; but the general hilarity admitted of a variety of constructions.

Then suddenly he seized my hand, and dragged me, *volens volens*, my little Louis holding fast by my skirt, through several sombre passages along which crouched duennas, shrivelled and grotesque, and many youthful women, covering their faces, as if blinded by the splendor of the passing Majesty. At length he stopped before one of the many-curtained recesses, and, drawing aside the hangings, disclosed a lovely, childlike form. He stooped and took her hand (she naïvely hiding her face), and placing it in mine, said: "This is my wife, the Lady T. She desires to be educated in English. She is as renowned for her talents as for her beauty, and it is our pleasure to make her a good English scholar. You shall educate her for me."

I replied that the office would give me much pleasure; for nothing could be more eloquently winning than the modest, timid bearing of that tender young creature in the presence of her lord. She laughed low and pleasantly as he translated my sympathetic words

to her, and seemed so enraptured with the graciousness of his act that I took my leave of her with a sentiment of profound pity.

He led me back by the way we had come; and now we met many children, who put my patient boy to much childish torture for the gratification of their startled curiosity.

"I have sixty-seven children," said his Majesty, when we had returned to the Audience Hall. "You shall educate them; and as many of my wives, likewise, as may wish to learn English. And I have much correspondence in which you must assist me. And, moreover, I have much difficulty for reading and translating French letters; for French are fond of using gloomily deceiving terms. You must undertake; and you shall make all their murky sentences and gloomily deceiving propositions clear to me. And, furthermore, I have by every mail many foreign letters whose writing is not easily read by me. You shall copy on round hand, for my readily perusal thereof."

Nil desperandum; but I began by despairing of my ability to accomplish tasks so multifarious. I simply bowed, however, and so dismissed myself for that evening.

When next I "interviewed" the king, I was accompanied by the premier's sister, a fair and pleasant woman, whose whole stock of English was, "Good morning, sir"; and with this somewhat irrelevant greeting, a dozen times in an hour, though the hour were night, she relieved her pent-up feelings, and gave expression to her sympathy and regard for me. We found his Majesty in a less genial mood than at my first reception. He approached us coughing loudly and repeatedly, a sufficiently ominous fashion of announcing himself, which greatly discouraged my darling boy, who clung to me anxiously. He was followed by a numerous "tail" of women and children, who presently prostrated themselves around him. Shaking hands with me coldly, but remarking upon the beauty of the child's hair, half buried in the folds of

my dress, he turned to the premier's sister, and conversed at some length with her, she apparently acquiescing in all that he had to say. He then approached me, and said, in a loud and domineering tone, —

"It is our pleasure that you shall reside within this palace with our family."

I replied that it would be quite impossible for me to do so; that, being as yet unable to speak the language, and the gates being shut every evening, I should feel like an unhappy prisoner in the palace.

"Where do you go every evening?" he demanded.

"Not anywhere, your Majesty. I am a stranger here."

"Then why you shall object to the gates being shut?"

"I do not clearly know," I replied, with a secret shudder at the idea of sleeping within those walls; "but I am afraid I could not do it. I beg your Majesty will remember that in your gracious letter you promised me 'a residence adjoining the royal palace,' not within it."

He turned and looked at me, his face growing almost purple with rage. "I do not know I have promised. I do not know former condition. I do not know anything but you are our servant; and it is our pleasure that you must live in this palace, and *you shall obey*." Those last three words he fairly screamed.

I trembled in every limb, and for some time knew not how to reply. At length I ventured to say: "I am prepared to obey all your Majesty's commands, within the obligation of my duty to your family; but beyond that I can promise no obedience."

"You *shall* live in palace," he roared, — "you shall live in palace. I will give woman slaves to wait on you. You shall commence royal school in this pavilion on Thursday next. That is the best day for such undertaking, in the estimation of our astrologers."

With that, he addressed, in a frantic manner, commands, unintelligible to

me, to some of the old women about the pavilion. My boy began to cry; tears filled my own eyes; and the premier's sister, so kind but an hour before, cast fierce glances at us both. I turned and led my child toward the oval brass door. We heard voices behind us crying, "Mam! Mam!" I turned again, and saw the king beckoning and calling to me. I bowed to him profoundly, but passed on through the brass door. The prime minister's sister rushed after us in a distraction of excitement, tugging at my cloak, shaking her finger in my face, and crying, "My di! my di!"* All the way back, in the boat, and on the street, to the very door of my apartments, instead of her jocund "Good morning, sir," I had nothing but *my di*.

But kings who are not mad have their sober second thoughts like other rational people. His Golden-footed Majesty presently repented him of his arbitrary "cantankerousness," and in due time my ultimatum was accepted.

About a year later, when I had been permanently installed in my double office of teacher and scribe, I was one day busy with a letter from his Majesty to the Earl of Clarendon, and finding that any attempt at partial correction would but render his meaning more ambiguous, and impair the striking originality of his style, I had abandoned the effort, and set about copying it with literal exactness, only venturing to alter here and there a word, such as "I hasten with *wilful* pleasure to write in reply to your Lordship's *well-wishing* letter," etc. Whilst I was thus evolving from the depths of my inner consciousness a satisfactory solution to this conundrum in King's English, his Majesty's private secretary lolled in the sunniest corner of the room, stretching his dusky limbs and heavily nodding, in an ecstasy of ease-taking. Poor Phra-Alack! I never knew him to be otherwise than sleepy, and his sleep was always stolen. For his Majesty was the most capricious of kings as to his working moods, — busy when the average man should

* Bad, bad!

be sleeping, sleeping while letters, papers, despatches, messengers, mail-boats waited. More than once had we been aroused at dead of night by noisy female slaves, and dragged in hot haste and consternation to the Hall of Audience, only to find that his Majesty was, not at his last gasp, as we had feared, but simply bothered to find in Webster's Dictionary some word that was to be found nowhere but in his own fertile brain; or perhaps in excited chase of the classical term for some trifle he was on the point of ordering from London, — and that word was sure to be a stranger to my brain.

Before my arrival in Bangkok it had been his not uncommon practice to send for a missionary at midnight, have him beguiled or abducted from his bed, and conveyed by boat to the palace, some miles up the river, to inquire if it would not be more elegant to write *murky* instead of *obscure*, or *gloomily dark* rather than *not clearly apparent*. And if the wretched man should venture to declare his honest preference for the ordinary over the extraordinary form of expression, he was forthwith dismissed with irony, arrogance, or even insult, and without a word of apology for the rude invasion of his rest.

One night, a little after twelve o'clock, as he was on the point of going to bed like any plain citizen of regular habits, his Majesty fell to thinking how most accurately to render into English the troublesome Siamese word *phi*, which admits of a variety of interpretations.* After puzzling over it for more than an hour, getting himself possessed with the word as with the devil it stands for, and all to no purpose, he ordered one of his lesser state barges to be manned and despatched with all speed for the British consul. That functionary, inspired with lively alarm by so startling a summons, dressed himself with unceremonious celerity, and hurried to the palace, conjecturing on the way all imaginable possibilities of politics and diplomacy, revolution or invasion. To his vex-

ation, not less than his surprise, he found the king seated in dishabille, with a Siamese-English vocabulary, mentally divided between "deuce" and "devil," in the choice of an equivalent. His preposterous Majesty gravely laid the case before the consul, who, though inwardly chafing at what he termed "the confounded coolness" of the situation, had no choice but to decide with grace, and go back to bed with philosophy.

No wonder, then, that Phra-Aläck experienced an access of gratitude for the privilege of napping for two hours in a snugger of sunshine.

"Mam-Kha,"* he murmured drowsily, "I hope that in the Chat-Nah† I shall be a freed man."

"I hope so sincerely, Phra-Aläck," said I. "I hope you'll be an Englishman or an American, for then you'll be sure to be independent."

It was impossible not to pity the poor old man, — stiff with continual stooping to his task, and so subdued! — liable not only to be called at any hour of the day or night, but to be threatened, cuffed, kicked, beaten on the head,‡ every way abused and insulted, and the next moment to be taken into favor, confidence, bosom-friendship, even as his Majesty's mood might veer.

Alack for Phra-Aläck! though usually he bore with equal patience his greater and his lesser ills, there were occasions that sharply tried his meekness, when his weak and goaded nature revolted, and he rushed to a snug little home of his own, about forty yards from the Grand Palace, there to snatch a respite of rest and refreshment in the society of his young and lately wedded wife. Then the king would awake and send for him, whereupon he would be suddenly ill, or not at home, strategically hiding himself under a mountain of bedclothes, and detailing Mrs. Phra-Aläck to reconnoitre and report. He had tried this primitive trick so often that its very staleness infuriated the

* *Kha*, your slave.

† The next state of existence.

‡ The gravest indignity a Siamese can suffer.

king, who invariably sent officers to seize his trembling accomplice and lock her up in a dismal cell, as a hostage for the scribe's appearance. At dusk the poor fellow would emerge, contrite and terrified, and prostrate himself at the gate of the palace. Then his Majesty (who, having spies posted in every quarter of the town, knew as well as Phra-Alâck himself what the illness or the absence signified) leisurely strolled forth, and, finding the patient on the threshold, flew always into a genuine rage, and prescribed "decapitation on the spot," and "sixty lashes on the bare back," both in the same breath. And while the attendants flew right and left, — one for the blade, another for the thong, — the king, still raging, seized whatever came most handy, and belabored his bosom-friend on the head and shoulders. Having thus summarily relieved his mind, he despatched the royal secretary for his ink-horn and papyrus, and began inditing letters, orders, appointments, before scymitar or lash (which were ever tenderly slow on these occasions) had made its appearance. Perhaps in the very thick of his dictating he would remember the connubial accomplice, and order his people to "release her, and let her go."

Slavery in Siam is the lot of men of a much finer intellectual type than any who have been its victims in modern times, in societies farther west. Phra-Alâck had been his Majesty's slave when they were boys together. Together they had played, studied, and entered the priesthood. At once bondman, comrade, classmate, and confidant, he was the very man to fill the office of private secretary to his royal crony. Virgil made a slave of his a poet, and Horace was the son of an emancipated slave. The Roman leech and surgeon were often slaves; so, too, the preceptor and the pedagogue, the reader and the player, the clerk and the amanuensis, the singer, the dancer, the wrestler, and the buffoon, the architect, the smith, the weaver, and the shoemaker; even the armiger or

squire was a slave. Educated slaves exercised their talents and pursued their callings for the emolument of their masters; and thus it is to-day in Siam. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur*, Phra-Alâck.

The king's taste for English composition had, by much exercise, developed itself into a passion. In the pursuit of it he was indefatigable, rambling, and petulant. He had "Webster Unabridged" on the brain, — an exasperating form of king's evil. The little dinky slips that emanated freely from the palace press were as indiscriminate as they were quaint. No topic was too sublime or too ignoble for them. All was "copy" that came to those cases, — from the glory of the heavenly bodies to the nuisance of the busybodies, who scolded his Majesty through the columns of the Bangkok Recorder.

I have before me as I write a circular from his pen, and in the type of his private press, which, being without caption or signature, may be supposed to be addressed "to all whom it may concern." The American missionaries had vexed his exact scholarship by their peculiar mode of representing in English letters the name of a native city (*Prippri*, or in Sanskrit *Bajrepuri*). Whence this droll circular, which begins with a dogmatic line: —

"None should write the name of city of Prippri thus — P'et cha poory."

Then comes a scholarly demonstration of the derivation of the name from a compound Sanskrit word, signifying "Diamond City." And the document concludes with a characteristic explosion of impatience, at once critical, royal, and sacerdotal: "Ah! what the Romanization of American system that P'etch' abwry will be! Will whole human learned world become the pupil of their corrupted Siamese teachers? It is very far from correctness, why they did not look in journal of Royal Asiatic Society, where several words of Sanskrit and Pali were published continually? Their Siamese priestly teachers considered all Europeans as very heathen; to them far

from sacred tongue and were glad to have American heathens to become their scholars or pupils; they thought they have taught sacred language to the part of heathen; in fact, they themselves are very far from sacred language, being sunk deeply in corruption of sacred and learned language, for tongue of their former Laos and Cambodian teachers, and very far from knowledge of Hindoostanee, Singhaliese, and Royal Asiatic Society's knowledge in Sanskrit, as they are considered by such the Siamese teachers, as heathen; called by them *Mit ch'a thi thi*, &c., &c., i. e. wrongly seer or spectator, &c., &c."

In another slip, which is manifestly an outburst of the royal petulance, his Majesty demands, in a "displayed" paragraph:—

"Why name of Mr. Knox [Thomas George Knox, Esq., British Consul] was not published thus: *Missa Nok* or *Nawk*. If name of Chaw Phya Bhudharabhay is to be thus: *P'raya P'oo t'a ra P'ie*; and why the London was not published thus: *Lundun* or *Landan*, if *Bejrepuri* is to be published *P'etch' abury*."

In the same slip with the philological protest the following remarkable paragraphs appear:—

"What has been published in No. 25 of Bangkok Recorder thus:—

"The king of Siam, on reading from some European paper that the Pope had lately suffered the loss of some precious jewels, in consequence of a thief having got possession of his Holiness' keys, exclaimed, 'What a man! professing to keep the keys of Heaven, and cannot even keep his own keys!'"

"The king on perusal thereof denied that it is false. He knows nothing about his Holiness the Pope's sustaining loss of gems, &c., and has said nothing about religious faith."

This is curious, in that it exposes the king's unworthy fear of the French priesthood in Siam. The fact is that he did make the rather smart remark, in precisely these words: "Ah! what a man! professing to keep the keys of

Heaven, and not able to guard those of his own bureau!" and he was quite proud of his hit. But when it appeared in the Recorder, he thought it prudent to bar it with a formal denial. Hence the politic little item, which he sent to all the foreigners in Bangkok, and especially to the French priests.

His Majesty's mode of dealing with newspaper strictures (not always just) and suggestions (not always pertinent) aimed at his administration of public affairs, or the constitution and discipline of his household, was characteristic. He snubbed them with sententious arrogance, leavened with sarcasm.

When the Recorder recommended to the king the expediency of dispersing his Solomonic harem, and abolishing polygamy in the royal family, his Majesty retorted with a verbal message to the editor, to the purport that "when the Recorder shall have dissuaded princes and noblemen from offering their daughters to the king as concubines, the king will cease to receive contributions of women in that capacity."

In August, 1865, an angry altercation occurred in the Royal Court of Equity (sometimes styled the International Court) between a French priest and Phya Wiset, a Siamese nobleman, of venerable years, but positive spirit and energy. The priest gave Phya Wiset the lie, and Phya Wiset gave it back to the priest, whereupon the priest became noisy. Afterward he reported the affair to his consul at Bangkok, with the embellishing statement that not only himself, but his religion had been grossly insulted. The consul, one Monsieur Aubaret, a peppery and pugnacious Frenchman, immediately made a demand upon his Majesty for the removal of Phya Wiset from office.

This despatch was sent late in the evening by the hand of Monsieur Lamarche, commanding the troops at the royal palace; and that officer had the consul's order to present it summarily. Lamarche managed to procure admittance to the penetralia, and presented the note at two o'clock in the morning,

in violation of reason and courtesy as well as of rules, excusing himself on the ground that the despatch was important and his orders peremptory. His Majesty then read the despatch, and remarked that the matter should be disposed of "to-morrow." Lamarche replied, very presumptuously, that the affair required no investigation, as *he* had heard the offensive language of Phya Wiset, and that person must be deposed without ceremony. Whereupon his Majesty ordered the offensive foreigner to leave the palace.

Lamarche repaired forthwith to the consul, and reported that the king had spoken disrespectfully, not only of his Imperial Majesty's consul, but of the Emperor himself, besides outrageously insulting a French messenger. Then the fire-eating functionary addressed another despatch to his Majesty, the purport of which was, that in expelling Lamarche from the palace, the king of Siam had been guilty of a political misdemeanor, and had rudely disturbed the friendly relations existing between France and Siam; that he should leave Bangkok for Paris, and in six weeks lay his grievance before the Emperor; but should first proceed to Saigon, and engage the French admiral there to attend to any emergency that might arise in Bangkok.

His Majesty, who knew how to confront the uproar of vulgarity and folly with the repose of wisdom and dignity, sent his own cousin, the Prince Mom Rachoday, Chief Judge of the Royal Court of Equity, to M. Aubaret, to disabuse his mind, and impart to him all the truth of the case. But the "furious Frank" seized the imposing magnate by the hair, drove him from his door, and flung his betel-box after him,—a reckless impulse of outrage as monstrous as the most ingenious and deliberate brutality could have devised. Rudely to seize a Siamese by the hair is an indignity as grave as to spit in the face of a European; and the betel-box, beside being a royal present, was an essential part of the insignia of the prince's judicial office.

On a later occasion this same Aubaret seized the opportunity a royal procession afforded to provoke the king to an ill-timed discussion of politics, and to prefer an intemperate complaint against the Kalahome, or Prime Minister. This characteristic flourish of ill temper and bad manners, from the representative of the politest of nations, naturally excited lively indignation and disgust among all respectable dwellers, native or foreign, near the court, and a serious disturbance was imminent. But a single dose of the King's English sufficed to soothe the spasmodic official, and reduce him to "a sense of his situation."

"TO THE HON. THE MONSIEUR AUBARET,
the Consul for H. I. M.

"SIR:—The verbal insult or bad words without any step more over from lower or lowest person is considered very slight & inconsiderable.

"The person standing on the surface of the ground or floor Cannot injure the heavenly bodies or any highly hanging Lamp or globe by ejecting his spit from his mouth upward it will only injure his own face without attempting of Heavenly bodies — &c.

"The Siamese are knowing of being lower than heaven do not endeavor to injure heavenly bodies with their spit from mouth.

"A person who is known to be powerless by every one as they who have no arms or legs to move oppose or injure or deaf or blind &c. &c. Cannot be considered and said that they are our enemies even for their madness in vain—it might be considered as easily agitation or uneasiness.

"Persons under strong desires without any limit or acting under illimited anger sometimes cannot be believed at once without testimony or witness if they stated against any one verbally from such the statements of the most desirous or persons most illimitedly angry hesitation and mild enquiry is very prudent from persons of considerable rank."

No signature.

Never were simplicity with shrewdness, and unconscious humor with pathos, and candor with irony, and political economy with the sense of an awful bore, more quaintly blended than in the following extraordinary hint, written and printed by his Majesty, and freely distributed for the snubbing of visionary or speculative adventurers:—

“NOTICE.

“When the general rumor was and is spread out from Siam, circulated among the foreigners to Siam, chiefly Europeans, Chinese, &c, in three points:—

“1. That Siam is under quite absolute Monarchy. Whatever her Supreme Sovereign commanded, allowed &c, all cannot be resisted by any one of his Subjects.

“2. The Treasury of the Sovereign of Siam, was full for money, like a mountain of gold and silver; Her Sovereign most wealthy.

“3. The present reigning Monarch of Siam is shallow minded and admirer of almost everything of curiosity, and most admirer of European usages, customs, sciences, arts and literature &c, without limit. He is fond of flattering term and ambitious of honor, so that there are now many opportunities and operations to be embraced for drawing great money from Royal Treasury of Siam, &c.

“The most many foreigners being under belief of such general rumour, were endeavoring to draw money from him in various operations, as aluring him with valuable curiosities and expectations of interest, and flattering him, to be glad of them, and deceiving him in various ways; almost on every opportunity of Steamer Coming to Siam, various foreigners partly known to him and acquainted with him, and generally unknown to him, boldly wrote to him in such the term of various application and treatment, so that he can conclude that the chief object of all letters written to him, is generally to draw money from him, even unreasonable. Several

instances and testimonies can be shown for being example on this subject—the foreigners letters addressed to him, come by every one steamer of Siam, and of foreign steamers visiting Siam; 10 and 12 at least and 40 at highest number, urging him in various ways; so he concluded that foreigners must consider him only as a mad king of a wild land!

“He now states that he cannot be so mad more, as he knows and observes the consideration of the foreigners towards him. Also he now became of old age,* and was very sorry to lose his principal members of his family namely, his two Queens, twice, and his younger brother the late Second King, and his late second son and beloved daughter, and moreover now he fear of sickness of his eldest son, he is now unhappy and must solicit his friends in correspondence and others who please to write for the foresaid purpose, that they should know suitable reason in writing to him, and shall not urge him as they would urge a madman! And the general rumours forementioned are some exaggerated and some entirely false; they shall not believe such the rumours, deeply and ascertainedly.

“ROYAL RESIDENCE GRAND PALACE
BANGKOK 2nd July 1867.”

And now observe with what gracious ease this most astute and discriminating prince could fit his tone to the sense of those who, familiar with his opinions, and reconciled to his temper and his ways, however peculiar, could reciprocate the catholicity of his sympathies, and appreciate his enlightened efforts to fling off that tenacious old-man-of-the-sea custom, and extricate himself from the predicament of conflicting responsibilities. To these, on the Christian New Year's day of 1867, he addressed this kindly greeting:—

“S. P. P. M. MONGKUT:

“Called in Siamese ‘Phra-Chomklau chao-yuhua,’ In Magadhi or language of Pali ‘Siamikanam Maha Rajah,’

* He was sixty-two at this time.

In Latin 'Rex Siamensium,' In French 'Le Roi de Siam,' In English 'The King of Siam,' and in Malayan 'Rajah Maha Pasah' &c.

"Begs to present his respectful and regardful compliments and congratulations in happy lives during immediately last year, and wishes the continuing thereof during the commencing New Year, and ensuing and succeeding many years, to his foreign friends, both now in Siam namely, the functionary and acting Consuls and consular officers of various distinguished nations in Treaty Power with Siam and certain foreign persons under our salary, in service in any manner here, and several Gentlemen and Ladies who are resident in Siam in various stations: namely, the Priests, preachers of religion, Masters and Mistresses of Schools, Workmen and Merchants, &c, and now abroad in various foreign countries and ports, who are our noble and common friends, acquainted either by ever having had correspondences mutually with us some time, at any where and remaining in our friendly remembrance or mutual remembrance, and whosoever are in service to us as our Consuls, vice consuls and consular assistants, in various foreign ports. Let them know our remembrance and good wishes toward them all.

"Though we are not Christians, the forenamed King was glad to arrive this day in his valued life, as being the 22,720th day of his age, during which he was aged sixty-two years and three months, and being the 5,711th day of his reign, during which he reigned upon his kingdom 15 years and 8 months up to the current month.

"In like manner he was very glad to see & know and hope for all his Royal Family, kindred and friends of both native and foreign, living near and far to him had arrived to this very remarkable anniversary of the commencement of Solar Year in Anno Christi 1867.

"In their all being healthy and well living like himself, he begs to express his royal congratulation and respect

and graceful regards to all his kindred and friends both native and foreign, and hopes to receive such the congratulation and expression of good wishes toward him and members of his family in very like manner, as he trusts that the amity and grace to one another of every of human beings who are innocent, is a great merit, and is righteous and praiseworthy in religious system of all civil religion, and best civilized laws and morality, &c.

"Given at the Royal Audience Hall, 'Anant Samagome,' Grand Palace, Bangkok," etc., etc.

His Majesty usually passed his mornings in study or in dictating or writing English letters and despatches. His breakfast, though a repast sufficiently frugal for Oriental royalty, was served with awesome forms. In an antechamber adjoining a noble hall, rich in grotesque carvings and gildings, a throng of females waited, while his Majesty sat at a long table, near which knelt twelve women before great silver trays laden with twelve varieties of viands,—soups, meats, game, poultry, fish, vegetables, cakes, jellies, preserves, sauces, fruits, and teas. Each tray, in its order, was passed by three ladies to the head wife or concubine, who removed the silver covers, and at least seemed to taste the contents of each dish; and then, advancing on her knees, she set them on the long table before the king.

But his Majesty was notably temperate in his diet, and by no means a gastronome. In his long seclusion in a Buddhist cloister he had acquired habits of severe simplicity and frugality, as a preparation for the exercise of those powers of mental concentration for which he was remarkable. At these morning repasts it was his custom to detain me in conversation, relating to some topic of interest derived from his studies, or in reading or translating. He was more systematically educated, and a more capacious devourer of books and news, than perhaps any man of equal rank in our day. But much

learning had made him morally mad; his extensive reading had engendered in his mind an extreme scepticism concerning all existing religious systems. In inborn integrity and steadfast principle he had no faith whatever. He sincerely believed that every man strove to compass his own ends, *per fas et nefas*. The *mens sibi conscia recti* was to him an hallucination, for which he entertained profound contempt; and he honestly pitied the delusion that pinned its faith on human truth and virtue. He was a provoking *mélange* of antiquarian attainments and modern scepticism. When, sometimes, I ventured to disabuse his mind of his darling scorn for motive and responsibility, I had the mortification to discover that I had but helped him to an argument against myself: it was simply "my peculiar interest to do so." Money, money, money! that could procure anything.

But aside from the too manifest bias of his early education and experience, it is due to his memory to say that his practice was less faithless than his profession, toward those persons and principles to which he was attracted by a just regard. In many grave considerations he displayed soundness of understanding and clearness of judgment, — a genuine nobility of mind, established upon universal ethics and philosophic reason, — where his passions were not dominant; but when these broke in, between the man and the majesty, they effectually barred his advance in the direction of true greatness; beyond them he could not or would not make way.

Ah! if this man could but have cast off the cramping yoke of his intellectual egotism, and been loyal to the free government of his own true heart, what a demigod might he not have been, among the lower animals of Asiatic royalty!

When the darling of his old age, the sweet, bright little princess, Somdetch Chowfa Chandrmondol (who was so dear to me by her pet name of Fâ-ying), was seized with cholera on the night

of the 13th of May, 1863, his Majesty wrote to me: —

"MY DEAR MAM:

"Our well-beloved daughter, your favorite pupil, is attacked with cholera, and has earnest desire to see you, and is heard much to make frequent repetition of your name. I beg that you will favor her wish. I fear her illness is mortal, as there has been three deaths since morning. She is best beloved of my children.

"I am your afflicted friend,

"S. P. P. MAHA MONGKUT."

In a moment I was in my boat. I entreated, I flattered, I scolded, the rowers. How slow they were! how strong the opposing current! And when we did reach those heavy gates, how slowly they moved, with what suspicious caution they admitted me! I was fierce with impatience. And when at last I stood panting at the door of my Fâ-ying's chamber — too late! even Dr. Campbell (the surgeon of the British consulate) had come too late.

There was no need to prolong that anxious wait in the ear of the deaf child, "Phra-Arahang! Phra-Arahang!"* She would not forget her way; she would nevermore lose herself on the road to Heaven. Beyond, above the Phra-Arahang, she had soared into the eternal, tender arms of the Phra-Jesus, of whom she was wont to say in her infantine wonder and eagerness, *Mam châ, chân rāk Phra-Jesus māk* ("Mam dear, I love your holy Jesus")!

As I stooped to imprint a parting kiss on the little face that had been so dear to me, her kindred and slaves exchanged their appealing "Phra-Arahang" for a sudden burst of heart-rending cries.

An attendant hurried me to the king, who, reading the heavy tidings in my silence, covered his face with his hands and wept passionately. Strange and terrible were the tears of such a man,

* One of the most sacred of the many titles of Buddha, repeated by the nearest relative in the ear of the dying, till life is quite extinct.

welling up from a heart from which all natural affections had seemed to be expelled, to make room for his own exacting, engrossing conceit of self.

Bitterly he bewailed his darling, calling her by such tender, touching epithets as the lips of loving Christian mothers use. What could I say? What could I do but weep with him; and then steal quietly away, and leave the king to the father?

"The moreover very sad & mournful Circular* from His Gracious Majesty Somdetch Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, the reigning Supreme King of Siam, intimating the recent death of Her Celestial Royal Highness, Princess Somdetch Chaufa Chandrmondol Sobhon Baghiawati, who was His Majesty's most affectionate & well beloved 9th Royal daughter or 16th offspring, and the second Royal child by His Majesty's late Queen consort Rambery Bhamarabhiramy who deceased in the year 1861. Both mother and daughter have been known to many foreign friends of His Majesty.

"To all the foreign friends of His Majesty, residing or trading in Siam, or in Singapore, Malacca, Pinang, Ceylon, Batavia, Saigon, Macao, Hongkong, & various regions in China, Europe, America, &c. . . .

"Her Celestial Royal Highness, having been born on the 24th April 1855, grew up in happy condition of her royal valued life, under the care of her Royal parents, as well as her elder and younger three full brothers, and on the demise of her royal mother on the forementioned date, she was almost always with her Royal father everywhere day & night. All things which belonged to her late mother suitable for female use, were transferred to her as the most lawful inheritor of her late royal mother; She grew up to the age of 8 years & 20 days. On the ceremony of the funeral service of her elder late royal half brother forenamed, She accompanied her royal esteemed father & her royal brothers and sisters in customary service, cheerfully during three days of

* From the pen of the king.

the ceremony, from the 11th to 13th May. On the night of the latter day, when she was returning from the royal funeral place to the royal residence in the same sedan with her Royal father at 10 o'clock P. M. she yet appeared happy, but alas!, on her arrival at the royal residence, she was attacked by most violent & awful cholera, and sunk rapidly before the arrival of the physicians who were called on that night for treatment. Her disease or illness of cholera increased so strong that it did not give way to the treatment of any one, or even to the Chlorodine administered to her by Doctor James Campbell the Surgeon of the British Consulate. She expired at 4 o'clock P. M. on the 14th May, when her elder royal half brother's remains were burning at the funeral hall outside of the royal palace, according to the determined time for the assembling of the great congregation of the whole of the royalty & nobility, and native & foreign friends, before the occurrence of the unforeseen sudden misfortune or mournful event. . . .

"The sudden death of the said most affectionate and lamented royal daughter has caused greater regret and sorrow to her Royal father than several losses sustained by him before, as this beloved Royal amiable daughter was brought up almost by the hands of His Majesty himself, since she was aged only 4 to 5 months, His Majesty has carried her to and fro by his hand and on the lap and placed her by his side in every one of the Royal seats, where ever he went; whatever could be done in the way of nursing His Majesty has done himself, by feeding her with milk obtained from her nurse, and sometimes with the milk of the cow, goat &c. poured in a teacup from which His Majesty fed her by means of a spoon, so this Royal daughter was as familiar with her father in her infancy, as with her nurses.

"On her being only aged six months, his Majesty took this Princess with him and went to Ayudia on affairs there, after that time when she became grown up His Majesty had the princess

seated on his lap when he was in his chair at the breakfast, dinner & supper table, and fed her at the same time of breakfast &c, almost every day, except when she became sick of colds &c. until the last days of her life she always eat at same table with her father, where ever His Majesty went, this princess always accompanied her father upon the same, sedan, carriage, Royal boat, yacht &c. and on her being grown up she became more prudent than other children of the same age, she paid very affectionate attention to her affectionate and esteemed father in every thing where her ability allowed; she was well educated in the vernacular Siamese literature which she commenced to study when she was 3 years old, and in last year she commenced to study in the English School where the schoolmistress, Lady L—— has observed that she was more skillful than the other royal Children, she pronounced & spoke English in articulate & clever manner which pleased the schoolmistress exceedingly so that the schoolmistress on the loss of this her beloved pupil, was in great sorrow and wept much.

“ But alas ! her life was very short. She was only aged 8 years & 20 days, reckoning from her birth day & hour, she lived in this world 2942 days & 18 hours. But it is known that the nature of human lives is like the flames of candles lighted in open air without any protection above & every side, so it is certain that this path ought to be followed by every one of human beings in a short or long while which cannot be ascertained by prediction, Alas !

“ Dated Royal Grand Palace, Bangkok, 16th May, Anno Christi, 1863.”

The remoter provinces of Siam constitute a source of continual anxiety and much expense to the government; and to his Majesty (who, very conscious of power, was proud to be able to say that the Malayan territories and rajahs — Cambodia, with her marvellous cities, palaces, and temples, once the stronghold of Siam's most formidable and implacable foes, the Laos coun-

try, with its warlike princes and chiefs — were alike dependencies and tributaries of his crown) it was intolerably irritating to find Cambodia rebellious. So long as his government could successfully maintain its supremacy there, that country formed a sort of neutral ground between his people and the Cochinese; a geographical condition which was not without its political advantages. But now the unscrupulous French had strutted upon the scene, and with a flourish of diplomacy and a stroke of the pen appropriated to themselves the fairest portion of that most fertile province. His Majesty, though secretly longing for the intervention and protection of England, was deterred by his almost superstitious fear of the French from complaining openly. But whenever he was more than commonly annoyed by the pretensions and aggressive epistles of his Imperial Majesty's consul, he sent for me, — thinking, like all Orientals, that, being English, my sympathy for him, and my hatred of the French, were jointly a foregone conclusion. When I would have assured him that I was utterly powerless to help him, he cut me short with a wise whisper to “consult Mr. Thomas George Knox”; and when I protested that that gentleman was too honorable to engage in a secret intrigue against a colleague, even for the protection of British interests in Siam, he would rave at my indifference, the cupidity of the French, the apathy of the English, and the fatuity of all geographers in “setting down” the form of government in Siam as an “absolute monarchy.”

“I an absolute monarch ! For I have no power over French. Siam is like a mouse before an elephant ! Am I an absolute monarch ? What shall *you* consider me ?”

Now as I considered him a particularly absolute and despotic king, that was a trying question ; so I discreetly held my peace, fearing less to be classed with those obnoxious savans who compile geographies than to provoke him afresh.

"I have no power," he scolded; "I am not absolute! If I point the end of my walking-stick at a man whom, being my enemy, I wish to die, he does not die, but lives on, in spite of my 'absolute' will to the contrary. What does Geographies mean? How can I be an absolute monarchy?"

Such a conversation we were having one day as he "assisted" at the founding of a temple; and while he reproached his fate that he was powerless to "point the end of his walking-stick" with absolute power at the peppery and presumptuous Monsieur Aubaret, he vacantly flung gold and silver coins among the work-women.

In another moment he forgot all French encroachments, and the imbecility of geographers in general, as his glance chanced to fall upon a young woman of fresh and striking beauty, and delightful piquancy of ways and expression, who with a clumsy club was pounding fragments of pottery—urns, vases, and goglets—for the foundation of the *wat*. Very artless and happy she seemed, and free as she was lovely; but the instant she perceived she had attracted the notice of the king, she sank down and hid her face in the earth, forgetting or disregarding the falling vessels that threatened to crush or wound her. But the king merely diverted himself with inquiring her name and parentage, which some one answered for her, and turned away.

Almost to the latest hour of his life his Majesty suffered, in his morbid egotism, various and keen annoyance by reason of his sensitiveness to the opinions of foreigners, the encroachments of foreign officials, and the strictures of the foreign press. He was agitated by a restless craving for their sympathy on the one hand, and by a futile resentment of their criticisms or their claims on the other.

An article in a Singapore paper had administered moral correction to his Majesty on the strength of a rumor that "the king has his eye upon another princess of the highest rank, with

a view to constituting her a queen consort." And the Bangkok Recorder had said: "Now, considering that he is full threescore and three years of age, that he has already scores of concubines and about fourscore sons and daughters, with several Chowfas among them, and hence eligible to the highest posts of honor in the kingdom, this rumor seems too monstrous to be credited. But the truth is, there is scarcely anything too monstrous for the royal polygamy of Siam to bring forth." By the light of this explanation the meaning of the following extract from the postscript of a letter which the king wrote in April, 1866, will be clear to the reader, who, at the same time, in justice to me, will remember that by the death of his Majesty, on the 1st of October, 1868, the seal of secrecy was broken.

"VERY PRIVATE POST SCRIPT.

"There is a newspaper of Singapore entitled Daily News just published after last arrival of the steamer Chowphya in Singapore, in which paper, a correspondence from an Individual resident at Bangkok dated 16th March 1866 was shown. but I have none of that paper in my possession. . . . I did not noticed its number & date to state to you now, but I trust such the paper must be in hand of several foreigners in Bangkok, may you have read it perhaps—other wise you can obtain the same from any one or by order to obtain from Singapore after perusal thereof you will not be able to deny my statement forementioned more over as general people both native & foreigners here seem to have less pleasure on me & my descendant, than their pleasure and hope on other amiable family to them until the present day.

"What was said there in for a princess considered by the Speaker or Writer as proper or suitable to be head on my *harem* (a room or part for confinement of Women of Eastern monarch*) there is no least intention oc-

* A parenthetical drollery inspired by the dictionary.

curred to me even once or in my dream indeed! I think if I do so, I will die soon perhaps!

"This my hand writing or content hereof shall be kept secretly.

"I beg to remain

"Your faithful & well-wisher

"S. P. P. M. MONGKUT R. S.

"on 5441th day of reign.

"the writer here of beg to place his confidence on you alway."

As a true friend to his Majesty, I deplore the weakness which betrayed him into so transparent a sham of virtuous indignation. The "princess of the highest rank," whom the writer of the article plainly meant, was the Princess of Hhiengmai (or Chiengmai); but from lack of accurate information he was misled into confounding her with the Princess Tui Duany Prabha, his Majesty's niece. The king could honestly deny any such intention on his part with regard to his niece; but, at the same time, he well knew that the writer erred only as to the individual, and not as to the main fact of the case.

Much more agreeable is it—to the reader, I doubt not, not less than to the writer—to turn from the king, in the exercise of his slavish function of training honest words to play the hypocrite for ignoble thoughts, to the gen-

tleman, the friend, the father, giving his heart a holiday in the relaxations of simple kindness and free affection; as in the following note:—

"Dated RANCHAUPURY
34th February 1865.

"TO LADY L.—& HER SON LUISE,
Bangkok.

"We having very pleasant journey . . . to be here which is a township called as above named by men of republic affairs in Siam, & called by common people as 'Parkphrieck' where we have our stay a few days. & will take our departure from hence at dawn of next day. We thinking of you both regardfully & beg to send here with some wild aples & barries which are delicate for tasting & some tobacco which were and are principal product of this region for your kind acceptance hoping this wild present will be acceptable to you both.

"We will be arrived at our home Bangkok on early part of March.

"We beg to remain

"Your faithful

"S. P. P. M. MONGKUT R. S.

"in 5035th day of reign.

"And your affectionate pupils

YING YUALACKS. SOMDETH CHOWFA
CHULALONKORN.* PRABHASSOR. MA-
NEABHAAHORN. KRITAHINIAR. SO-
MAWATI."

* The present king.

THE ADVENT PREACHER.

"THE time draws near!"

The wayside mowers gathering in the hay,
Surprised an unfamiliar voice to hear,

Looked up. A man, with restless eyes and gray,
Long beard, was standing just without the fence.

"The time draws near!" he cried. "Depart from hence!"

"What time?" said they.

"What time? The end of time; God's judgment-day.

"You cut the grass,—

Ere long you'll be the harvest in your turn;

The reaping angels through the world will pass,

To gather souls to garner or to burn;

Before the last load from your fields you bear,
 The Lord will come with shouting through the air!
 Amen! Amen!
 Let saints rejoice, though sinners perish there.

"Short time to rest
 Have the cold sleepers in yon burying-ground;
 You will not see the sunlight in the west
 Fade seven times, ere Gabriel's trump shall sound,
 And all the dead, both small and great, shall rise,
 To see, slow mounting through the shaken skies,
 A moon of blood;
 And fire shall cover earth as with a flood.

"How will they look,
 Your lands and houses, through those hot, fierce flames,
 By whose red light, from out his open book,
 The Lord will read the blood-recorded names
 Of those, his Son's elect, the chosen few,
 Who've kept their robes white? Ah, poor souls! will you
 Find your names there?
 Put by your useless toil; short space have you for prayer!

"The time draws near!
 I've warned you to repent; if you delay,
 You are my witnesses; my skirts are clear."
 The prophet shook his head, and went his way
 Along the road, and, as he went, he cried,
 "Come quickly, Lord! Amen!" On every side,
 From wood and glen,
 The echoes made reply: "Amen! amen!"

THROUGH THE WOODS TO LAKE SUPERIOR.

AMONG other advantages claimed for the Minnesota climate is the obliging disposition of the rain, which is said to pay its tribute most frequently in the night. By day it exercises a thoughtful forbearance towards the outdoor tasks of the farmer, and treats with respect even an excursion party; then with the darkness falls the welcome shower. Not that it can always time its visitations thus to suit man's convenience; for accidents will happen in the best-regulated families. This morning, for example (August 10th), the

weather has certainly forgotten itself at a most unfortunate time for us, since Fort Snelling and Minnehaha were in our programme for to-day.

10 o'clock. — The rain, after pouring all the morning, holds up just in season to save its reputation. Our carriages are at the door. We look up at the breaking clouds, and boldly order the covers thrown back. Up the left bank of the river from St. Paul, along the slope of the receding hills (far off on one of which the very ground seems crawling: phenomenon produced by a

little flock of sheep, — only a few thousands, we are told), and here we are at last descending the steep road (warily, driver!) to the ferry under the bluff. Opposite rises, confronting us, a white-breasted, rock-shouldered, green-bearded cliff, its thighs laved by the Mississippi on one side, and on the other muffled in the luxuriant verdure of the banks of the Minnesota. Its forehead "the likeness of a kingly crown has on"; this is the fort which we are going to visit.

The ferry is a strong flatboat, capable of taking over four carriages at a time; the ferryman is the Father of Waters himself. The boat is set diagonally in the current, by means of ropes and pulley-blocks running on a line stretched from shore to shore; and the strong stream, putting shoulder to us, carries us quickly across. Then comes the steep ascent by a road winding up the crooked arms, so to speak, and over the rocky shoulders, to the broad green back of the fort-crowned cliff.

We pass the spot where Little Nix and Walking Lightning, Sioux chiefs, were hung for bloody work in the late Indian outbreak. Walking Lightning (what splendor of terrors in that name! you can almost see the zigzag legs and dazzling tomahawk), — Walking Lightning, I say, just before the ground was snatched from under him, and there was no more walking for him to do, made a speech, which one who heard it describes to us here and now, not without emotion. "A brave man, he uttered no complaint. Chief of a great tribe, owning once the very ground on which his scaffold stood, he saw his race disappearing before the white man; he made one last fight for the old hunting-grounds; he had failed; now he was ready to die."

Entering the fort, we find the usual display of glaring whitewashed barracks and angular grass-plats, and the beautiful ensign of our country flying from its tall flagstaff over all. The noteworthy thing about Fort Snelling is its situation. Its most attractive point is the wooden tower on the verge of the

cliff, overlooking the confluence of the two rivers, — the Minnesota, with the broad low green island at its mouth, and the long, dreamy vista of its charming valley; the Mississippi, with its precipitous bluffs, its sweeping flood (streaked with chips and sawdust from the Minneapolis mills), and the ferry-boat (so far below us) crossing the dark, slow eddies. The tower is roofed, but its sides are left open to the sweet air and surrounding beauty; and its floor affords, to the officers and their wives and friends, ample space for the cotillon and the waltz, on moonlit summer nights.

From the fort we keep the summit of the bluff, or rather plateau, up the bank of the Mississippi, on the edge of a fine farming country, — past yellow grain-fields, which the great reapers are fast converting into stubble-lands, — till our driver, who has the lead, reins up at the gate of what seems a rustic wayside inn and picnic-ground. Entering, we pass a brown arbor about which are woven, in green and white embroidery, the delicate vines of the wild cucumber, all in blossom. Near by, seated on benches or on the ground, is a family group, with open baskets and a suggestive bottle or two, and a well-garnished white cloth spread on the turf. Farther on is a pleasant grove, from the depths of which breathes the subdued, thunderous bass of a waterfall. We hasten along well-worn paths, guided at first by the roar, then by a pale ghost of mist seen rising amid the shadowy boughs, until we stand on the brink of a wooded chasm, into which pours a curved sheet of foam over a broad, projecting ledge. This is Minnehaha.

We find a goodly volume of water (thanks to the morning's rain we thought so ill of), and are thus more fortunate than some of our party were last year, who, visiting the spot, deemed it unworthy its poetic fame, there being scarcely water enough to make a fall. "Then we could step across the brink above without wetting our feet," says Mrs. F —, whose account seems to-

day scarcely credible, in the face of the plunging, snowy cataract.

Minnehaha ("Curved Water," not "Laughing Water," if you please) is embosomed in scenery which adds greatly to its charms. The steep sides of the gorge are formed of broken and mossy rocks, clasped here and there by the crooked talons of overbrooding trees. It is enclosed, at the upper end, by a curved wall of water-worn, beetling rocks, over an open space in the centre of which shoots the cascade, having a perpendicular fall of about forty-five feet. The wide brink beyond, on each side, is overgrown with trees and bushes, and the face of the projecting ledge is tinted with mosses and festooned by drooping vines. Below the fall the shattered and broken water gushes away over its stony bed in a foaming and tumbling torrent.

Some of our party descend the side of the cool, shadowy gorge by a rugged footpath along its ribs. Others, from a coigne of vantage half-way down, watch the rest scattered about the banks of the stream, resting on the pretty foot-bridge below, or passing along the wet shelf of rock which affords a pathway beneath the jutting ledge and the veil of the cascade. Does not the presence of human figures add to such a scene even more than it takes away? The solemn spell that reigns over primeval solitudes is broken; but in its stead we have the feeling of companionship in enjoyment, and fresh hints of delight to ear and eye, when we hear the silvery laugh ring out above the noise of the waters, and watch the bright bits of color which gay costumes and fair faces scatter among the brown and green and snowy tints of rock and foliage and foam.

We all in turn pass under the descending sheet, and look out upon pictures of the gorge-sides through its gusty fringes. Some cross quite over to the opposite bank, and repossess the stream on the foot-bridge below. Two of us attempt to follow its course thence to the point where it falls into the Mississippi, which we judge to be

not far off; but having got pretty thoroughly drenched in making our way through bushes still dripping from the morning's rain, and having come to a small mill-pond in the opening bottom-land, where a tall fisherman on the dam informs us that he "hain't seen no Mis'sippi," we retrace our steps, and rejoin our waiting companions at the carriages. Then to Minneapolis and dinner, and home by way of St. Anthony and the left bank.

August 11th.—An excursion up the Minnesota valley, by invitation from officers of the St. Paul and Sioux City Railroad. A beautiful country of flat and rolling prairie, with occasional groves and woody undergrowths interspersed. The low shores of the Minnesota River present an almost tropical luxuriance of trees and vines. Hillsides gay with flowers. A region of small farms, and one of the oldest settled portions of the State.

Eighty-five miles from St. Paul, in a southwesterly direction, we reach, at Mankato, the end of the railroad, which is pushing its way forward, however, towards Sioux City, on the Missouri. We are received by a delegation of citizens, with a variety of vehicles for conveying us where we wish to go. "To the hotel," say some. "To the prairies," to see the great wheat farms, still five or six miles away, is the choice of the most of us. Three or four loaded wagons start off, and after considerable delay half a dozen more; all (as we suppose) with the prairies in view. Second division of vehicles loses sight of first division; drivers take us out two or three miles, to banks of Blue Earth River; there we stop to look at railroad bridge building, and inspect lager-beer brewery (very critically, with glasses); after which, a little circuit, and lo, here we are back at Mankato! Where are the prairies, the wheat lands? Too late now to drive out to them, we are told. Are we victims of a blunder? No, of a neat little stratagem. Mankato meant well by us, and honestly placed the teams at our disposal; but the proprietor of those of

the second division, being himself leading driver thereof, and a merciful man withal, bethinketh him that it is trying weather for horseflesh (it is indeed sultry), and so, after the slight diversion of the beer and the bridge, we are whisked back, ignorant and deceived, to the village.

Nor is Mankato the liveliest place in the world for a crowd of disappointed visitors waiting for absent friends and dinner. A pleasantly situated valley town, on the right bank of the Minnesota, its streets have a tediously wooden and commonplace look to eyes prepared to gaze on great prairies and waving grain-fields. Our coming creates a sort of holiday in the village; and only a few fire-crackers let off in the street before the hotel, and now and then a pistol-shot round the corner, are wanting to make it seem an old-fashioned rural Fourth of July, of superior dulness. The bar-room is well patronized; indeed, too well, if we may judge of the efforts a most dignified citizen (not of Mankato) is making to maintain an upright position in his chair. He seems aware that he has already given and accepted too many invitations to stand—or lean, as the case may be—with friends at the bar; and he has just moral strength enough to decline joining them when they go up at last under a mild pretence of beer. “No!” he declares emphatically, with a heavy lurching nod, and a downward inflection. “Nô,” with a circumflex, after a moment’s thought, his resolution beginning to waver, like his voice. “I won’t take any *beer*,” with renewed firmness. But he adds immediately, staggering to his feet, with a compromise designed to bridge over the difference between refusal and compliance, “I won’t take anything but a square drink of whiskey, by —!” And he takes it, without feeling that he has jeopardized his reputation for consistency.

Mankato has stirring reminiscences of the late Indian atrocities, and shows with satisfaction the public square in which on one occasion thirty-

eight Sioux braves were hung in a row, amid a fence of bristling bayonets, to the great edification of a community outraged by their unchristian method of carrying on war. Lithographic prints of the tragic scene are generously offered us, as interesting mementos of our visit; and respectable citizens take pleasure in displaying gold-headed canes made of wood from the scaffold. I do not carry away one of the prints; nor do I regard the canes as very sacred relics. Neither do I here, or elsewhere in the State, attempt to reason with our good friends touching the violence of feeling I find almost universally entertained against the red man. I do not cherish any very sentimental notions regarding the “noble savage,” of whose squalor and treachery and ill deeds I have seen and know enough. I have witnessed his feeble attempts at the cultivation of the soil after the white man’s fashion, on Indian reservations; I have heard him in his wooden meeting-house sing dissonant psalms through his nose; and I do not declare him capable of being either civilized or Christianized. He had his place in the wild forests and in the unploughed prairies,—hunter, fisher, warrior,—with his squaw, his medicine-man, and his manitou, in the America of the past; and I would he might have been left in undisturbed enjoyment of that free life. But the Maker of this continent had, it seems, a better use for it; and in the America of the future I see not anywhere an inch of room for our lank-cheeked, straight-haired brother. Let him pass. Yet it is well to consider that he did but act after his kind, in trespassing against us, even as does the white settler who occupies his land, the trader or agent who cheats him, and the Christian community that hangs him. And for our own sakes, if not for his, let us, O excellent friends! cease to view him through that mist of blood that hideth mercy even from the eyes of the gentle-hearted.

After dinner, a smart young tradesman, who has his buggy at the tavern

door, proposes to take me to ride; and I am shown the pleasant sights of the town in general, and the paces of his mare in particular. The roads are not quite so smooth as billiard-tables; and I modestly inquire, after a little unpleasant jolting, if we are not travelling unnecessarily fast. "O, this is nothing to what she can do!" says he, and gives the nag a touch. But my young tradesman, though well grounded in arithmetic, as appears from a clear statement of the profits derived from his business, is not nearly so well versed in natural philosophy; and when, as we are passing the new Normal Schoolhouse (a very fine building, by the way, suggesting youthful studies), I venture to hint that, should our vehicle have its centre of gravity at any moment thrown beyond its base, it would be subject to the laws that govern leaning bodies, and very probably upset, I get from him only a smile for myself, and another crack of the whip for the mare. When, moreover, even in very plain language, I remind him that the momentum of objects moving about a circle tends to throw them off in a straight line, he seems wonderfully dull to the fact, and to use less precaution than his beast; for does not she, in turning a sharp corner, instinctively lean her whole body towards it, in a manner to convert the attraction of gravitation into a centripetal force counterbalancing the centrifugal? But he must have a still more forcible illustration of the law, and he gets it at the next corner, when, fortunately for my neck and his education, he happens to be on the outside; we are turning swiftly; he does not lean as I and the mare do; and, presto! all of a sudden, there is no driver on the seat beside me, but he is flying off at a tangent, — in short, tumbling down, reins in hand, between the wheels. Luckily, one leg lodges in the buggy, and I find it of signal assistance, when I "seize the descending man," and drag him by his skirts, muddied and bruised, with torn raiment and a very white face, back into the vehicle, still in rapid motion. Af-

ter which trifling incident he appears disgusted with experiments in natural philosophy; and I am willingly driven to the depot.

Returning St. Paul-ward by the train, a young Bostonian proposes to me a new sensation in the way of locomotion, — as if I had not had enough of that sort of thing for one day. Ever since we left Philadelphia, riding on the locomotive has been a favorite pastime with our party; ladies and gentlemen mounting the black steed together, and enjoying in that advanced position novel and surprising views of scenery, and the sense of speed and adventure, to be had in no other part of the train. And my young friend once, finding the places in the locomotive cab occupied, did rashly mount the top, — a place of peril and anguish as it proved, the road being rough, the speed great, and the locomotive light, so that; to avoid being shaken off, he was obliged to flatten himself on the rounded roof, and hold on for dear life with tooth and nail. The only upright object within reach was the steam-whistle; but it uttered a howl and shot a deluge of hot steam over his head when he touched the lever of the valve, and burned his hand when he grasped the whistle itself. At the end of his fearful ride, which seemed interminable, — for he durst not relax the grip of fingers and chin on the roof-edge, in order to get down, until the next watering-place was reached, — the fun of the thing was shown by the toes of his boots and the knees of his trousers worn through.

What he now proposes is a seat on the cow-catcher. I accept, and we mount that formidable plough. An enterprising reporter from St. Paul begs leave to accompany us, which we grant, not without a grimly humorous surmise that, in his heroic devotion to the interests of his sheet, he thus freely risks his own neck and limbs for the chance of seeing ours become the subject of an item.

I take a position between my two companions, with the point of the tremendous wedge betwixt my knees and

my feet on its slant sides; attitude erect, arms folded, monarch of all I survey. The bell rings behind us, and we move. Presently the locomotive begins to rock and jounce, and I find it advisable to unlock my complacent arms and place my hands on the cold iron for support, sacrificing dignity to security. Thunder — skip! — and now I am bent forwards, bracing myself with might and main against the rising tempest. Swifter, swifter, swifter; and with hats strained over our foreheads, hair flying behind, and chins thrust out before, cleaving the air which smites us almost with the force of a solid body, holding on ludicrously the while with hands and feet, we are in a position to have very surprising photographs of ourselves taken for such friends as have known us only in the serious walks of life.

Now we are tossed through whizzing space on the iron horn of a ponderous, mad, howling monster, that would seem hardly to touch the ground but for this constant clanging and jolting. Presently this fancy changes to the dizzy delusion that we are not moving at all, and that it is the world speeding under us, like the iron-banded wheel of some stupendous machinery.

Meanwhile, something strikes our faces stingingly like fine shot; and once I am hit in the breast by what seems a bullet. This is only a butterfly, in its quiet afternoon sail in the summer air hit by our rushing thunderbolt. The shot are hovering swarms of flies.

Up starts a flock of quails from the track before us. They attempt to fly away, but appear to be flying sidewise and backwards *towards* us, — such is the impotence of slight wings overtaken by the fury of speed. It were not pleasant to be struck in the face by one of these feathered missiles! The most escape, but two or three, sucked in as it were by the whirlwind, dash their breasts against the locomotive, and drop down. Suddenly the whistle shrieks alarm; there is a drove of cattle on the track! We remember

that the use of the cow-catcher is to pick up such estrays; — what if it pick them up with us on its snout, going on a “down grade” at the rate of fifty miles an hour? “We should never know what beef-ell us!” screams one, in the ears of his companions, — for thus small follies lead to greater, and from recklessness in riding comes recklessness in punning. We prepare to retreat from our post of peril, back over the sides of the locomotive, when our speed slackens, — the brakemen are screwing us down; and there is an exciting race, the cattle galloping along the track before us, until we can almost take the hindmost by the tails. At last they plunge down the embankment, and we pass on. It is such obstacles as these, especially on the unfenced prairie pastures, and the chance there always is of running off the track, or running into something on it, that makes the cow-catcher a dangerous seat; and to the travelling family-man (it is n’t so much matter about bachelors) I would not over-warmly recommend it; although, as a friend on the train remarks, when afterwards we are charged with temerity, “It makes little difference which end of a streak of lightning you ride on, as far as danger is concerned.”

Returning to St. Paul, we fall in with travellers who have fearful tales to tell of the route through the woods to Lake Superior, the next thing in our programme; — coaches mired and upset, limbs dislocated, passengers forced to walk over the worst parts of the road, with mud to their knees, belated in the forest, and devoured by mosquitoes. “Ladies in your party? it is madness! you will never get them through!” We meet others who, after attempting the passage from the other side, abandoned it, and returned down the lake, reaching St. Paul after a long detour by water and by rail. There is only the old Military Road, as it is called, cut through the wilderness for government purposes twenty years ago, and traversed now by a tri-weekly stage. The wet season has converted it into

one interminable slough, or mud canal; and it is too closely shut in by overshadowing trees to be dried much by the sun in the brief intervals betwixt the constantly recurring rains.

We rely, however, upon the experience and forethought of our friends of the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad, whose management of our excursion thus far inspires unbounded faith in their future plans for us. From St. Paul to Fond du Lac we shall be travelling over their own ground; making the first fifty miles of the journey on rails newly laid, and the rest in wagons, already provided and sent on ahead with our camp equipage.

Thursday morning, 12th. — We are off. From the depot below the town our train speeds away, winding in among the broken bluffs, rising to higher and higher ground, — over bush prairies and oak barrens, — to White Bear Lake (St. Paul's favorite picnic spot), ten miles away.

Here preparations have been made for opening an Indian mound for us. A short walk from the station through pleasant, echoing woods brings us to one of those beautiful sheets of water which mottle Minnesota all over, and give it the appropriate name of the Lake State. White Bear is six miles in length, winding among wooded shores and islands. There are inviting sailboats on the beach, which almost make me, an old water-bird, forget the object of our visit, until I am reminded of it by the shouts of my companions climbing the mound.

It is in the woods by the lake shore, — a broad, conical heap of earth, itself overgrown by forest trees. To save time for us, an opening at the top has been made by a gang of laborers from the railroad embankments; but, alas! although a pit ten or twelve feet in depth has been dug, nothing has been cast out but the black surface soil of the country, clear of even a pebble, and it is not deemed expedient to wait for further excavations. So we stand there a little while, between the whisper of the woods and the murmur of waves

upon the shore, which tell us nothing of the secret, long buried in that tomb of the past; then return to the waiting train.

On the way back, question is raised as to the origin of the name of "White Bear Lake"; and one relates a legend, how, when all this country was covered by the sea, a white bear floated down from his boreal home on an enormous iceberg which stranded here, on the subsidence of the waters. The iceberg, sinking into the earth, made the bed of the lake, and afterwards melting, filled it; while the bear roamed its shores. It is strongly suspected, however, that the story is an invention of the teller, and is, like many another legend, the offspring, not the parent, of the name.

The next station is Forest Lake, where there is a still more extensive body of water and a beautiful town site on its banks. The railroad has been fortunate in its choice of sites for way-stations, as we observe all along the route. Few obstacles stood in the way of such a choice. Flanked, a greater part of the way, by its own magnificent land grant of more than a million and a half of acres, it had, moreover, from the first, the co-operation of a land company, securing in its interest such desirable tracts as lay beyond its domain. We pass through a rolling country of oak openings, and occasional native meadows, once the beds of lakes, converted by time and vegetable decay into grass-lands of exceeding fertility. A few scanty settlements lie scattered along or near this part of the route.

At Rushseba, fifty miles from St. Paul, we come to an end of the completed track, and, we might almost say, of civilization. Northward hence, the wilderness! Here we find an unfinished depot building, in a little clearing of the woods; Rush Creek, flowing eastward towards the St. Croix River, which divides, not far off, Minnesota from Wisconsin; a lounging Indian or two; a white woman with four children, one in arms, standing near a wood-pile; and, what is of most importance to us, our wagon-train in waiting.

While caterers are preparing dinner for our party, increased, by accessions from St. Paul, to more than fifty souls (or perhaps I should say stomachs), and while a photographer is getting his apparatus ready for a group, I make acquaintance with the woman at the wood-pile. She lives, she tells me, three miles hence, on Rush Lake, where she settled ten years ago with her husband, both young then, and made a homestead in the woods. When I ask if she is contented there, she praises the country, — thirty-five bushels of winter wheat to the acre ! That speaks well for the soil, but does it keep her always from being lonesome ? “Lonesome ?” she replies with a luminous smile ; “I have my husband and little ones and enough to do, and why should I be lonesome ?” She rejoices greatly in the railroad, not because it will carry civilization to them, but because it will carry their grain to market. Is she now going on a journey ? “O no ! I am just waiting here. My children had never seen railroad cars, and so I took a little walk over here with them, for curiosity.”

After dinner (served on rough board tables under the depot roof), we form a group, with the woods and the wagons in the background, and an Indian in the foreground, for the sake of the contrast, his hat on a stick, and the black icicles of his straight, lank hair dripping down his cheeks, and give the photographer a few shots at us. Then the start. It is like getting an army in motion. We climb to seats in the strong, canvas-covered Concord coaches, the tinkling of horse-bells resounds pleasantly in the woods, one after another the wagons take the road, and we go rolling and plunging into the forest.

A few farm-clearings and bark-roofed log-houses we pass, and now and then the poles of a dismantled wigwam ; heavily timbered tracts of hard wood, shining growths of silver-limbed poplars and birches (many of the latter stripped of their bark, which has gone to kindle the red man’s fires, or roof

his huts, or build his canoes), high cranberries and raspberries, and swamps of rank wild grass. Here and there is a burnt district ; and I notice a forest of tamaracks all upturned by the roots, and thrown into tangled heaps, by undermining fires in the peat.

Late in the afternoon we reach our first camping-ground, at Chengwatana, where there are a few wooden houses and huts of half-breeds, besides a saw-mill, on the east shore of Cross Lake. While our tents are pitching on the stumpy shore, and our supper preparing at the stage-house, we embark on the lake in a barge manned by laborers from the railroad, and steer out into the fiery eye of the sunset burning in sky and wave.

The lake is four miles in length from north to south. It is quite narrow, however, and Snake River, flowing through it from east to west, forms a watery *cross*, that gives the name. The Chengwatana dam has flooded thousands of acres above, and drowned the timber ; and fires have destroyed much that the water spared. The western shores, peopled by melancholy hosts of dead trees, standing mournfully in the water, or charred and dark on the banks, lifting their blasted trunks and skeleton arms against the sky, give to the scene, by this light, a most unearthly aspect.

Rowing up the river we pass Indian burial-places on the north shore, — rude wooden crosses visible among the dead tree-trunks, — and a deserted village of skeleton wigwams, whose bare poles will be reclothed with skin of birch-bark, when the red nomads return to catch fish in these waters and hunt deer and bear in these woods. A week ago there were three hundred Ojibways on this camping-ground. Now we see but a few brown squaws on the bank, and half a dozen frightened Indian children paddling away from us in a canoe.

Chengwatana should have had the railroad depot, but it made the common mistake of setting too high a price on what it deemed indispensable to the

company, which, accordingly, stuck to its own land, and put the track the other side of the lake. So grand an enterprise uniting our greatest river with our greatest lake, and forming one of the arteries of a new civilization, can well afford to be independent of a petty way-station. It is the railroad that makes towns, not towns that make the railroad. We row over to the solid stone piers of the unfinished bridge, and the high embankment, and the village of board-shanties about which ruddy Swiss laborers are washing their rough hands and bearded faces, their day's work done; then return in the twilight to Chengwatana and supper.

Our tents are pitched on the stumpy shore. A mist is rising from the lake. Camp-fires are early kindled, making ruddy halos in the foggy dark, and lighting us to bed. A bundle of straw and a blanket,—what more does man require? With the ground beneath, and the sloping canvas over us, we are well couched. There 's no danger of robbers under one's bed. Mosquitoes swarm, covering the lake shore with their fine, formidable hum; but against their encroachments smudge-fires without the tents and cigar-smoke within are found effectual; then the increasing chill of the night protects us. There is much talk about the fires; and presently, in a neighboring tent, resounds a lusty snore, heard throughout the camp. Sweeter sounds rise on the foggy, firelit shore, when our colored attendants transform themselves into a band of musicians, and they who catered to the palate cater more delightfully to the ear, striking up pleasant tunes, to which the strangeness of the scene lends enchantment. Then we three in our tent, lying, looking up at the flashes of firelight flickering in, recite a psalm or two, and talk of those sweet and solemn things which are eternally near, and which seem now the only real presences, looking serenely down and making this, our night encampment, and the wilderness itself, no more to us than the scenery and incident of a dream.

Friday, 13th.—A cold, wet morning. A little cow-bunting visits the camp, hopping about on the blankets, close to our feet, and even on our feet, in the friendliest manner, but coquettishly refusing to be caught.

The lake is both basin and mirror to us, making our toilets. Some, however, seek the little, dark washroom of the stage-house, and perform their ablutions there. Is not the tooth-brush a test of civilization? Mr. F—— lays his down on the sink, and afterwards, turning to look for it, finds a rough fellow endeavoring to disentangle his locks with it, having taken it for the public hair-brush. He seems to think it ridiculously small for his purpose; "Confound the little fool of a thing!" and flinging it down in disgust, he makes a comb of his fingers.

The stage-house table has its limits, and we breakfast by relays. After which I take to the road, walking on alone in the cool of the morning, to enjoy the solitude of the woods and the sweetness of the air. Young aspens twinkle in the early sunshine. Upon a thicket of dead birches a crop of wild buckwheat hangs its festoons of blossoming vines. Here a grove of white poplars and birches gives to the woods the aspect of snow scenery. Waving brakes, raspberry-bushes, alders, wild honeysuckles, wild sunflowers, and wild cucumbers fringe the wayside. Not a bird, not a living creature, not even a tapping woodpecker or cawing crow, appears on this lonely road. I outwalk the wagons, for they must move cautiously through mud-holes which I avoid. After getting a mile or two the start of them, I sit down on a log to wait, and hark for the tinkling bells of the leading teams coming through the woods.

Dinner at Grindstone, — a log-house and stable in a burnt clearing on Grindstone River. One half our party more than fills the little table-room, and the rest of us receive our dinners on plates, passed over many heads and out at the windows; making the sky our dining-hall, and the first barrel-head or hen-

coop, or the ground itself, a table. Then a dessert of berries in the burnt woods.

Supper at Kettle River, thirty miles from Chengwatana. A terrible day's work for the teams. Never were worse roads. We who walked on before, at any time in the afternoon, could hear the horses plashing through water far off behind us, and then see the high-covered wagons come rolling and pitching through the hub-deep holes, threatening at one moment to upset, and at another to keel over upon the horses. On one occasion a smoking driver, hurled from his seat by a sudden lurch, turned a somerset, and alighted on his back in the mud, without, however, losing the pipe from his mouth, — a feat to be proud of. Riding was neither so safe nor so agreeable as walking. Dripping wayside bushes pulled down by whiffletrees and wheels were constantly flying back, whipping and bespattering the wagons. Neither man nor beast did we meet in all this day's journey.

Kettle River comes sweeping down through the forest, between magnificent masses of foliage, combining the varied forms and tints of pine, balsam, maple, iron-wood, and tamarack, and rushes whirling under beetling ledges at the road-crossing. Its glossy eddies shine with a strange wild lustre, in the evening light. The water is about the hue of maple sirup, being discolored, like all the streams in this part of the State, by the roots of trees.

On the banks of the river are some Ojibway wigwams, before one of which a squalid squaw, of great age and unspeakable hideousness, is cutting up a hedgehog which an Indian lad has just killed, and throwing pieces of the meat into a pot hung from a pole over a smoky fire. The hut is of poles, covered by strips of birch-bark coarsely stitched together: a blanket in place of a door. Looking in, we perceive dirty mats spread about the household fire, kindled on the ground, its smoke — a part of it, at least — going out through a hole in the low bark roof. On the mats sit a very old Indian and

a young squaw with her pappoose, looking desolate and miserable enough. No romance of wild savage life discernible here! Near the wigwam are three graves. One is that of a child. It is marked by a wooden monument, — a sort of box, resembling a dog-kennel. Over the other two are built little narrow pens of rough poles, perhaps eight feet long and two feet high and broad. I have seen few more pitiful sights. Between these rude attempts of a wretched race to commemorate its dead and the poet's *In Memoriam* what infinite distance!

A dismal evening: with the darkness a drizzling rain begins to fall. Last night we had straw; but now the forest boughs must be our bed. We cut young pines in the woods, drag them to camp, and there by the light of the fires trim them, covering the ground beneath the tents with odorous wet twigs. Blankets and shawls are in demand; and many a desperate shift is made for pillows. Mrs. K—— has one of india-rubber, but there is a treacherous leak in it, and every ten minutes throughout the night she must awake and blow it up afresh. I resort to my valise. But it is too high when shut, so I open it, and lay my head in it. There is a storm in the night; a deluging rain falls, and many a trickling stream steals in through the tents upon the sleepers. To save my packed linen from a soaking, I am obliged to shut my pillow, — taking my head out, of course! In a neighboring tent a devoted husband sits up and holds a spread umbrella over his spouse, who sleeps in spite of thunder. The rain quenches the fires, the wind shakes the tents, the welkin cracks overhead. What a scene it is when, in the middle of the night, I look out from the door of our frail shelter, and see the camp, in the midst of roaring woods, instantaneously illumined by quick cross-lightnings playing in the forest-tops!

In the morning, he who is discovered with rueful countenance emptying water from his boots is accused of having set them out to be blacked.

August 14th. — Weather cold and drizzling. Roads this day worse than ever, though worse had seemed impossible. Every little while a wagon sticks in the mud. Now a whiffletree breaks, now a king-bolt; now a baggage-wagon upsets, or a horse is down; and now we must wait for a gulf of mud to be bridged with logs and brush. At every accident the whole train comes to a halt. We get through only by keeping together and helping each other. The shouts of the drivers, the calls for help, the running forwards, the hurrying back, the beckoning signals, the prying up of mired wheels, the replacing of broken bolts, make ever a picturesque and animated scene. Blueberries by the wayside are abundant, on which we regale ourselves while the wagons are halted.

Dinner at Moose Lake, eighteen miles from Kettle River. A little rest, a little drying of our soaked boots and wet clothes, and in the middle of the afternoon we set off again for Twin Lakes, still eighteen miles farther. It is dark when we reach Black Hoof, and only two thirds of the distance is made, and we are all weary enough. Two ladies quite unable to go on. But supper is ordered at Twin Lakes, and cannot be had here; and the Black Hoof landlord, perhaps offended because his house was overlooked in our programme, sternly declares, as he sits tipped back against the logs in his glowing room (how cheery it looks to us out in the rain!) that he has not a bed nor a floor for one of us. Fortunately we are the bearers of a message and a present to his wife. She last year anointed the swollen, inflamed hands and face of a mosquito-bitten banker of Philadelphia, who had been fishing in these woods, and cured his hurts; in acknowledgment of which motherly kindness he has sent her a new gown. It is delivered with a flattering speech from his partner; the good woman is delighted; even the husband's heart is softened; and our weary ones are taken in.

Then, six miles farther for the rest of

us! We come to abrupt hills with terrible gullies in their sides. The night is dark, and it is perilous getting on by the light of lanterns. When we strike a piece of smooth road, we bowl briskly along the yielding sand; while the flashing gleams from the forward wagons, illuminating the boughs and opening vistas of the forest-sides, create for us behind a constant illusion of castles and villas, which vanish ever as we arrive at their gates. Are they prophetic glimpses of the time when these arched and pillared woods shall be transformed to abodes of cultivated man?

It is near midnight, and it is rainy and very cold, when we tumble from the coaches, weary and hungry and chilled, at Twin Lakes. Two log-cottages receive us, and furnish us most welcome excellent suppers; and we all sleep under roofs this night, some on floors, some on hay in the barns, and a few in beds. Next morning (Sunday, 15th) finds us rested and hilarious. I look about me, and am interested to observe with what cheerfulness men and women accustomed to the luxuries of life accept the discomforts and endure the hardships of days and nights like these. Even he whose shrunken boots, his only pair, resist all attempts at coaxing or coercion, and, at the end of an hour's straining and pushing, steadily refuse to go on the excruciated feet, yields with decency to fate, and appears happy as a king in a pair of stout brogans purchased of the hostler.

The lakes (as we see by daylight in the morning) are mere ponds, one of them full of leeches, which we dip up with the water in pail or basin, when we go to the shore to wash ourselves.

The cottages boast, and justly, of the butter and cream with which they treat their guests. The landlady of one of them tells me her two cows gave her one hundred and six pounds of butter in the month of June last, "and I kept a stopping-place besides, which takes milk and cream." We measure a spear of timothy pulled up by chance in the dooryard, and find it

five and a half feet in length; and clover is thick at its roots. Winter wheat, she avers, is a sure crop, yielding from twenty to twenty-five bushels to the acre. These are among the many evidences we have met with all along the route, showing that this vast forest-covered region is one of the richest of the State. Its mighty growths of timber possess an incalculable value for the fuel and lumber with which they will supply rising cities on rivers and lakes, and settlements on the great prairies; and the soil, shorn of its forests, will equal the best in Minnesota, for pasturage, root crops, and wheat.

Three miles beyond Twin Lakes we branch off from the old road leading to Superior, and take a new track cut through the woods to Fond du Lac. Our route on this, the fourth, morning lies through a region of pines, some of enormous size. The fragrance of their breath, the grandeur of the forest scenery, and even the terrible roots and hills and hollows over which we go rocking and tilting, all combine to fill old and young with childlike exhilaration. The country grows almost mountainous as we advance; we cross high ridges, and wind along the sides of deep gorges, and at noon come out upon heights that overlook the gleaming sinuosities and far-winding valley of the St. Louis.

Where the river rushes out from between wooded bluffs and the valley opens, there is Fond du Lac, a little cluster of old wooden houses, making the most westerly point of that immense system of lake and river and canal navigation whose seaward opening gate is the mouth of the St. Lawrence, — an interesting fact, viewed in the light of our fresh memories of St. Anthony, where a few days since we stood at the head of navigation on the Mississippi. One who has made this grand portage cannot help comparing the two places. From St. Anthony the river flows southward two thousand two hundred miles to the Gulf of Mexico, winding through fifteen degrees of latitude. A chip cast upon these more

northern waters will float many more miles, through nearly thirty degrees of longitude, before it tosses on the waves of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Here, too, we are at the foot of extensive falls, creating a rival water-power, ordained to make lumber of these tremendous forests, and flour of the wheat from limitless grain-fields. Neither St. Anthony nor Fond du Lac is approachable, however, by any but small-sized craft; and as the real head of navigation for Mississippi steamers is at St. Paul, so that of lake vessels is at Duluth, twenty miles hence, down the St. Louis.

We have made this grand portage laboriously in wagons (for the most part), and we have been three days and more about it. The railroad completed, it will be made comfortably in a few hours. This terrible mud-canal navigation through the wilderness will soon be obsolete, and a thing to be wondered at when the new avenue of trade and travel shall be established, with civilization brightly crystallizing in its course.

We have kept within two or three miles of the railroad grade ever since leaving Rushseba; and here once more it meets us, having crossed the river somewhere above, and throwing up now its fresh embankments on the opposite bank. There, too, moored by the marshy shore, lie two little steamers, which hospitable citizens, friends of the railroad and of its builders, have sent up for us from Duluth. We gleefully set out to cross to them, leaving our wagon-train on the south bank.

I embark with half a dozen others in a skiff, furnished with rudder and sail, and assist in getting it off. It is in the charge of a young man from Duluth, who, surmising that I have seen a gaff before to-day, asks, can I manage the sail? I think I am equal to that, and it is accordingly hoisted. I have the helm and sheet, and try the starboard tack, and wonder why we don't head up stream, and edge away from those villanous rocks below there. By heavens! we are drifting straight

down upon them, spite of wind and helm, swept by a powerful current and twisted about on the black eddies which I (a mere landlubber, after all, used only to plain sailing) did not calculate upon sufficiently. I port the helm just in time to run inside the rocks; conclude that the boat has no keel; "down sail," and resort ingloriously to the oars.

Crossing over, we are followed by a barge, picturesquely laden with the

rest of our party, and swinging in the current from a long line, at the other end of which an insignificant row-boat is irregularly pulling. We embark, some on a little tug which a steamer of any size could put into its side-pocket (if steamers had side-pockets), the rest on a crank side-wheeler of somewhat larger dimensions; and are soon on our winding way, among the islands and curves of the low green shores of the river, to Duluth and the lake.

COURAGE.

BECAUSE I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with burning tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every rain-drop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all,
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of these rebellious tears,
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine.
Grateful I take his slightest gift, no fears,
Nor any doubts, are mine.

Dark skies must clear; and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a weary year.
Patient I listen, sure that sweet at last
Will sound His voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be.
I must be glad and grateful to the end.
I grudge you not your cold and darkness,—me
The powers of light befriend.

A LUMBERWOMAN.

HAZAEEL was shut up in the house. This may seem to you an unimportant fact, but it was not so to me, being Hazael's wife, and it was very important to him, being a man.

Is sickness a kindly means of discipline? Neither Lamb (see his "Essay on Convalescence") nor Hazael viewed it as such; both grumbled, and one wrote; the likeness to the known must make clear to you the unknown; and Hazael was no happier than Lamb.

I read to him every word that Jeremy Taylor says on "The Practice of the Grace of Patience in Sickness," but as fast as I put him into patience something else put him out of it. I read George Herbert's "Content,"—at least three verses of it, and was going on with the fourth,—

"Give me the pliant mind, whose gentle measure
Complies and suits with all estates";

but he stopped me with,—

"*Dun-dee!*"

This was Hazael's only and (he said) strictly orthodox oath. It was n't very resigned in him, and was so unsatisfactory to me that I "gave him up," and Herbert too. Things would n't have been so bad if his business had been all in one place; or if he had been a doctor, and could have killed off his patients instead of having a doctor kill him off; or a jeweller instead of only the jewel he was; or, as he more concisely and feelingly expressed it, "been anything in the world but what he was, or had anything in the world but what he had." Now Hazael was a lumber-merchant, and had a bad cold; so you will see this was only his way of looking at it. Perhaps he was excusable; for in all the seven years I had been with him he had never been shut up in the house before. Still, it cannot be denied that he had a "way," indeed, a peculiar way, of looking at most things.

In seven years he had made a small fortune; but "he had been a perfect

slave! and it was only a care to him!" He had rather a large income for two people, which would generally be regarded as a happy state of affairs; but "he was sure he didn't know how to invest it, and 'blessed be nothing'!" which change I'm afraid I never very heartily joined in desiring.

Hazael thought the world was n't at all worth while; and that everybody was "dead set" against him. For instance, when he came to town every man had his own drag. Instead of borrowing one of these, he had one made when he built his house. It was a little stouter than the others, and so the next man who built a stone-wall came to borrow it; and the next, and the next, till it was worn out. Whether the neighbors had used their old ones for kindling, or the boys had stolen them for bonfires, it is a fact that when Hazael wanted one himself, two years after, he had to make a new one.

The dragging work of the town must have been dragging on for two years, for the new one was as great a favorite as the old, and the process was repeated; and thereupon Hazael declared that he supplied the town with all the tools it ever used, and never had any to use himself; this instance is *e pluribus unum*.

So we will not wonder that the abused, good-natured man felt himself aggrieved when this cold was added to the sorrows of his lifetime. At this crisis I had been with Hazael seven years, as I have said.

I was an invalid when he took me,—for he took me more than I, by active will, went,—and nothing seemed so fitting as that I should keep out in the air with him.

In the mill or under the mill, perched on piers or swinging on booms, while he chose logs as they were wanted,—Norways and pines for the ship-builders, spruces for house-timber, and logs

clear of knots for the planers ; stowed away on some teetering board of a lumber-pile, while he measured deal for New York, scoots for a fence, or refuse for a pigsty, — for no one could do anything just right but Hazael (so Hazael thought) ; up river, on skates in winter, on a big log in summer, to the Port, three miles away as many times a day, where all the vessels were loaded and all the captains swore, where all the storekeepers got used to me sitting round on the empty tobacco-boxes made into easy-chairs ; where the sailors all learned to know me, and to use a quarter less tobacco to the half-day when I was about, which greatly diminished my supply of stools ; and whereunto the road was the very worst road in the county, so Hazael said ; — in short, any and every where that Hazael went I was sure to go, by which means three things were accomplished :

I got health, some knowledge of the lumber business, and disposed of seven years, which last is a great gain for a (married) woman.

So when Hazael was ill I alone was thought competent to bring reports. And I *did* bring report from his mill, from his store, from his vessels, letters from his captains and commission merchants ; and it was strange how everything was reported wrong.

There were too many saws in the gang, and they were set wrong, and were sawing the wrong stuff. The wrong men had left the mill, and wrong-men had come in their places.

The wrong amount of lumber had gone to the wrong vessels ; not even the captains even remembered how many thousand their vessels would carry : nobody but Hazael ever knew.

The bills of lading had been made out to the wrong commission merchant, the wrong captain had been paid for freight he never brought. The wrong goods had been ordered of the wrong firm at the wrong time of year ; and a wronger establishment could n't have been found than Hazael's.

Hazael was in despair, as who would

not have been, if a lumber-merchant with a cold ?

I did my best to comfort him. I let his dog stay in my room. I read him John Brown and Montaigne and "Water Babies" (Jeremy Taylor and Herbert having failed), and magazines of every nature.

Hazael would not be comforted. I brought him great ledgers that made my arms ache ; packages of accounts of sales and receipts, day-books and survey-books ; turned my library into a counting-room and myself to an accountant ; neglected my books and my horse, to add up long columns of hated figures : still Hazael was fast growing worse than Rachel weeping for her children. He *would not* be comforted.

Everything was wrong, both intrinsically and as related to him.

He never could be made to see, with Sir Thomas Browne, that "we carry with us the wonders we seek without us ; there is all Africa and her prodigies in us."

By reporting so much I became by one and the same means so useful and so tiresome to Hazael, that when I reported myself one noon as having been in the counting-room answering neglected letters, making out neglected bills, and giving neglected directions generally, he actually refrained from calling that wrong ; which was a great sacrifice for Hazael.

I determined to repeat the experiment next day ; so, after arranging him for the morning, I betook myself to walk as far as he was concerned, and to work as far as I was concerned, and you see there is really so little difference in the sound that the means justified the end, and went to the counting-room.

I believe it was because he had an inherent fear of fire or sudden death that he had instructed me, and only me, in the mysteries of that safe-lock in the counting-room. By an effort of memory I got it unlocked that day, but it was a great while after this before I was able to perform the operation with the rapidity and the slight degree of

attention that would make a philosopher wonder if it were purely mechanical.

Before going into the details of this business, I wish it to be clearly understood here that I was *not* "woman's rights."

I have never been inside of a woman's convention, nor argued on the affirmative of the woman question; neither have I *felt* that I had any disputed claims to advance and prove.

Of course, I always did as I pleased; I drove fast horses of my own, and have in the course of my life sent back some forty "women's horses" to some forty livery-stables; I have had my own library and locked my doors, and refused to see callers till four, when I pleased (which was generally when I was n't sitting on the aforementioned booms and tobacco-boxes, waiting for Hazael).

I never wore a bonnet in my life; knew perfectly well how to use a plane, a level, a spokeshave, and a saw; also I always carried a foot-rule and a knife as regularly as a pencil, a note-book, and my thimble; also in some way Hazael had discovered that when he, the husband, commanded, Calistel the wife did just as her common sense bade her, but I never upheld or spoke of any of these things, and I was not and am not "woman's rights."

Why in the world women should spend their valuable time and take up the columns of invaluable newspapers in arguing and deciding that they should and shall do as they please, and then never please to do anything that women have n't done many times before, I do not see.

Why the best of them should hold that business is open to women, and then go about lecturing or devote themselves to book-keeping, which any boy with common (mathematical) sense might do, or to a milliner's shop, or to taking a trip round the world alone, instead of going into the hardware, or boot and shoe, or hat, cap, and fur business, or out-of-doors photography (or in-doors either); why lady agents and

doctors should be in ever-increasing demand, and the real bread-and-butter businesses left for slack-brained women to prove to the male portion of the world that they (the male portion) alone are able to conduct "business affairs," I cannot see clearly, which is a slight (and unpardonable?) digression, as I was only to tell you what I did see, — and I saw a great deal.

The day of my trial was Friday, (unlucky chance, if I had been superstitious!) and the last Friday in the month; so I knew that the next day the mill-men would all expect the month's wages. Connected with Hazael's establishment was a store where the married men got their family supplies and the more fortunate single individuals their pipes and tobacco, and said counting-room was in said store; so I had a great many accounts to look over and balance, and no peace and quiet to do it in.

When I had got my safe fairly unlocked, books out, and all ready to go to work, another ill omen greeted me.

In coming in, I had with difficulty made my way round or over an open scuttle, which but for unseen guiding hands might as well have furnished me with my death as with a story, except perhaps for the additional fact that the story was foreordained.

The scuttle was three feet from the outer door, and the cellar eight feet from the scuttle.

The person who came in after me, judging from the short time I saw him, was about six feet and two inches high (if he had not impressed me so much like a ship-mast I should say tall), and apparently all bones.

As he opened the door he shouted to the clerk, —

"I say, there!"

What he would have said "there" I have no reliable means of knowing.

What he said eight feet below there I heard through the open scuttle distinctly.

"D—n it! It ought to 'a' kilt me, an' I ha'n't hurt a bit!"

So instinctively do men philosophize!

I am sure that a woman, under the circumstances, would have died whether it "kilt" her or not.

I felt at once a loss of spirits, and I think they must have gone down to him, for he came up (the stairs, not the scuttle) hilarious, and I had no more that day.

For the sake of science, I asked him what he thought in that quick descent.

"Wondered if my watch 'd knock off into the pork-barrel and spile."

I almost wished that he had broken his arm, that Hazael might see that there were other things in the world as bad as a cold.

Notwithstanding my disappointment and loss of spirits, I was determined to look over accounts that forenoon; so at day-book I went, comparing each sum total with its constituent items, till I should have been glad if I might reasonably hope never to hear of molasses, saleratus, pork, or any of the necessities of life again. Some of my gossiping neighbors — I will call no names — would have given a new dress to see, as I saw that day, *just* how much flour, eggs, and butter some of *their* dear gossiping neighbors had used in the last month; but we traders keep these little confidences strictly.

It was dreary enough to remember a library and locked doors that day and stand at a desk, the only thing besides the safe enclosed within those four white, close walls. Visions of Coleridge and Lamb, De Quincey and Shelley, came before me like triumphant friends. John Brown coaxingly invited me to "Spare Hours," as if I had any hope of such! I think I felt more pity for the "laboring class" that day than ever before or since; before their sorrows were imaginary (with me), and since pity has given place to sympathy and fellow-feeling.

I got through the accounts of twenty men that forenoon, however, and went home to dinner, glad to relieve Hazael by this surprise; for I knew they had troubled him more than I had any reason to think they had troubled the debtors.

"Well, Calistel, where *have* you been?"

"Well, Hazael, what *do* you suppose I have been doing?"

"Whatever you pleased, as usual."

Now, however logical a conclusion that may have been to draw from my past history, it wounded my feelings very much to hear the statement then and there; but men have no intuitions, and how should he know that I had once in my life made a sacrifice? One must make a great many before the face will tell it.

So I answered, "No, Hazael," with a mixture of brag and grief.

"Been doing mission, then?"

By this Hazael meant had I been visiting the poor and afflicted, healing hearts and converting souls; he always expressed it thus concisely, and always persisted that I "did mission" from duty, not from love of it.

"Yes, Hazael, mission for you and mission for the mill-men." Then I told him of the twenty accounts looked over, and of the jarring the cellar had had from the man of six feet and two inches.

To this day I'm afraid Hazael looks for the man with six feet who cost him so much in repairing the underpinning of that store; to this day he thinks he was an escaped curiosity of Barnum's.

"Are you going to keep at it?" Hazael asked.

"Yes."

"What are you going to do to-morrow when the men come to be paid?"

"Pay them, I guess."

"But they'll cheat you."

"Very well, if they can."

"Well," and Hazael sighed. (You remember the occasions that are so often taken, according to Mrs. Browning, for sighing.)

"You mean to do it, Calistel? They're dreadfully rough when I pay them; fifty of them, you know, all at once."

Calistel quite meant to do it. In the course of the afternoon and next day, the other thirty accounts were cast and recast and balanced.

Saturday came, and five o'clock

came, and I heard the mills stop ; at least I didn't hear them go, and concluded they had stopped.

Tramps and scuffles and double-shuffles out on the platform suggested to me that the men might possibly be there.

Up went my shutter, and I called through the loophole, "John Low!"

John Low, having heard a voice come through that loophole on other Saturday nights, knew of what interest it was to him to hear it this Saturday night ; therefore John Low stopped on the half-shuffle and came up.

John Low saw me ; John Low stared ; John Low turned round and communicated to the crowd the specific intelligence, —

"By George, it's her!"

Whereupon forty-nine of the fifty heads appeared in direct line with my loophole, and there came such a jamming and pushing and quarrelling as can be seen only among mill-men on pay-night. Whether it was an unusually rough time because it was "her" I did not know, but I was determined that she would make it smoother.

My shutter went down, my door went open, myself went out among them. "If you will come up one by one as I call you, I will pay you all to-night. If I see any more of this pushing and scuffling, I shall stop at once."

I went in, I shut my door, I pulled up my shutter.

"John Low!"

Again John Low came up ; this time alone.

"The balance due you is twelve dollars ; the month's wages thirty-two, the things taken up in the store twenty."

John Low growled out something about an extravagant wife, wrote his name under the squared account, and left.

Eight other men went off very quietly, with greater or less funds in their pockets.

The tenth man came, heard my statement of his finances and disputed it.

"I ha'n't had but half them things!" The spirit of cheat spread rapidly, and those who had gone off content before came back to "git a little suffin more out of her."

My shutter went down, my door went open, myself went out among them.

"I have no time to dispute claims with you ; you can take your money or leave it. Monday morning, if you care to come and look over the items of account you may. I have looked them over carefully, and know them to be correct. Let me hear no more of this to-night."

I went in, I shut my door, I pulled up my shutter, paid off the rest, heard no more grumbling, and went home moderately happy (for a married woman whose husband was sick at home with a cold).

This was in the fall, — November, I think ; and before Hazael got out, it was time for the men to go into the woods.

Such an amount of talking to be done between Hazael and the loggers !

I judge of the number of men I sent to him every day only by the state of my carpet every night ; no amount of force applied to brooms has ever been enough to get those carpets free from mud. If ever Hazael has a cold again, I sincerely hope it may not be in spring or fall.

If the talking fell to Hazael this time, by the same convulsion of nature the work fell to me. Of course there was a clerk to put everything up as called for, but how could he undertake to do that, and keep account of everything that went to the woods in that week of fitting out teams ?

You would never believe if I were to tell you the average amount of food that went to every man.

"Wanted enough to last six weeks," they said. Ten barrels of flour, three barrels of pork, and no end of molasses and spices, black pepper enough to have set the whole region round about into a fit of sneezing ; but first and foremost beans and tea and tobacco.

In spite of this practical, sickening part of it, there was something very fascinating in the idea of being off in the woods and snow, away from everything and everybody for four whole months; at least I thought so till I made them a visit in the course of the winter.

But it was not at all fascinating to get those teams ready to go; yet the week came to an end, as all weeks except one, coming some time, will, and every day of it found me busy and left me tired, but quite glad to be doing something active and business-like, though the visions of dear friends at home, bound in leather, calf, and muslin, according to desert, were not less constant and enticing than at first.

Hazael was pleased and relieved and fast growing better, and he found the world so much more worth while than when he had everything to do himself, that it was really quite comfortable living with him, comparatively.

Hazael was out before November was, and soon quite well and strong; but from some reason he never told me, nothing was said about my going back to my old place. Instead of being an appurtenance of the establishment, I was a part of the thing itself.

Hazael taught me the real art of book-keeping, and I kept his books. He taught me business-letter writing, which is quite a science, if you do it well; and I wrote his letters, keeping a copy of every one. He taught me how to make out drafts, write receipts, and half a thousand other little things that have to be done about a counting-room.

But with all this I began now to have some time for reading; so my half of the desk was about equally filled with essays, poetry, and account-books.

Here is a page of my note-book written at that time.

"The greatest obstacle to being heroic is the doubt whether one may not be going to prove one's self a fool. The truest heroism is to resist the doubt, and the profoundest wisdom to

know when it ought to be resisted and when to be obeyed." — HAWTHORNE.

Make out a draft on G. Callum & Co., payable to order of Obed Lingham, Jr. Amt. \$ 335. Due, Jan'y 7, promptly.

"Music resembles poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach."

POPE'S *Essay on Criticism*.

Perhaps both resemble certain characters the world calls shallow, only because the world has nothing with which to probe deep.

Don't forget to pay Hazael's doctor's bill this month.

"But this she knows, in joys and woes,
That saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!"

COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

"'T is an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own."

ROBERT BROWNING.

Dean Small's lumber bill, \$42.47
Joshua Reynold's bill, 74.75
Collect both within three weeks.

A. J. Wardwell's store account, \$264.87.

Capt. Babcock wants timber sent to his master-builder next Saturday, the 5th.

Send draft for last bill of dry goods.

"Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others." — SYDNEY SMITH'S *definition of the hardness of character*.

"Clay model, Life.

Plaster cast, Death.

Sculptured marble, Resurrection."

THORWALDSEN.

We got through the winter with little excitement, and not a great deal to do except on the days when three or four men came out of the woods, which were generally Saturdays, that they might spend Sunday at home.

River-driving came on, and the beautiful, restless spring days together, when it seemed a sin and a shame to have to think of river-driving or any other practical thing; and I thought I had never seen such suggestive weather as came that spring. Fifteen days of sun and shower and gray cloud, till you

dread not so much a stormy day, which in itself considered might not be undesirable, as the change from this to that; and yet you half want it.

There was just enough of the fascination of uncertainty about those days to make them seem delightful before all others. They almost cheat one into the notion that, even after a new birth, a moody creature has some divine authority for remaining a moody creature still, which notion, to be sure, the steadier beauty of the later months would hardly justify.

When the storm came at last, the decision of it was almost heart-breaking, it was so inexorable, so certain after the puzzling days that would break out, no one knew where; which of course has nothing to do with a lumber story, only as all changes of weather affect the rivers on which lumbermen are so dependent.

With river-driving came on the running of the mill again, and all the regular summer business; and by the time the logs were all driven down, everything was going on in the usual methodical manner.

First came log-driving affairs to be settled; for however willing men may be to wait for the pay for the winter's work in the woods, they cannot rest quietly twenty-four hours after log-driving is over, till they have their money. They generally get in sight a little before the last log.

So I made up my mind to a series of pay-days, which began at once.

The head man of the river-driving crew had handed me a paper stating how many days each man had worked, and the price agreed upon in payment therefor, which went on somewhat in this way: —

Duncan Wall, 17½ days' works @ \$22 a month.

Jerry Heath, 18 days' works @ \$20 a month.

The list was twenty names long, perhaps.

It was really pitiful to see, as Jerry Heath and the rest came to be paid,

that nearly every one held out a cut or a bruised hand; some had a finger or a thumb gone, some half a hand lost in this or other year's work; some came limping in with a mangled foot, "hurt in the great jam on the rips," perhaps, "or chopped off a toe or two the last month of logging." This year one boy was drowned, — only eighteen. He fell in and got frightened, they said, and would n't swim.

Scarcely one came that had not some bruise to show, and laugh or growl over, according to disposition.

And the accounts they would give of the way they had been living!

"I say, Sam, you got any more flannel as good as that I bought jus' afore we went in?"

"Don't remember anything particular about that; we've got some good flannel now, though."

"By George, that was the best stuff I ever wore. I had two shirts made of it; one of 'em I put on when I went in and never had off again till I come out, and the other one I wore all through log-driving, till it's jist rotting off."

"Clean way you have of living up there," I heard the clerk suggest.

Whereupon a general shout was set up by the rest of the crowd.

"By George! we ha'n't had but two towels in with us this winter," said one.

"Makes your face cold to wash it 'fore you go out in the morning," chimed in another.

"You bet we don't want no soap an' water up there," echoed a third.

In the course of a few days they were all paid, and scattered off for the summer; some to the mill and the rest to their farms, if they happened to have them, or to sea, or to loaf about till logging next year.

The hurry of the busy season seemed to come all at once with us; there was a good deal of driving about to do, which perhaps was all that saved me from wearing out with the confinement the rest of the day; but on the whole I was better than when I was doing nothing. This I mention here, not because in my conceit I think it will be

of any personal interest to you, but because so much is said about women being "too delicately organized" to go into hard work; this is my testimony. I would give it on oath in court.

There were a great many spring talks between Hazael and the captains about carrying lumber, and the rates of freight for the coming season; there were a great many vessels to load as the result of them; there was a great deal of lumber to look after as the result of that.

All of Hazael's lumber was carried to his vessels by rafts. A sluice ran from under the mill down to the river, and by the side of the sluice the lumber was piled in long, high piles. One man stood on top of the pile and surveyed it (by which I don't mean that we kept him there to look at it, but to measure it), stick by stick, as two other men turned it off into the sluice with pickaxes.

Another man was at the other end of the sluice to take the sticks as they came down. This he did with a pickaxe that he struck into the stick as it came rushing out of the sluice, and dragged it just where he wanted it; he had only to guide it, it got so much motion in coming.

The rafts were made on a wooden platform at low tide, and slipped off and taken to the vessels when the tide was full. It was miserable work sometimes going down the crooked narrow river in the dead of night, dark and stormy perhaps; but they must go when the tide was in, whether that was at morning, noon, or midnight; and the men were often six hours getting down with them.

It was the slowest, dreariest, most lonesome work, they said, that they ever had to do about the whole concern.

I cannot truthfully say that I ever did it myself, but this is their report.

When the lumber got to the vessel and got in, some one must make out the bills of lading; that made a ride for me generally to the Port to get the captain to sign them.

When that was done, somebody must send one of them and the bill of lumber to whichever commission merchant Hazael had consigned it to. First the bill had to be made out, which the surveyor and I did together; then it had to be copied to the account of sales-book; then sent off.

Besides all this regular business, there was a good deal of outside business in supplying all the region round with lumber,—the ship-builders and the house-builders and all kinds of builders who were building anything; and this part of the work was the most fussy of all. Every stick must be of just such a length, breadth, and thickness, as it was wanted for a particular purpose.

Whoever wanted the lumber usually brought a paper with the dimensions he wanted written on it. Then some one must go all over the millpond hunting up the logs that would best saw into those sticks.

I had n't as much time to sit round on the piers and booms as I used to have when Hazael did it, but I did n't so much mind that, because I found that he took occasional trips on the banks after squirrels now that he had some one to help him and more time; I found, too, that he was getting into the way of stopping an hour or so when he went to the Port to talk to his fellow-merchants.

Two make lighter work than one, and I hope that the happy time will come some day when wives and husbands will have one interest in one business; they may be situated so that they can very often, as we were.

Don't think you can do nothing in your husband's business, unless he happens to have a fancy store. Is n't it "ladylike" to go into a hard business? Stay at home, then, and take care of your children, and sew and make over your old dresses to save, and help your husband get through the year, and be as ladylike as you please. But if there is nothing in the business itself that your husband as a gentleman does not find defiling, there must be some part

of it that you could take, that would not entirely forbid your being a lady.

Has n't the world got up to that yet? How will it get up, if no one pushes it along?

Would it distress your husband very much to see you work?

My dear friend, I am not talking to you. I am talking to some one whose husband is letting the growth of sense push out the refuse of chivalry and romance.

But more than that, I am talking to some one who has not now, but may some time have, a husband; and through all this begging and beseeching her to be careful of his romance.

As for Hazael and me, he is content, and I was a lady before, and have n't felt any decided change since.

I received a salary for my labor from

the business, which was a company business, and not wholly Hazael's. I will not say how much it was, but quite enough to have supported me comfortably if I had had no other income, which, having Hazael, I had.

Two make lighter work of a thing than one, as I said; so we got through the summer with great peace and comfort, and through the fall with bliss.

Winter is on us now, with its lighter work (or I should not have time to tell you about it), and finds me hoping that, until my hair is gray and I retire from business "in a full age," I may not be one of the happy feminine band whose watchword as they meet is, —

"What *do* you find to do?"

Did so much grow from the single fact that Hazael was shut up in the house?

REVIVING VIRGINIA.

BEAUTIFUL Virginia, it seems, is to become at last what nature meant it for, — a Northern State, one of the empire States of the Union. There was a time when the whole coast, from Florida to Canada, was called Virginia. The men who afterward named the *northern* half of it New England had not the prophetic gift; for New England never was a new England. The true new England of North America was Old Virginia, with its landed aristocracy, its ignorant and helpless laboring class, its established, intolerant church.

Our pride in belonging to the lordly human race is apt to be taken down a little when we discover how powerfully and how long the destinies of even the most advanced nations have been influenced by individuals strikingly inferior. There was a man living in London, two hundred and sixty years ago, who was, in his person, a lumpish clown,

with a rolling eye, a slobbery mouth, and a shambling gait; who had the air and demeanor of a conceited, ill-grown boy; who was sensual, profuse, mean, and cruel; who was credulous, whimsical, and prejudiced; whom almost any impudent knave could govern, and no worthy man influence. He was not a native of England. If he had been cast upon the streets of London, poor and friendless, he would have passed his days, perhaps, as clerk of a poor-house or beadle to a charity school. The boys would have laughed at him as he aped the dignity of the school-master, or the paupers would have pitied him as a Scotch body who was weak in his upper story, poor man.

But it would be hard to name a person who has lived in the British empire for the last three centuries whose residence there has had consequences so important and so enduring as that of James Stuart of Scotland. What

struggles it cost all that was noblest in England to keep him in check, and get rid of his mean posterity! We feel him here in America to this day. One of our most beautiful rivers bears his name, and the two capes that invite the commerce of the world, open-armed, to enter Chesapeake Bay are called by the names of his sons. No one can study the map of the United States without perceiving that Chesapeake Bay is naturally the chief highway into the heart of the continent on the Atlantic side, and that somewhere on its shores, or on the banks of one of its tributary streams, would naturally have grown the chief commercial city of the New World. A navigable bay nearly two hundred miles long, from three to twenty miles wide, and deep enough almost everywhere to float the Great Eastern; with such rivers emptying into it as the Potomac, the James, the Rappahannock, and the Susquehanna, from the head-waters of which is the shortest cut to the Ohio and the great river system of the interior; with not merely a harbor, or a dozen harbors, but with hundreds of square miles of harbor; and with a country behind these waters of unequalled fertility and convenience, — who would not point to this portion of the map and say, "There is the natural seat of empire! There should be the London of America!" And so perhaps it might have been, but for this poor man, James Stuart, and another poor man, a garrulous, credulous Spanish doctor, named Nicholas Menardes.

As to Stuart, he cut off one of the best heads in his dominions, — that of the father of Virginia, its proprietor and colonizer, who first of all men made the remark just quoted with regard to the seat of empire. It was Raleigh who kept telling his captains not to flounder about among the sands of the Carolina coast, and not to go so far north as to encounter ice and cold, but to fix his projected city of Raleigh on the safe, deep waters of the Chesapeake. Those who look into Raleigh's generous attempts to colonize Virginia will observe

that he was a man who could be taught by his own mistakes. He, if any man, would have learned how to plant a colony; but James Stuart locked him in the Tower, and caused him to spend the best years of his life in writing a book instead of founding (to use his own words) "a new England in America." When, at length, after twenty-nine years of failure, a little band of men were lodged in Virginia who stayed there, it was the despotic charter and unwise rules drawn up, in part, by the king himself, that rendered the first years of the Colony's history a catalogue of disasters and mistakes. But that was not the worst. There was a time in the early day of the Colony (Captain Newport coming home every summer to England, bringing pretty good news, and some cedar and sassafras, worth then £312 per ton in London) when the great body of Puritans, oppressed by King James and Archbishop Bancroft, cast their eyes toward Virginia as a place of refuge. If the king had merely winked at their departure and permitted the free exercise of their religion, a thousand Puritan families would have been settled upon the James while the timbers of the Mayflower were still growing in the forest. The emigration was prevented, the Church of England was established, and Virginia remained a penal settlement until the timbers of the Mayflower were rotten,* — much more than a penal settlement, it is true; for the ancestors of Washington settled there when the Colony was only fifty years old; but still a penal settlement.

The Puritans are not altogether lovely in modern eyes; but they had in them the stuff of which empires are made. They would have sent those eighty women packing. They might have saved beautiful Virginia from the pollution of tobacco. They might have rendered the Chesapeake region the

* "1692, November 17th, Thursday. — A ship lay at Leith going for Virginia, on board which the magistrates had ordered fifty lewd women out of the houses of prostitution, and 30 other who walked the streets after 10 at night." — LUTTRELL's *Brief Historical Relation*, Vol. II. p. 617.

seat of empire in America, and kept it such forever.

Tobacco, however, might have proved too much even for the Puritans; and tobacco involved slavery. A colony must have something to send abroad which can be converted into money. New England, from the beginning, had codfish, mackerel, and whales; and soon had staves, boats, schooners, and rum. But Virginia, after a weak attempt at silk-worms, having exhausted the sassafras, could hit upon nothing so convenient for bringing in a little money as tobacco; which gave her a hundred and fifty years of wealth and pride, paid for by a hundred years of decline, decay, and humiliation, now nearly spent. What other choice had she? Wheat was out of the question, from the scarcity of labor and the length of the voyage. Indian-corn is not relished in Europe to this day. The good fishing-grounds are far to the north. The indomitable Puritans might have found or made something that would have answered the purpose, in the absence of the rage for tobacco; but the Puritans were not there, and all Europe was beginning to smoke its pipe.

Civilized man escaped the despotism of tobacco for nearly a century after Columbus first saw the Bahama Indians twisting up brown leaves into a roll, putting one end into their mouths and lighting the other. Tobacco-seed was soon taken to Spain; and it was a fashionable thing, about 1550, to have a few of the dark green, luxuriant tobacco-plants in the gardens of grandees and princes. The weed was not much used in Europe, before one Doctor Menardes of Seville came home from America, about 1564, and wrote his once famous book entitled "*Joyful News from the New-found World.*" Curious readers may find in some of our old libraries John Frampton's English translation of the same, published in London, in 1578, the very year in which Raleigh began to work toward planting a colony in America. In those days men still believed in "taking physic," with childlike faith;

and the joyful news which the worthy Doctor Menardes brought from the new-found world was, that it produced a marvellous variety of precious drugs, odorous gums, medicinal oils, roots, and herbs, seventy of which he describes. Upon sarsaparilla, liquid amber, "Benjamin," radix China, and, indeed, upon most of his seventy topics, he discourses with brevity and moderation; but when he comes to speak of "tabaco and his virtues," and of sassafras, — that fragrant root just discovered by "our Spaniards" in Florida, — he expands and grows extravagant. It was evidently Menardes's eulogium upon sassafras which, for many years, made it so popular a medicine in Europe that it paid the cost of several important voyages. This harmless root really plays a part in the history of the colonization of North America.

But it was his discourse upon tobacco that gave to Doctor Menardes's work its chief historical importance, its immense and lasting influence. Virginia was forty years, counting from Raleigh's first attempt to colonize, in getting ready to raise tobacco; and during the whole of that period Menardes's book was circulating in Spain, France, and England, exciting curiosity and wonder respecting the plant, and spreading abroad the most absurd notions of its value and power. The Indians, he says, used tobacco in healing the wounds received in battle, and took a decoction of it as a medicine for the diseases to which they were subject. "The hearbe tabaco," as we learn from Frampton's translation, "hath particular vertue to heale griefes of the head," when the leaves are "layde hotte to the grieve." "In griefes of the brest," too, "it worketh a marvellous effect," and "in griefes of windes," also. "In one thing, the women that dwell in the Indias doe celebrate this hearbe, that is, in the euill breathing at y^e mouth of children, when they are ouerfilled with meate, and also of olde people, anyoynting their bellies with lampe oyl, and laying some of those leaues, in ashes hotte to their bellies,

& also to theyr shoulders, for it doeth take away the naughty breathing." Toothache, chilblains, rheumatism, "griefe of the jointes," the bites of venomous snakes, carbuncles, old sores, new cuts, all were cured by this wonder-working plant.

But even its healing virtues were not so remarkable as its mysterious effects upon the soul. "The Indians, for their pastime, doe take the smoke of the *Tabaco*, to make themselves drunke withall, and to see the visions, and things that represent vnto them that wherein they doe delight: and other times they take it to knowe their businesse, and successe, because conformable to that, which they have seene beyng drunke therewith, euen so they iudge of their businesse. And as the Deuil is a deceauer, & hath the knowledge of the vertue of hearbes, so he did shew the vertue of this Hearb, that by the meanes thereof, they might see their imaginations, and visions, that he hath represented to them, and by that meanes deceiue them." It served them, also, for drink, for food, and for rest, when they travelled in desert places. "They take a little ball of leaves, and put it betweene the lower lippe and the teeth, and goe chewing it all the time that they trauell, and that which they chewe, they swallowe downe, and in this sort they iourney, three or foure dayes, without hauing neede of meate, or drinke, for they feele no hunger, drieth, nor weakenesse, nor their trauell doth trouble them."

Nor was it Indians alone who had experienced the healing power and soothing charm of "the tabaco." A great lady in Portugal had been cured of a cancer by applications of the leaves; and one of "the cookes" of Lord Nicot, French ambassador in Portugal, who had "almost cutte off his thombe with a greate chopping knyfe," was speedily healed by the same means. "Lord Nicot" made known the virtues of tobacco in France, which was the cause of the French naming the plant nicotine.

Who could believe such extra-

gance? Who? Everybody in 1580! Sir Walter Raleigh read this book of Menardes's before Ralph Lane brought him home from Virginia the pipes and tobacco with which he amused Queen Elizabeth, and set the fashion of smoking at court. Raleigh, doubtless, believed the substance of Menardes's statements, and attached something of that virtue to the healing herbs employed by savages which people now do who run after an "Indian doctor." The common pill-advertisements of the present hour are believed by half of the human race, because half the human race is as ignorant of the human system as the whole race was in 1580. The volume ran through edition after edition in England, and was the immediate cause of luring Virginia into the culture of tobacco and the employment of slaves.

As long as the virgin soil lasted near the navigable waters, Virginia throve, kept her coach and six, gave royal banquets, had "a hundred and twenty" servants about the house and stables, and sent her sons to Eton and Oxford. But it was a baseless prosperity: no towns, no manufactures, no accumulations, no middle class; nothing to fall back upon when the soil was worn out and negroes rose in price. And then, when the tide of emigration set in, Virginia repelled the new brain and blood that would have re-created her. Emigrants could find no room between those vast, encumbered estates; and if they could have found room, they would have shrunk from contact and competition with slaves. The reviving tide swept by, and sought the dense wildernesses and treeless plains of the West. To this hour there are in Virginia, for every cultivated acre of land, two acres and a half that have never been ploughed. Nearly twenty-eight millions of acres wholly unimproved!

Readers who went to the war from homes in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and marched, weeks at a time, through the inviting valleys of Virginia, must often have felt how unnaturally the

population of the country has been distributed. Human beings coming to a new continent would not, except for some strong, overruling reason, avoid a fertile region and agreeable climate near at hand, and deliberately plant themselves in districts remote and difficult of access, where the winters are long, tempestuous, and severe, and the summers short and uncertain. An American family going to live in Europe would not naturally choose Norway, if they could just as well have a villa in the south of France; but they might, naturally enough, hesitate to place themselves in the power of a perjured usurper, and so prefer honest Norway after all. Virginia, with its Mediterranean Chesapeake, is the France of our map; and yet for many a year the arriving multitude and the migrating Yankee passed it by.

But all that is over. Primogeniture and the Established Church were abolished by Jefferson and his friends ninety years ago; the war set free the slaves; the peace put the great estates into the market, "in quantities to suit purchasers"; and tobacco is an unpopular crop. Half of Virginia is for sale. All round the Chesapeake the land is coming into garden tillage, and the Northern cities, as we all know, are daily supplied with vegetables and fruit from the garden farms of the Old Dominion. Formerly, landlords used to engage to supply their tables with everything "the season affords"; but now fruits and vegetables have all seasons for their own, and no man can tell what month of the year he is living in by what he sees on his table. We learn from a late report of Mr. Horace Capron, Commissioner of Agriculture, that so trifling an article as peanuts has much importance in the reviving Virginia of to-day. "The greater part of Eastern Virginia," he tells us, "was by turns occupied by both of the contending armies; and, as every farmer raised peanuts enough for his family and some to spare, their merits became extensively known among the soldiers; so that when the armies were disband-

ed a knowledge of them was carried to every part of the country. So rapid has been its extension that the crop of each successive year has been three-fold greater than that of the year preceding, and at prices fully maintained. The crop of 1868 in Virginia is estimated to have aggregated about three hundred thousand bushels, the average price of which was about \$2.75 per bushel." It was probably twice as great in 1869; for when farmers find they can get a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of peanuts, — by no means such an unfamiliar luxury in any part of the country as Mr. Capron seems to think, — with easy work, from an acre of land, and only sixty dollars' worth of tobacco, by very hard work, they are likely to try a few more acres of peanuts the next year. This sudden extension of the peanut culture is a curious illustration of the incidental benefits that come sometimes from so desolating an evil as civil war.

Virginia, then, ceases to repel. It becomes an interesting question, whether the population of the country, hitherto unnaturally distributed, hitherto repelled from the regions most inviting, will redistribute itself in a natural manner, now that the repulsive system has ceased to exist. In a word, will Virginia resume that rank among the States of the Union, and keep it, which tobacco and cheap negroes gave her a hundred years ago? She was first in 1770. She is sixth in 1870. What will she be in 1970? We need not venture a prediction. It suffices now to know that Virginia revives, progresses, and looks with growing confidence to the future. Whether first, or second, or tenth, in a hundred years, there are solid reasons for the conviction that Virginia will then be a far more flourishing, happy, and powerful Commonwealth than she was in what some of her citizens still regard as the day of her glory, the good old time of mismanagement and profusion, when such a farmer as General Washington could put down in his Diary that he pos-

sessed one hundred and one cows, and yet had to buy butter for his table, and when a planter of good habits, working three thousand acres and five hundred slaves, could hardly make both ends meet.

The cheering sign at present is, that new men are seeking homes, and new capital is seeking investment, in Virginia. Without an infusion of new blood and money, the progress of the State would, for a long time, be slow; because it is not merely by better farming and more various crops that a State can rise to imperial rank. As the Erie Canal made New York the Empire State, so we find that every one of the leading States of the Union received the impulse toward greatness from some one scheme of what we style "internal improvement." Some post-road, some canal, some railroad, the improved navigation of some river, or an improved mode of navigating all rivers, gave the impulse of every State noted for the rapidity of its rise. Indeed, the whole history of human progress is summed up in the one word, Intercommunication. Isolation is poverty, barbaric pride, lethargy, and death. The supreme effort of the race now is to put every man on earth within easy reach of every other man.

If Virginia is the last of the great Northern States to create a highway between the Atlantic Ocean and the Western waters, it has not been from want of desire and effort. From the head of ship navigation on the James River — namely, Richmond — to the nearest navigable point of the nearest navigable branch of the Ohio, it is only three hundred and forty-three miles. It is the shortest cut of all, — twelve miles shorter than from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, — and yet it terminates at a point on the Ohio two hundred and fifty-two miles nearer Cincinnati than Pittsburg, and far below the worst shallows and sand-bars of the Ohio River. The mere shortness of the distance early called attention to this as the natural and proper pathway to

the Western country. The desirableness of avoiding the precarious, tortuous navigation of the Upper Ohio was another strong point in its favor; and it was afterwards ascertained that the curves and grades along this short cut averaged more favorably for a highway than any other line that can be drawn between the waters of the ocean and those of the river system of the West. These three facts — shortest cut, easiest grades, and the two hundred and fifty worst miles of the Ohio avoided — have had their due effect upon the more enterprising minds of Virginia. We need not tell any one acquainted with the Richmond of other days, that the object most fervently desired there, and most frequently the topic of conversation among men of business, was the construction of a public work that should render those three great facts available for the advancement of Virginia. If warm desire and eloquent talk could tunnel mountains and buy T rails, Virginia would long ago have had both a canal and a railroad from the James to the Ohio.

The father of our American system of internal improvement was George Washington, planter, of Virginia. The splendor of his fame as patriot, warrior, and statesman obscures in some degree the homelier merits of the citizen and the pioneer. His public life, however, was only incidental; it was forced upon him, not sought; endured, not enjoyed. At the head-quarters of the army, and still more at the seat of government, he led a glorious life, it is true, but a constrained, unnatural one, ever anxious, to use his own admirable and touching words, "to collect his duty from a just appreciation of every circumstance by which it might be affected." This noble solicitude made him seem, to the slighter men around him, slow and over-cautious. He who would know the man aright, the true George Washington, must see him on one of his own excellent horses, following up, with a party of hunters and half-breeds, the head-waters of the James or the Potomac, piercing the Alleghanies, and

roaming the wilderness beyond in search of branches of the Ohio, by which the commerce of the Western rivers and lakes could find its way to the rivers of Virginia. Here he was at home. Here his glance was bold and free. Here he appeared, what he really was, a leader of his generation, and showed that his pre-eminence in Virginia was not due merely to the accident of his possessing a great fortune, but to the cast and breadth of his mind, which was truly continental. He, first of all men, was fully possessed of that American spirit which has just brought the two oceans within a hundred and fifty hours of one another. He was the forerunner of De Witt Clinton, as of the men who have since created Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco.

The broad Potomac which swept by his own front door he had personally traced to its sources in the Alleghanies, examined its falls and obstructions, and sought out the branch of the Ohio nearest Lake Erie; musing, meanwhile, upon the best modes of creating, out of these materials, the great national highway between the ocean and the waters of the West. How intent he was upon this scheme, how clearly he saw its advantages, we discover in the length and particularity of his correspondence on the subject with Jefferson and other Virginia friends. For that day, however, it was too much for Virginia to attempt, and Washington fixed upon the improvement of the navigation of the James as the nearest approach to a realization of his plan then possible. A canal seven miles long round the falls at Richmond adds two hundred and twenty miles to the barge navigation of the river, and makes a water highway to the mountains. Companies were formed at Richmond for the improvement of both rivers, and a grateful legislature presented to General Washington, as the originator of both schemes, fifty hundred-pound shares in the Potomac Company, and a hundred hundred-dollar shares in the James River Com-

pany. He declined both gifts, of course; but in his will he distinctly claims to have "suggested the vast advantages which would derive from the extension of its inland navigation under legislative patronage."

He not only suggested the scheme, but he felt for it the warm affection which men cherish for the children of their brain. To bring the commerce of the Western country to the ocean by the shortest cut and easiest grades,—namely, across Virginia to the waters of the Chesapeake,—this was Washington's conception; and it was the first American scheme of the kind of which we have any knowledge. On various errands in furtherance of the general plan Washington crossed the mountains as many as five times.

There are readers of this magazine who have heard the late venerable Albert Gallatin describe the interview which, when a young man, he chanced to witness in the heart of the Alleghanies. General Washington and a number of trappers and pioneers had met with the purpose of ascertaining the best practicable gap in the mountains for the road between the two water systems. The idea of tunnelling the mountains, and lifting a canal-boat two thousand feet into the air, and letting it softly down on the Ohio slope, had not yet entered the most daring mind. Washington took for granted the necessity of a "carrying place," and he desired to discover the happy medium between the shortest and the easiest. Old woodsman as he was, he knew that the deer and the buffalo are the first explorers of the wilderness, and that it is the hunter who first becomes acquainted with the Reports of those four-footed engineers. So he invited the hunters and settlers to meet him at a log-hut in the mountains, a "land-office" consisting of one room fourteen feet square, containing a bed, a small pine table, and a wooden bench. The General, upon his arrival with his nephew, took his seat at the table, and the hunters crowded into the cabin and stood around the table, a few finding

an advantageous place upon the land agent's bed. Young Gallatin was in the front of the leather-stockinged group, near the central figure. Pen in hand, the Father of his Country questioned each pioneer in turn, and recorded the substance of his replies. When all had spoken, the young gentleman from Switzerland fancied he saw the path of which the General was in search. Washington still hesitating, Gallatin broke in with rash and reckless words: "O, it is plain enough; *that* is evidently the most practicable place." All the company stared, astonished at so gross a breach of politeness in a youth toward the most illustrious of living men. The General laid down his pen, and cast a reproachful look at the culprit; but, resuming his inquiries, he soon made up his mind, and turning to the intruder said, as he again put down his pen, "You are right, sir." Thus was established the road through the Alleghanies, which has been used ever since as a highway, and will be used forever. "It was always so," Mr. Gallatin would say, "with General Washington: he was slow in forming an opinion, and never decided till he knew he was right." That night the General slept upon the bed; while his nephew, the agent, and Gallatin lay upon the floor wrapped in buffalo-skins.

General Washington did not live to see his project executed; nor has it yet been executed. Not a bushel of corn from the Western country reaches the ocean by way of Virginia; and if a ton of coal from the head-waters of the Kanawha occasionally gets to Richmond, it is carried down the Kanawha to the Ohio ninety miles, down the Ohio and Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico, and so round by the ocean to the James River, — a circuit of four thousand miles. All this swoop of travel, because Washington's scheme wants the finishing touch, the last hundred miles or so of easy road-making!

And yet, from the day when the General had his conference with the hunters to the present hour, Virginia

has been trying to accomplish it, — trying hard, too, and spending money more freely than could have been expected. The old James River Company, founded by Washington, made that seven-mile canal round the falls near Richmond, and cleared the river of obstructions as far back as Buchanan, in Botetourt County, where the Blue Ridge interposes a barrier. It was a long stride toward the Kanawha (the nearest navigable branch of the Ohio), and it was a priceless good to Virginia. Then, in 1823, a second James River Company, succeeding to the rights of the first, improved all that the first had done, and added several important works of its own. First, it constructed a canal through the mountains, seven miles and a half long, which enabled boats to get as far west as Covington, which is two hundred and five miles from Richmond. Next, it made a pretty good turnpike road from Covington to the Ohio, at the point where the Big Sandy enters it, a distance of two hundred and eighty miles. Lastly, it improved the navigation of the Kanawha by dams and sluices, so that steamboats could more easily ascend it, and bring passengers sixty miles nearer Covington before taking to the road. This was more than a boon to Virginia; it was a national good; it was an approximation to Washington's idea. Henry Clay, when he was getting into the vale of years, found this way of travelling to Washington much more agreeable than a six weeks' horseback ride, with the chance of drowning at the swollen fords of so many mountain streams. They still point out, along the line of the Covington Turnpike, the houses where he and his merry party used to halt for the night, and spend a long evening at whist.

But the age of turnpikes passed. In 1835, when the Erie Canal was pouring the wealth of the great West into New York, Virginia, always believing that she possessed the true pathway, prepared for a supreme effort. The James River and Kanawha Company was

chartered, — the State being the chief stockholder, — and Virginia set about constructing a canal between the two rivers, the plan of which included a nine-mile tunnel through the Alleghanies at an elevation of seventeen hundred feet. Upon this work Virginia has been fitfully toiling ever since. Eleven millions of dollars have been spent upon it, and it will cost forty millions more to complete it. It could be finished in four years, *if* the forty millions were forthcoming; but there is no immediate prospect of Virginia's having such a sum at her disposal.

Did the State overestimate her resources, then? Probably the means could have been found for the execution of the project, if, in its infancy, a new mode of transportation had not been introduced, which proved more attractive to capital. Within a year after the formation of the Canal Company the State began to push a railroad westward, — that is to say, a railroad company was formed, and the State, according to its ancient custom, subscribed for three fifths of the stock. Forty-four years having elapsed, we find that it is the railroad, not the canal, that will realize Washington's dream; for the railroad has overcome its worst obstacles, and is going on to speedy completion. By various companies, under different charters, the State had constructed a railroad from Richmond to the mountains, nearly two hundred miles, and expended three millions and a quarter in preparing for the laying of the rails beyond the mountains, when the war broke out, compelling us all to devote our energies and our means to the work of destruction. The Alleghanies had been tunnelled at eight places. One tunnel a mile long, and seven shorter tunnels, had been finished, or nearly finished. The heavy embankments and deep excavations requisite in the mountain region were either done or were in an advanced stage of forwardness, and trains were running to a station within ten miles of Covington. Then all con-

structive works were brought to a stand-still, while we fought to undo the mistakes of men who died two hundred years before any of us were born.

When the war ended, Virginia was so torn, impoverished, and desolate, that if this road could have been finished by waving a wand over the incomplete parts, she could scarcely have lifted an arm for the purpose. In 1866 the two companies which had executed the work so far — one the part east of the mountains, and the other the part west — were consolidated into the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company. But three fifths of the stock of these companies had been the property of Virginia, and the Virginia which had subscribed so liberally had ceased to exist. There were two Virginias in 1866, each having rights in these works, but neither able to complete them. Both legislatures, however, comprehended the situation. Both knew that, unassisted, they could not finish the road, and that its prompt completion was the supreme interest of both. Hence, they agreed to surrender their rights to the new company, on condition that it should go forward and perform the work. In other words, they said to Wall Street: "Here you see two hundred miles of war-worn, battered railroad-track; likewise, a dozen tunnels, finished and unfinished; also, a great many miles of embankment and excavation, unharmed by war and weather; and a large number of bridges, more or less sound: take all this property, on the simple condition of converting and completing it into a substantial railroad, that shall connect the James with the Ohio, and open a new highway between the ocean and the great West."

It was a difficult task to undertake in the second year of peace, with a Pacific Railroad clamoring for money in every county, and the debt system still in debate. Nevertheless, Wall Street, after due hesitation, accepted the offer. The Empire State of the nineteenth century joined hands with the Empire State of the eighteenth.

It is really a pleasure to read over the list of officers of this Chesapeake and Ohio Company, and observe how the two States are blended in its counsels: President, C. P. Huntington of *New York*; Vice-President, Williams C. Wickham of *Virginia*; Treasurer and Secretary, James J. Tracy of *New York*; Counsellors, John B. Baldwin of *Virginia*, and James H. Storrs of *New York*; Chief Engineer, H. D. Whitcomb of the Universe. Then, in the board of directors we find such New-Yorkers as William H. Aspinwall, David Stewart, William B. Hatch, A. A. Low, and Jonas G. Clark; and such representative Virginians as John Echols of Staunton, Joseph R. Anderson of Richmond, and H. Chester Parsons of West Virginia. Philadelphia is represented by Pliny Fisk. This is as it should be, each State contributing of its best; the Old Dominion giving to the work ancient lineage, hereditary character, and a proportion of capital, while the New Dominion offers gilt-edged names, business experience, and millions.

During the four years which have passed since the formation of the company the old track has been placed and kept in good order; the road has been carried through the mountains to Covington, and, recently, to the White Sulphur Springs. There is now a good railroad from Richmond to the boundary line between Virginia and West Virginia, a distance of two hundred and twenty-seven miles. Between that point and the head of navigation on the Kanawha the distance is one hundred and seventeen miles. The company intend, however, to fix their principal terminus on the Ohio itself, at or near its junction with the Big Sandy, which is two hundred miles west of the White Sulphur Springs. Upon this last and easiest stretch much expensive work has been done; all the surveys have been made; and it is designed to push on the work more rapidly than has been possible during the last four years. There is less pressure upon capital now than there has

lately been, and the hour is favorable for inviting its co-operation. Ten millions of dollars will carry out the scheme of Washington, and the work can be executed in time for his birthday in February, 1872.

We feel more than a sentimental interest in the completion of this road. It would be a gratification, of course, merely to see the dream of Washington and the hope of Virginia realized, after eighty-seven years of effort, expenditure, and disappointment. It is reassuring, also, to see New York and Virginia uniting in a public work after a period of estrangement and contention. It would gratify every well-constituted person to know that the best portions of the two Virginias, made accessible by this road, were filling up with a virtuous and energetic population. But the reasons which justify our calling attention to the project are of a more general and more national character.

The country wants the *power* which nature has deposited in the wonderful valley of the Kanawha. This branch of the Ohio resembles the Monongahela, and is a tranquil stream, nearly a hundred miles long, flowing between lofty banks. Half-way up these lofty banks there are seams of coal, from three to fifteen feet in thickness. The Kanawha coal is of three kinds, bituminous, cannel, and splint; and of all three the deposits are immense. In speaking of coal, we always feel the need of a national survey of the mineral products of the country; for when a man finds a piece of something black lying about his farm, he is in danger of being seized with a mania that causes him to regard his farm as the centre of the finest coal deposit in the world. The Kanawha really appears to merit that description; for it not only contains more coal than the Monongahela, but it furnishes some exceedingly valuable kinds which the Monongahela does not. The cannel or candle coal (so called because it will give a steady, candle-like flame) is brought round by sea to the Atlantic cities, where it is

sold at fifteen and twenty dollars a ton. It costs at the Kanawha mines two dollars a ton. When the Chesapeake and Ohio Road is opened it can be sold in New York for eleven dollars, and we can all have a blazing lump of it in our grates, and do without the three hundred thousand tons of similar coal now brought from England and Nova Scotia. Our gas can be cheaper, and our workers in iron will have a new and apparently inexhaustible source of coal supply. The splint coal of the Kanawha has a particular value for the smelters of iron, since it is free from sulphur. Of this kind of coal the quantity is very great; "fifty thousand tons of coal to the acre, in a belt of country ten miles wide." The same authority—a respectable engineer—adds the following: "The coal of the Kanawha is regularly stratified, the strata nearly horizontal, and situated above the water-level with from four to seven seams, one above the other, ranging in thickness from five to twelve feet of the best cannel, splint, and bituminous coals."

The country must have this coal. The river cities of the West want a source of supply less precarious than that of the Monongahela, communication with which is sometimes suspended by ice or by drouth when the need of coal is most pressing. The Atlantic cities want it, that one of the necessities of life may be cheaper, and that one of the elements of power may be surer.

As in the region of Monongahela, so also in the valley of the Kanawha, nature has so placed iron and coal that they can be easily brought together; and, consequently, we may see rising somewhere in that valley another Wheeling, another Pittsburg, the iron landed at the front door and the coal coming in at the back. Nature having repeated herself in the creation of these two most remarkable streams, man may follow her example. If so, the swarthy inhabitants of the town will not lack food, for this is one of those regions of the Ohio valley where

men point to fields and say, "They have yielded fifty, sixty, eighty successive crops of corn without manure." The three States of Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia meet at the angle formed by the junction of the Ohio with the Big Sandy; and that point is the centre of a region which for natural fertility, as well as for the value of its mineral products, is probably unequalled in North America.

There is a weightier reason for the opening of this road. Any one who, after moving about a few weeks in New England, comes upon one of the great lines that connect the East with the West, must have been struck with the contrast between the quiet, small, toy-like trains of the local roads and the thundering immensity of those going West. In travelling southward, too, we are surprised to find the trains dwindling from a dozen cars to three, and even to one, before we have gone much past Richmond, and the speed diminishing from thirty miles an hour sure to fifteen miles uncertain. The vital currents of the human body do not more necessarily flow up and down than the tide of travel and transportation in the United States moves east and west. Away up in Northern Vermont near the Canada line we have seen twelve steaming car-loads of miserable Mormons on their way through Canada toward Utah; and on such roads as the Erie, New York Central, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore and Ohio, the number and length of the trains are a constant wonder.

To be able to get and send across the continent easily, swiftly, cheaply, safely, at any point from the Isthmus of Darien to Quebec, is now, and will ever be, the fundamental condition of American development and prosperity. Roads running north and south are branches and feeders. Roads running east and west are trunk.

Of late years the West has been constructing railroads faster than the East, on such easy terms do those prairies lend themselves to the transit of the iron horse. We stick at our five high-

ways between the ocean and the Western roads, — Grand Trunk, New York Central, Erie, Pennsylvania Central, and Baltimore and Ohio, — and these are not enough. If they were all managed in the best manner, by honest men intelligent enough to know that the public interest and their own interest are one and the same, still they would be insufficient. At present, a traveller does not have to go west of the Mississippi before he reaches regions where it pays a farmer better to thrust his magnificent long yellow ears of corn into his stove and burn them for fuel than sell them at the nearest station for transportation East. As fast as his capital allows he converts his corn into pork, and in that shape it pays him to send it to us. But go a few hundred miles farther west, and you find yourself beyond the line from which even a barrel of pork can be sent to the ocean at a profit to the farmer. Wheat is more compact than corn, but the line is soon reached where the farmer finds it better to let the rats devour it and the rust destroy it than sell it at the railroad station. What is the question of to-day in Western minds? It is this: "How shall those three lines — the corn line, the wheat line, the pork line — be moved back a thousand miles?"

It can be done only by cheaper transportation. Reducing the cost of transporting a bushel of corn one cent per hundred miles adds many millions of acres of corn-land to our sources of supply. For many years the favorite scheme in the West for cheapening transportation was a system of ship-canal so connected that a steamship could enter the continent by the Hudson River and leave it by the Mississippi, steaming all the way. Of late years the canal project has apparently declined in public favor, and a grand railroad scheme seems taking its place, — a four-track railroad, as straight as it can be made, from New York to the Mississippi River, for freight only, upon which trains shall start every fifteen minutes, and run ten miles an hour.

The friends of both these schemes rely upon Congress to furnish capital or credit, which Congress will be slow to grant. In due time, however, both these plans may be executed; because within a century we shall require not merely additional highways across the continent, but *every one* which nature favors and man can execute. What has hitherto been done in the way of making the continent accessible is the merest nothing to what will be done; for freedom, ease, safety, and cheapness of intercommunication is, we repeat, the first necessity of this republic.

We have in the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad one more outlet to the productions of the West, and one more inlet to the productions of the East. It supersedes nothing, is the rival of nothing; it merely adds to our present means of communication that highway which nature most plainly suggests to the intelligence of man, and which nature did suggest to the intelligence of man before one of the existing lines had been thought of.

We need on the Atlantic coast another great seaport, deep enough for all vessels, and accessible at all seasons. If New York must remain our London, — which is far from certain, — there may rise at a terminus of this road, where there is as yet no more than a landing-place, the Liverpool of the New World. Liverpool was of small account in the year 1800. It is one of the numerous offspring of the cotton-gin. An advantage that seems trifling — a few miles of distance the less, fifty cents on a bale of cotton or ten cents on a barrel of flour saved, three feet deeper water — suffices to turn a great current of trade into a new channel, and change a seaside village into a commercial mart. What has occurred before may occur again. The West is associated in all minds with rapid growth and startling changes; but perhaps the East may take its turn and give the world something of the kind to wonder at.

If the city of New York had a government strong, intelligent, and pure,

which could comprehend and improve the city's opportunity, — a government which could raise a hundred millions of dollars within the next ten years, and invest it wisely in making the island cheaply and swiftly traversable in every direction, in widening it by half a dozen bridges or tunnels, in lengthening it by taking in Governor's Island and filling up the Harlem River, — if New York had such a government, or a reasonable hope of it, then we should say it would remain forever the chief seaport town of the Western continent. But it has no such government or reasonable hope of one. It seems the helpless prey of the spoiler, who plunders and blunders on, regardless of the avenging lamp-post. The city is crammed and packed and heaped with people, because a belt of fever and ague twenty miles wide hems the city in, and it takes two hours to get on the healthy side of that belt. So crowded and ob-

structed are the wharves, so bad are the pavements, that it costs as much to get a bale of cotton across the city from river to river as it does to bring it a thousand miles by sea or five hundred miles by land. What must be the condition of the town when its native citizens, whose estates and homes are there, are heard to express the fervent wish that it may sink into the mere landing-place and dumping-ground of the continent, while some inland city, like great Chicago or fair St. Louis, may expand into the metropolitan city of the Republic!

All this favors the growth of another seaport town, provided Nature has done her part toward the creation of one, by protecting and rendering always accessible a sufficient harbor. On the James and near its mouth there are half a dozen places better adapted by nature for a great commercial city than the ground on which London stands.

THE LAUSON TRAGEDY.

I.

CUPID and Psyche! The young man and the young woman who are in love with each other! The couple which is constantly vanishing and constantly reappearing; which has filled millions of various situations, and yet is always the same; symbolizing, and one might almost say embodying, the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; acting a drama of endless repetitions, with innumerable spectators!

What would the story-reading world — yes, and what would the great world of humanity — do without these two figures? They are more lasting, they are more important, and they are more fascinating than even the crowned and laurelled images of heroes and sages. When men shall have forgotten Alexander and Socrates, Napoleon and Humboldt, they will still gather around this

imperishable group, the youth and the girl who are in love. Without them our kind would cease to be; at one time or another we are all of us identified with them in spirit; thus both reason and sympathy cause us to be interested in their million-fold repeated story.

We have the two before us. The girl, dark and dark-eyed, with Oriental features, and an expression which one is tempted to describe by some such epithet as imperial, is Bessie Barron, the orphan granddaughter of Squire Thomas Lauson of Barham, in Massachusetts. The youth, pale, chestnut-haired, and gray-eyed, with a tall and large and muscular build, is Henry Foster, not more than twenty-seven years old, yet already a professor in the scientific department of the university of Hampstead. They are standing on

the edge of a rocky precipice, some seventy feet in depth, from the foot of which a long series of grassy slopes descends into a wide, irregular valley, surrounded by hills that almost deserve the name of mountains. In the distance there are villages, the nearest fully visible even to its most insignificant buildings, others showing only a few white gleams through the openings of their elms, and others still distinguishable by merely a spire.

There has been talk such as affianced couples indulge in; we must mention this for the sake of truth, and we must omit it in mercy. "Lovers," declares a critic who has weight with us, "are habitually insipid, at least to us married people." It was a man who said that; no woman, it is believed, could utter such a condemnation of her own heart: no woman ever quite loses her interest in the drama of love-making. But out of regard to such males as have drowned their sentimentality in marriage we will, for the present, pass over the words of tenderness and devotion, and only listen when Professor Foster becomes philosophical.

"What if I should throw myself down here?" said Bessie Barron, after a long look over the precipice, meanwhile holding fast to a guardian arm.

"You would commit suicide," was the reply of a man whom we must admit to have been accurately informed concerning the nature of actions like the one specified.

Slightly disappointed at not hearing the appeal, "O my darling, don't think of such a thing!" Bessie remained silent a moment, wondering if she were silly or he cold-hearted. Did she catch a glimmering of the fact that men do not crave small sensations as women do, and that the man before her was a specially rational being because he had been trained in the sublime logic of the laws of nature? Doubtful: the two sexes are profoundly unlike in mental action; they must study each other long before they can fully understand each other.

"I suppose I should be dreadfully

punished for it," she went on, her thoughts turning to the world beyond death, that world which trembling faith sees, and which is, therefore, visible to woman.

"I am not sure," boldly admitted the Professor, who had been educated in Germany.

In order to learn something of the character of this young man, we must permit him to jabber his nondescript ideas for a little, even though we are thereby stumbled and wearied.

"Not sure?" queried Bessie. "How do you mean? Don't you think suicide sinful? Don't you think sin will be punished?"

She spoke with eagerness, dreading to find her lover not orthodox, — a woful stigma in Barham on lovers, and indeed on all men whatever.

"Admitting thus much, I don't know how far you would be a free agent in the act," lectured the philosopher. "I don't know where free agency begins or ends. Indeed, I am so puzzled by this question as to doubt whether there is such a condition as free agency."

"No such thing as free agency?" wondered Bessie. "Then what?"

"See here. Out of thirty-eight millions of Frenchmen a fixed number commit suicide every year. Every year just so many Frenchmen out of a million kill themselves. Does that look like free agency, or does it look like some unknown influence, some general rule of depression, some law of nature, which affects Frenchmen, and which they cannot resist? The individual seems to be free, at every moment of his life, to do as he chooses. But what leads him to choose? Born instincts, conditions of health, surroundings, circumstances. Do not the circumstances so govern his choice that he cannot choose differently? Moreover, is he really an individual? Or is he only a fraction of a great unity, the human race, and directed by its current? We speak of a drop of water as if it were an individuality; but it cannot swim against the stream to which it belongs; it is not free. Is not the

individual man in the same condition? There are questions there which I cannot answer; and until I can answer them I cannot answer your question."

We have not repeated without cause these bold and crude speculations. It is necessary to show that Foster was what was called in Barham a free-thinker, in order to account for efforts which were made to thwart his marriage with Bessie Barron, and for prejudices which aided to work a stern drama into his life.

The girl listened and pondered. She tried to follow her lover over the seas of thought upon which he walked; but the venture was beyond her powers, and she returned to the pleasant firm land of a subject nearer her heart.

"Are you thinking of me?" she asked in a low tone, and with an appealing smile.

"No," he smiled back. "I must own that I was not. But I ought to have been. I do think of you a great deal."

"More than I deserve?" she queried, still suspicious that she was not sufficiently prized to satisfy her longings for affection.

He laughed outright. "No, not more than you deserve; not as much as you deserve; you deserve a great deal. How many times are you going to ask me these questions?"

"Every day. A hundred times a day. Shall you get tired of them?"

"Of course not. But what does it mean? Do you doubt me?"

"No. But I want to hear you say that you think of me, over and over again. It gives me such pleasure to hear you say it! It is such a great happiness that it seems as if it were my only happiness."

Before Bessie had fallen in love with Foster, and especially before her engagement to him, there had been a time when she had talked more to the satisfaction of the male critic. But now her whole soul was absorbed in the work of loving. She had no thought for any other subject; none, at least, while with *him*. Her whole

appearance and demeanor shows how completely she is occupied by this master passion of woman. A smile seems to exhale constantly from her face; if it is not visible on her lips, nor, indeed, anywhere, still you perceive it; if it is no more to be seen than the perfume of a flower, still you are conscious of it. It is no figurative exaggeration to say that there is within her soul an incessant music, like that of waltzes, and of all sweet, tender, joyous melodies. If you will watch her carefully, and if you have the delicate senses of sympathy, you also will hear it.

Are we wrong in declaring that the old, old story of clinging hearts is more fascinating from age to age, as human thoughts become purer and human feelings more delicate? We believe that love, like all other things earthly, is subject to the progresses of the law of evolution, and grows with the centuries to be a more various and exquisite source of happiness. This girl is more in love than her grandmother, who made butter and otherwise wrought laboriously with her own hands, had ever found it possible to be. An organization refined by the manifold touch of high civilization, an organization brought to the keenest sensitiveness by poetry and fiction and the spiritualized social breath of our times, an organization in which muscle is lacking and nerve overabundant, she is capable of an affection which has the wings of imagination, which can soar above the ordinary plane of belief, which is more than was once human.

Consider for an instant what an elaboration of culture the passion of love may have reached in this child. She can invest the man whom she has accepted as monarch of her soul with the perfections of the heroes of history and of fiction. She can prophesy for him a future which a hundred years since was not realizable upon this continent. Out of her own mind she can draw shining raiment of success for him which shall be visible across oceans, and crowns of fame which shall not be dimmed by centuries. She can love him for super-

human loveliness which she has power to impute to him, and for victories which she is magician enough to strew in anticipation beneath his feet. It is not extravagance, it is even nothing but the simplest and most obvious truth, to say that there have been periods in the world's history, without going back to the cycles of the troglodyte and the lake-dweller, when such love would have been beyond the capabilities of humanity.

It must be understood, by the way, that Bessie was not bred amid the sparse, hard-worked, and scantily cultured population of Barham, and that, until the death of her parents, two years before the opening of this story, she had been a plant of the stimulating, hotbed life of a city. Into this bucolic land she had brought susceptibilities which do not often exist there, and a craving for excitements of sentiment which does not often find gratification there. Consequently the first youth who in any wise resembled the ideal of manhood which she had set up in her soul found her ready to fall into his grasp, to believe in him as in a deity, and to look to him for miracles of love and happiness.

Well, these two interesting idiots, as the unsympathizing observer might call them, have turned their backs on the precipice and are walking toward the girl's home. They had not gone far before Bessie uttered a speech which excited Harry's profound amazement, and which will probably astonish every young man who has not as yet made his conquests. After looking at him long and steadfastly, she said: "How is it possible that you can care for me? I don't see what you find in me to make me worthy of your admiration."

How often such sentiments have been felt, and how often also they have been spoken, by beings whose hearts have been bowed by the humility of strong affection! Perhaps women are less likely to give them speech than men; but it is only because they are more trammelled by an education of reserve, and by inborn delicacy and

timidity; it is not because they feel them less. This girl, however, was so frank in nature, and so earnest and eager in her feelings, that she could not but give forth the aroma of loving meekness that was in her soul.

"What do you mean?" asked Foster, in his innocent surprise. "See nothing to admire in *you*!"

"O, you are so much wiser than I, and so much nobler!" she replied. "It is just because you are good, because you have the best heart that ever was, that you care for me. You found me lonely and unhappy, and so you pitied me and took charge of me."

"O no!" he began; but we will not repeat his protestations; we will just say that he, too, was properly humble.

"Have you really been lonely and sad?" he went on, curious to know every item of her life, every beat of her heart.

"Does that old house look like a paradise to you?" she asked, pointing to the dwelling of Squire Lauson.

"It is n't very old, and it does n't look very horrible," he replied, a little anxious as he thought of his future housekeeping. "Perhaps ours will not be so fine a one."

"I was not thinking of that," declared Bessie. "*Our* house will be charming, even if it has but one story, and that underground. But *this* one! You don't see it with my eyes; you have n't lived in it."

"Is it haunted?" inquired Foster, of whom we must say that he did not believe in ghosts, and in fact scorned them with all the scorn of a philosopher.

"Yes, and by people who are not yet buried,—people who call themselves alive."

The subject was a delicate one probably, for Bessie said no more concerning it, and Foster considerably refrained from further questions. There was one thing on which this youth especially prided himself, and that was on being a gentleman in every sense possible to a republican. Because his father had been a judge, and his grand-

father and great-grandfather clergymen, he conceived that he belonged to a patrician class, similar to that which Englishmen style "the untitled nobility," and that he was bound to exhibit as many chivalrous virtues as if his veins throbbled with the blood of the Black Prince. Although not combative, and not naturally reckless of pain and death, he would have faced Heenan and Morrissey together in fight, if convinced that his duty as a gentleman demanded it. Similarly he felt himself obliged "to do the handsome thing" in money matters; to accept, for instance, without haggling, such a salary as was usual in his profession; to be as generous to waiters as if he were a millionaire. Furthermore, he must be magnanimous to all that great multitude who were his inferiors, and particularly must he be fastidiously decorous and tender in his treatment of women. All these things he did or refrained from doing, not only out of good instincts towards others, but out of respect for himself.

On the whole, he was a worthy and even admirable specimen of the genus young man. No doubt he was conceited; he often offended people by his bumptiousness of opinion and hauteur of manner; he rather depressed the human race by the severity with which he classed this one and that one as "no gentleman," because of slight defects in etiquette; he considerably amused older and wearier minds by the confidence with which he settled vexed questions of several thousand years' standing: but with all these faults, he was a better and wiser and more agreeable fellow than one often meets at his age; he was a youth whom man could respect and woman adore. To noble souls it must be agreeable, I think, to see him at the present moment, anxious to know precisely what sorrows had clouded the life of his betrothed in the old house before him, and yet refraining from questioning her on the alluring subject, "because he was a gentleman."

The house itself kept its secret ad-

mirably. It had not a signature of character about it; it was as non-committal as an available candidate for the Presidency; it exhibited the plain, unornamental, unpoetic reserve of a Yankee Puritan. Whether it were a stage for comedy or tragedy, whether it were a palace for happy souls or a prison for afflicted ones, it gave not even a darkling hint.

A sufficiently spacious edifice, but low of stature and with a long slope of back roof, it reminded one of a stocky and round-shouldered old farmer, like those who daily trudged by it to and from the market of Hampstead, hawing and geeing their fat cattle with lean, hard voices. A front door, sheltered by a small portico, opened into a hall which led straight through the building, with a parlor and bedroom on one side, and a dining-room and kitchen on the other. In the rear was a low wing serving as wash-house, lumber-room, and woodshed. The white clapboards and green blinds were neither freshly painted nor rusty, but just sedately weather-worn. The grounds, the long woodpiles, the barn and its adjuncts, were all in that state of decent slovenliness which prevails amid the more rustic farming population of New England. On the whole, the place looked like the abode of one who had made a fair fortune by half a century or more of laborious and economical though not enlightened agriculture.

"I must leave you now," said Foster, when the two reached the gate of the "front-yard"; "I must get back to my work in Hampstead."

"And you won't come in for a minute?" pleaded Bessie.

"You know that I would be glad to come in and stay in for ever and ever. It seems now as if life were made for nothing but talking to you. But my fellow-men no doubt think differently. There are such things as lectures, and I must prepare a few of them. I really have pressing work to do."

What he furthermore had in his mind was, "I am bound as a gentleman to do it"; but he refrained from

saying that : he was conscious that he sometimes said it too much ; little by little he was learning that he was bumptious, and that he ought not to be.

"And you will come to-morrow?" still urged Bessie, grasping at the next best thing to to-day.

"Yes, I shall walk out. This driving every day won't answer, on a professor's salary," he added, swelling his chest over this grand confession of poverty. "Besides, I need the exercise."

"How good of you to walk so far merely to see me!" exclaimed the humble little beauty.

Until he came again she brooded over the joys of being his betrothed, and over the future, the far greater joy of being his wife. Was not this high hope in love, this confidence in the promises of marriage, out of place in Bessie? She has daily before her, in the mutual sayings and doings of her grandfather and his spouse, a woful instance of the jarring way in which the chariot-wheels of wedlock may run. Squire Tom Lauson does not get on angelically with his second wife. It is reported that she finds existence with him the greatest burden that she has ever yet borne, and that she testifies to her disgust with it in a fashion which is at times startlingly dramatic. If we arrive at the Lauson house on the day following the dialogue which has been reported, we shall witness one of her most effective exhibitions.

It is raining violently ; an old-fashioned blue-light Puritan thunder-storm is raging over the Barham hills ; the blinding flashes are instantaneously followed by the deafening peals ; the air is full of sublime terror and danger. But to Mrs. Squire Lawson the tempest is so far from horrible that it is even welcome, friendly, and alluring, compared with her daily showers of conjugal misery. She has just finished one of those frequent contests with her husband, which her sickly petulance perpetually forces her to seek, and

which nevertheless drive her frantic. In her wild, yet weak rage and misery, death seems a desirable refuge. Out of the open front door she rushes, out into the driving rain and blinding lightning, lifts her hands passionately toward Heaven, and prays for a flash to strike her dead.

After twice shrieking this horrible supplication, she dropped her arms with a gesture of sullen despair, and stalked slowly, reeking wet, into the house. In the hall, looking out upon this scene of demoniacal possession, sat Bessie Lauson and her maiden aunt, Miss Mercy Lauson, while behind them, coming from an inner room, appeared the burly figure of the old Squire. As Mrs. Lauson passed the two women, they drew a little aside with a sort of shrinking which arose partly from a desire to avoid her dripping garments, and partly from that awe with which most of us regard ungovernable passion. The Squire, on the contrary, met his wife with a sarcastic twinkle of his grim gray eyes, and a scoff which had the humor discoverable in the contrast between total indifference and furious emotion.

"Closed your camp-meeting early, Mrs. Lauson," said the old man ; "can't expect a streak of lightning for such a short service."

A tormentor who wears a smile inflicts a double agony. Mrs. Lauson wrung her hands, and broke out in a cry of rage and anguish : "O Lord, let it strike me ! O Lord, let it strike me !"

Squire Lauson took a chair, crossed his thick, muscular legs, glanced at his wife, glanced at the levin-seamed sky, and remarked with a chuckle, "I'm waiting to see this thing out."

"Father, I say it's perfectly awful," remonstrated Miss Mercy Lauson. "Mother, ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

Miss Mercy was an old maid of the grave, sad, sickly New England type. She pronounced her reproof in a high, thin, passionless monotone, without a gesture or a flash of expression, with-

out glancing at the persons whom she addressed, looking straight before her at the wall. She seemed to speak without emotion, and merely from a stony sense of duty. It was as if a message had been delivered by the mouth of an automaton.

Both the Squire and his wife made some response, but a prolonged crash of thunder drowned the feeble blasphemy of their voices, and the moving of their lips was like a mockery of life, as if the lips of corpses had been stirred by galvanism. Then, as if impatient of hearing both man and God, Mrs. Lauson clasped her hands over her ears, and fled away to some inner room of the shaking old house, seeking perhaps the little pity that there is for the wretched in solitude. The Squire remained seated, his gray and horny fingers drumming on the arms of the chair, and his faded lips murmuring some inaudible conversation.

For the wretchedness of Mrs. Lauson there was partial cause in the disposition and ways of her husband. Very odd was the old Squire; violently combative could he be in case of provocation; and to those who resisted what he called his rightful authority he was a tyrant.

Having lost the wife whom he had ruled for so many years, and having enjoyed the serene but lonely empire of widowhood for eighteen months, he felt the need of some one for some purpose,—perhaps to govern. Once resolved on a fresh spouse, he set about searching for one in a clear-headed and business-like manner, as if it had been a question of getting a family horse.

The woman whom he finally received into his flinty bosom was a maiden of forty-five, who had known in her youth the uneasy joys of many flirtations, and who had marched through various successes (the triumphs of a small university town) to sit down at last in a life-long disappointment. Regretting her past, dissatisfied with every present, demanding improbabilities of the future, eager still to be flattered and worshipped and obeyed, she was woefully unfitted for

marriage with an old man of plain habits and retired life, who was quite as egoistic as herself and far more combative and domineering. It was soon a horrible thing to remember the young lovers who had gone long ago, but who, it seemed to her, still adored her, and to compare them with this unsympathizing master, who gave her no courtship nor tender reverence, and who spoke but to demand submission.

"In a general way," says a devout old lady of my acquaintance, "Divine Providence blesses second marriages."

With no experience of my own in this line, and with not a large observation of the experience of others, I am nevertheless inclined to admit that my friend has the right of it. Conceding the fact that second marriages are usually happy, one naturally asks, Why is it? Is it because a man knows better how to select a second wife? or because he knows better how to treat her? Well disposed toward both these suppositions, I attach the most importance to the latter.

No doubt Benedict chooses more thoughtfully when he chooses a second time; no doubt he is governed more by judgment than in his first courtship, and less by blind impulse; no doubt he has learned some love-making wisdom from experience. A woman who will be patient with him, a woman who will care well for his household affairs and for his children, a woman who will run steadily rather than showily in the domestic harness,—that is what he usually wants when he goes sparking at forty or fifty.

But this is not all and not even the half of the explanation. He has acquired a knowledge of what woman is, and a knowledge of what may fairly be required of her. He has learned to put himself in her place; to grant her the sympathy which her sensitive heart needs; to estimate the sufferings which arise from her variable health; in short, he has learned to be thoughtful and patient and merciful. Moreover, he is apt to select some one who, like himself, has learned command of temper

and moderation of expectation from the lessons of life. As he knows that a glorified wife is impossible here below, so she makes no strenuous demand for an angel husband.

But Squire Thomas Lauson had married an old maid who had not yet given up the struggle to be a girl, and who, in consequence of a long and silly bellehood, could not put up with any form of existence which was not a continual courtship. Furthermore, he himself was not a persimmon; he had not gathered sweetness from the years which frosted his brow. An interestingly obdurate block of the Puritan granite of New England, he was almost as self-opinionated, domineering, pugnacious, and sarcastic as he had been at fifteen. He still had overmuch of the unripe spirit which plagues little boys, scoffs at girls, stones frogs, drowns kittens, and mutters domestic defiances. If Mrs. Lauson was skittish and fractious, he was her full match as a wife-breaker.

In short, the Squire had not chosen wisely; he was not fitted to win a woman's heart by sympathy and justice; and thus Providence had not blessed his second marriage.

We must return now to Miss Mercy Lauson and her niece Bessie. They are alone once more, for Squire Lauson has finished his sarcastic mutterings, and has stumped away to some other dungeon of the unhappy old house.

"You *see*, Bessie!" said Miss Mercy, after a pinching of her thin lips which was like the biting of forceps, — "you *see* how married people can live with each other. Bickerings an' strife! bickerings an' strife! But for all that you mean to marry Henry Foster."

We must warn the reader not to expect vastness of thought or eloquence of speech from Miss Mercy. Her narrow-shouldered, hollow-chested soul could not grasp ideas of much moment, nor handle such as she was able to grasp with any vigor or grace.

"I should like to know," returned Bessie with spirit, "if I am not likely to have my share of bickerings and

strife, if I stay here and don't get married."

"That depends upon how far you control your temper, Elizabeth."

"And so it does in marriage, I suppose."

Miss Mercy found herself involved in an argument, when she had simply intended to play the part of a preacher in his pulpit, warning and reproving without being answered. She accepted the challenge in a tone of iced pugnacity, which indicated in part a certain imperfect habit of self-control, and in part the unrestrainable peevishness of a chronic invalid.

"I don't say folks will necessarily be unhappy in merridge," she went on. "Merridge is a Divine ord'nance, an' I'm obleeged to respect it as such. I do, I suppose, respect it more'n some who've entered into it. But merridge, to obtain the Divine blessing, must not be a yoking with unbelievers. There's the trouble with father's wife; she ain't a professor. There, too, 's the trouble with Henry Foster; he's not one of those who've chosen the better part. I want you to think it all over in soberness of sperrit, Elizabeth."

"It is the only thing you know against him," replied the girl, flushing with the anger of outraged affection.

"No, it ain't. He's brung home strange ways from abroad. He smokes an' drinks beer an' plays cards; an' his form seldom darkens the threshold of the sanctuary. Elizabeth, I must be plain with you on this vital subject. I'm going to be as plain with you as your own conscience ought to be. I see it's no use talking to you 'bout duty an' the life to come. I must — there's no sort of doubt about it — I *must* bring the things of this world to bear on you. You know I've made my will: I've left every cent of my property to you, — twenty thousand dollars! Well, if you enter into merridge with that young man, I shall alter it. I ain't going to have my money, — the money that my poor God-fearing aunt left me, — I ain't going to have it fooled away on card-players an' scorners. Now there it is, Elizabeth.

There's what my duty tells me to do, an' what I shall do. Ponder it well, an' take your choice."

"I don't care," burst forth Bessie, springing to her feet. "I shall tell *him*, and if it makes no difference to *him*, it will make none to *me*."

Here a creak in the floor caught her ear, and turning quickly she discovered Henry Foster. Entering the house by a side door, and coming through a short lateral passage to the front hall, he had reached it in time to hear the close of the conversation and catch its entire drift. You could see in his face that he had heard thus much, for healthy, generous, kindly, and cheerful as the face usually was, it wore now a confused and pained expression.

"I beg pardon for disturbing you," he said. "I was pelted into the house to get out of the shower, and I took the shortest cut."

Bessie's Oriental visage flushed to a splendid crimson, and a whiter ashiness stole into the sallow cheek of Aunt Mercy. The girl, quick and adroit as most women are in leaping out of embarrassments, rushed into a strain of light conversation. How wet Professor Foster was, and would n't he go and dry himself? What a storm it had been, and what wonderful, dreadful thunder and lightning; and how glad she was that he had come, for it seemed as if he were some protection.

"There's only One who can protect us," murmured Aunt Mercy, "either in such seasons or any others."

"His natural laws are our proper recourse," respectfully replied Foster, who was religious too, in his scientific fashion.

Bessie cringed with alarm; here was an insinuated attack on her aunt's favorite dogma of special providences; the subject must be pitched overboard at once.

"What is the news in Hampstead?" she asked. "Has the town gone to sleep, as Barham has? You ought to wake us up with something amusing."

"Jennie Brown is engaged," said Foster. "Is n't that satisfactory?"

"O dear! how many times does that make?" laughed Bessie. "Is it a student again?"

"Yes, it is a student."

"You ought to make it a college offence for students to engage themselves," continued Bessie. "You know that they can hardly ever marry, and generally break the girls' hearts."

"Have they broken Jennie Brown's? She doesn't believe it, nor her present young man either. I've no doubt he thinks her as good as new."

"I dare say. But such things hurt girls in general, and you professors ought to see to it, and I want to know why you don't. But is that all the news? That's such a small matter! such an old sort of thing! If I had come from Hampstead, I would have brought more than that."

So Bessie rattled on, partly because she loved to talk to this admirable Professor, but mainly to put off the crisis which she saw was coming.

But it was vain to hope for clemency, or even for much delay, from Aunt Mercy. Grim, unhappy, peevish as many invalids are, and impelled by a remorseless conscience, she was not to be diverted from finishing with Foster the horrid bone which she had commenced to pick with Bessie. You could see in her face what kind of thoughts and purposes were in her heart. She was used to quarrelling; or, to speak more strictly, she was used to entertaining hard feelings towards others; but she had never learned to express her bitter sentiments frankly. Unable to destroy them, she had felt herself bound in general not to utter them, and this non-utterance had grown to be one of her despotic and distressing "duties." Nothing could break through her shyness, her reserve, her habit of silence, but an emotion which amounted to passion; and such an emotion she was not only unable to conceal, but she was also unable to exhibit it either nobly or gracefully: it shone all through her, and it made her seem spiteful.

As she was about to speak, however, a glance at Bessie's anxious face

checked her. After her painful, severe fashion, she really loved the girl, and she did not want to load her with any more sorrow than was strictly necessary. Moreover, the surely worthy thought occurred to her that Heaven might favor one last effort to convert this wrong-minded young man into one who could be safely intrusted with the welfare of her niece and the management of her money. Hailing the suggestion, in accordance with her usual exaltation of faith, as an indication from the sublimest of all authority, she entered upon her task with such power as nature had given her and such sweetness as a shattered nervous system had left her.

"Mr. Foster, there's one thing I greatly desire to see," she began in a hurried, tremulous tone. "I want you to come out from among the indifferent, an' join yourself to *us*. Why don't you do it? Why don't you become a professor?"

Foster was even more surprised and dismayed than most men are when thus addressed. Here was an appeal such as all of us must listen to with respect, not only because it represents the opinions of a vast and justly revered portion of civilized humanity, but because it concerns the highest mysteries and possibilities of which humanity is cognizant. As one who valued himself on being both a philosopher and a gentleman, he would have felt bound to treat any one courteously who thus approached him. But there was more; this appeal evidently alluded to his intentions of marriage; it was connected with the threat of disinheritance which he had overheard on entering the house. If he would promise to "join the church," if he would even only appear to take the step into favorable consideration, he could remove the objections of this earnest woman to his betrothal, and secure her property to his future wife. But Foster could not do what policy demanded; he had his "honest doubts," and he could not remove them by an exercise of will; moreover, he was too self-respectful and honorable

to be a hypocrite. After pondering Aunt Mercy's question for a moment, he answered with a dignity of soul which was not appreciated:—

"I should have no objection to what you propose, if it would not be misunderstood. If it would only mean that I believe in God, and that I worship his power and goodness, I would oblige you. But it would be received as meaning more,—as meaning that I accept doctrines which I am still examining,—as meaning that I take upon myself obligations which I do not yet hold binding."

"Don't you believe in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?" demanded Miss Mercy, striking home with telling directness.

"I believe in a Deity who views his whole universe with equal love. I believe in a Deity greater than I always hear preached."

Miss Mercy was puzzled; for while this confession of faith did not quite tally with what she was accustomed to receive from pulpits, there was about it a largeness of religious perception which slightly excited her awe. Nevertheless, it showed a dangerous vagueness, and she decided to demand something more explicit.

"What are your opinions on the inspiration of the Scriptures?" she asked.

He had been reading Colenso's work on Genesis; and, so far as he could judge the Bishop's premises, he agreed with his conclusions. At the same time he was aware that such an exegesis would seem simple heresy to Miss Mercy, and that whoever held it would be condemned by her as a heathen and an infidel. After a moment of hesitation, he responded bravely and honestly, though with a placating smile.

"Miss Lauson, there are some subjects, indeed there are many subjects, on which I have no fixed opinions. I used to have opinions on almost everything; but I found them very troublesome, I had to change them so often! I have decided not to declare any more positive opinions, but only

to entertain suppositions to the effect that this or that may be the case ; meantime holding myself ready to change my hypotheses on further evidence."

Although he seemed to her guilty of shuffling away from her question, yet she, in the main, comprehended his reply distinctly enough. He did not believe in plenary inspiration ; that was clear, and so also was her duty clear ; she must not let him have her niece nor her money.

Now there was a something in her face like the forming of columns for an assault, or rather like the irrational, ungovernable gathering of clouds for a storm. Her staid, melancholy soul—a soul which usually lay in chains and solitary—climbed writhing to her lips and eyes, and made angry gestures before it spoke. Bessie stared at her in alarm ; she tried, in a spirit of youthful energy, to look her down ; but the struggle of prevention was useless ; the hostile words came.

"Mr. Foster, I can't willingly give my niece to such an one as you," she said in a tremulous but desperate monotone. "I s'pose, though, it's no use forbidding you to go with her. I s'pose you would n't mind that. But I expect you *will* care for one thing,—for her good. My will is made now in her favor. But if she marries you, I shall change it. I sha' n't leave her a cent."

Here her sickly strength broke down ; such plain utterance of feeling and purpose was too much for her nerves ; she burst into honest, bitter tears, and, rushing to her room, locked herself up ; no doubt, too, she prayed there long, and read solemnly in the Scriptures.

What was the result of this conscientious but no doubt unwise remonstrance ? After a shock of disagreeable surprise, the two lovers did what all true lovers would have done ; they entered into a solemn engagement that no considerations of fortune should prevent their marriage. They shut their eyes on the future, braved all the adverse chances of life, and almost

prayed for trials in order that each might show the other greater devotion. The feeling was natural and ungovernable, and I claim also that it was beautiful and noble.

"Do you know all ?" asked Bessie. "Grandfather has never proposed to leave me anything, he hated my father so ! It was always understood that Aunt Mercy was to take care of me."

"I want nothing with you," said Foster. "I will slave myself to death for you. I will rejoice to do it."

"O, I knew it would be so," replied the girl, almost faint with joy and love. "I knew you would be true to me. I knew how grand you were."

When they looked out upon the earth, after this scene, during which they had been conscious of nothing but each other, the storm had fled beyond verdant hills, and a rainbow spanned all the visible landscape, seeming to them indeed a bow of promise.

"O, we can surely be happy in such a world as this," said Bessie, her face colored and illuminated by youth, hope, and love.

"We will find a cloud castle somewhere," responded the young man, pointing to the western sky, piled with purple and crimson.

Bessie was about to accompany him to the gate on his departure, as was her simple and affectionate custom, when a voice called her up stairs.

"O dear !" she exclaimed, pettishly. "It seems as if I could n't have a moment's peace. Good by, my darling."

During the close of that day, at the hour which in Barham was known as "early candle-lighting," the Lauson tragedy began to take form. The mysterious shadow which vaguely announced its on-coming was the disappearance from the family ken of that lighthouse of regularity, that fast-rooted monument of strict habit, Aunt Mercy. The kerosene lamp which had so long beamed upon her darnings and mendings, or upon her more æsthetic labors in behalf of the Barham sewing society, or upon the open yellow pages of her Scott's Commentary and Bax-

ter's Saints' Rest, now flared distractedly about the sitting-room, as if in amazement at her absence. Nowhere was seen her tall, thin, hard form, the truthful outward expression of her lean, and sickly soul; nowhere was heard the afflicted squeak of her broad calfskin shoes, symbolical of the worryings of her fretful conscience. The doors which she habitually shut to keep out the night-draughts remained free to swing, and, if they could find an aiding hand or breeze, to bang, in celebration of their independence. The dog might wag his tail in wonder through the parlor, and the cat might profane the sofa with his stretchings and slumbers.

At first the absence of Aunt Mercy merely excited such pleasant considerations as these. The fact was accepted as a relief from burdens; it tended towards liberty and jocoseness of spirit. The honest and well-meaning and devout woman had been the censor of the family, and, next after the iron-headed Squire, its dictator. Bessie might dance alone about the sober rooms,

and play operatic airs and waltzes upon her much-neglected piano, without being called upon to assume sackcloth and ashes for her levity. The cheerful life which seemed to enter the house because Aunt Mercy had left it was a severe commentary on the sombre and unlovely character which her diseased sense of duty had driven her to give to her unquestionably sincere religious sentiment. It hinted that, if she should be taken altogether away from the family, her loss would awaken little mourning, and would soon be forgotten.

Presently, however, this persistent absence of one whose very nature it was to be present excited surprise, and eventually a mysterious uneasiness. Search was made about the house; no one was discovered up stairs but Mrs. Lauson, brooding alone; then a neighbor or two was visited by Bessie; still no Aunt Mercy. The solemn truth was, although no sanguinary sign as yet revealed it, that the Lauson tragedy had an hour since been consummated.

RIGHT AND LEFT.

IT is claimed by mathematicians that their ancient science underlies all others. No doubt they are correct; for theirs is, essentially, the science of space and of time, without reference to which we can neither think nor act upon this earth. It may be doubted how far a practical acquaintance with the ways and means of any other than the simplest mathematics is required in the every-day life of the ordinary business or professional man; but it is certain that the three characteristic signs, 0, +, - (zero, plus, minus), may be taken to represent the three successive stages of human thought upon most questions, great or small, in the other, even the least kindred, branches of knowledge.

At first we know nothing. Zero is the full extent of our information.

Then follows an accumulation of facts and development of ideas, which sooner or later crystallize into theories, broad and sweeping, and so eminently satisfactory, that no further inquiry seems necessary; and this stage, which appears to be complete or to be susceptible only of addition, is fitly represented by the sign plus.

The third stage may be long deferred, but is sure to come. It is when exceptions are found to the supposed universal rules; when new facts are discovered, and old ones prove capable of a different interpretation, so that each year takes something from the accepted theories, which finally are seen

to be either wholly false, or true only so far as is compatible with some more comprehensive law now brought to light.

Chaos became a broad, unbroken ocean, but afterward the dry land appeared. Too little is followed by too much, and the happy mean comes later.

Vacuity is succeeded by the ideal, which in turn must give place to the real.

Fancy fills a great void in the mind, but must yield, in part at least, to fact.

Ignorance is the parent of conceit, and this, by grace of God, may give birth to humility,—to the humble acknowledgment of the truth.

Paganism, and the denial of a true God, gave way to Romanism; and this is now everywhere breaking down before the slow but sure advance of liberal Christianity.

Let us now inquire how far this succession of states may be detected in the history of a single question in science.

There has doubtless been a time when men saw not, or if they saw, appreciated not, that dual composition of the most beautiful objects of nature,—the human face and the whole human form, certain regular crystals and many leaves,—which has since been so universally recognized, and which, under the name of symmetrical beauty, has been a standing law in art of every kind; so that the highest results of painting and of architecture—the ideal face and the Greek temple and Gothic church—are or are intended to be composed of two equal and identical halves upon opposite sides of a mesial plane.

But although this idea of perfect symmetry has been thus adopted as a rule in art, admitted in theory and followed in practice as a first and indispensable step toward pre-eminence, it by no means follows that it is true to nature; and it behooves us, whether as artists or as naturalists, to examine carefully all the facts, and see whether they justify a continuance of our belief

in the law of perfect symmetry, or of absolute identity between two halves of anything.

If not, then we may be ready to enter upon the third stage of the subject, and are bound to examine each statement, whether new or old, in the light of a possible reversal of previous opinions.

Having done this with all the information at my command, conclusions have been reached which may be briefly expressed by the following six propositions:—

I. That many of the most beautiful and useful objects in nature and art are symmetrical; that is, composed of two similar halves separated by a common mesial plane.

II. That these two similar halves, when carefully examined, are never found to be identical either in form or function.

III. That many objects in nature are manifestly composed of two unequal halves.

IV. That in all cases of marked departure from symmetry in the adult, a less deviation exists at an earlier period of life.

V. That deviations from symmetry ought eventually to be divided into three classes, which may be called Abnormal, Teleological, and Normal.

VI. That there are principles, natural, human, and Divine, which require that the more perfect and highly organized forms should consist of two similar halves separated by a mesial plane, but which at the same time forbid that these two similar halves should ever be absolutely identical.

If it is objected that the *halves* of anything cannot be *unequal*, and that some other term—as part or moiety or portion—ought to be used, I ask the critic to suspend judgment until the end of this article; by which time he may be convinced that, although in the dictionary, in many scientific works, and in nearly all popular ones, *halves* are defined as equal and identical portions, yet in all probability neither equality nor identity can exist in nature.

I.

Our first proposition is, that many of the most beautiful and useful objects in nature and in art are symmetrical, that is, composed of two similar halves separated by a mesial plane.

As this is the generally accepted doctrine upon the subject, and the very one we wish to qualify, we are not called upon to offer any facts in its support; but as the glory of a victory is great in proportion to the real or apparent strength of the enemy, it is well to state briefly the grounds upon which this common belief is based.

A glance in the mirror offers the most accessible series of facts; there is a right and a left eye, a right and a left nostril, a right and a left ear, the members of each pair being evidently similar; the two corners of the mouth, the two temples, the two cheeks, and the two sides of the forehead closely resemble each other in shape and in position.

It will be noticed that there are two groups of features; the nose and mouth and chin and forehead are all *upon* the middle line, and their right and left halves are to be compared together; they are called single or median organs, and are *symmetrical in themselves*: but the eyes, the nostrils, the ears, the cheeks, are in pairs, one on each side of the middle line; they are thus symmetrical with each other, but not in themselves; that is, the outer half of the right eye corresponds, not to the inner half of the same eye, but to the outer half of the left eye; and so with the inner halves of the two eyes, so with the inner and outer halves of each nostril. And the same is true of all organs in the body: some being median, single, and symmetrical in themselves; others, lateral and in pairs, so as to be symmetrical, not in themselves, but with each other.

We have two hands and two feet, two arms and two legs, and the entire right side of the body is the reversed repetition of the left. There is a right and a left lung too, a right and a left

kidney, right and left ribs, muscles, nerves, and blood-vessels, which certainly correspond quite closely with each other.

The same is true concerning our common animals, the birds, the reptiles, the fish, and the insects. The symmetrical form of common leaves is so obvious that no one hesitates to say that they consist of two equal halves joined by a midrib. Seeds, like eggs, are often round or oval, and are then regarded as equal upon the two sides; and no one who admits the regularity of crystals and the identity of any two specimens, is likely to deny the still more absolute identity which is supposed to exist between their two halves.

And so we might enumerate all the symmetrically beautiful objects in nature. Many cases are known of inflammation attacking at the same time and in the same way the two elbows or the two knees or the two sides of the pelvis. Occasionally, too, a wound or burn upon one hand or arm or leg will produce pain upon the other, in what is said to be the very same spot; but, as will be seen further on, "to seem is not always to be." And we ought to exact the most rigid tests from those who claim *absolute identity* between similar parts on the two sides of the body.

What was so prominent in nature could not fail to be imitated in art; and the portraits, the temples, and the columns of all ages attest the faithfulness of genius to what was thought to be the true ideal of beauty.

The same necessity for symmetry which we observe in birds and in most fishes exists in all bodies which are to be supported by a fluid medium, as the air and the water; and the impression made by a long life spent upon a vessel has sometimes led to an absurd retention of the symmetrical arrangement there required, where no such call for it existed. An old sea-captain, having retired to private life upon the shore, built himself a house of which the door was exactly in the middle, with

an equal number of windows upon each side ; the same extent of ground to the right and the left, and the same trees and bushes and flowers in the ground ; but when he found it necessary to have a well, and the land would not admit of placing it in the rear, he consented to its being dug upon one side of the house, only upon the condition that a curb and well-sweep and bucket should be placed upon the other, in order that to appearance, at least, his dwelling should be all trim and "ship-shape."

That the ideal standard of the sea-captain and the artist is truly an *ideal* and not an *actual* one will be seen in what follows under our second proposition.

II.

That the two similar halves of the so-called symmetrical object, when carefully studied, are never found to be identical in form, position, or function.

This, the reverse of what most people would take to be the signification of the first proposition, is most readily established by prolonging the glance at yourself in the mirror into a careful scrutiny of each feature, and comparing it closely with its fellow of the opposite side.

To begin with the eyes : a very slight examination will show that one is a little more open than the other, or that the upper lid droops at the outer or the inner corner more in one than in the other ; one eyebrow, too, is raised a little higher than the other ; neither lids nor brows, it is true, are any part of the eye itself, but they are the chief agents in whatever expression it has : while the not infrequent occurrence of strabismus in its various forms, and even of different colors of the eyes themselves, indicate the possible existence of unsuspected differences between the two organs, which need only more careful looking for to be seen. Everybody knows, too, that the right eye does not see an object just as the left does ; and the immense demand for stereoscopic views, though it proves

nothing new, tends to confirm the truth of the proposition.

It is not easy to compare the two ears together during life, and their form is so apt to change after death that not much is to be said of them.

But the nose, being the most prominent feature, likewise best exhibits this want of perfect symmetry in its two halves. This usually consists in a greater or less deviation to one side, which is often so great as to give it quite a different outline, as seen from the right or the left side ; either with or without this bending of the nose itself, the bony and cartilaginous partition between the two cavities may vary from the perpendicular so as to approach and even touch the outer wall of one nostril, which is thereby obstructed, either constantly or temporarily, as when there is any inflammation of the mucous membrane. And when no deviation from symmetry is observable in the body of the nose, the nostrils, even in what are called perfect and regular features, differ in size and shape ; and generally the wing of one nostril is elevated a little more than the other.

The mouth participates in the irregularities of the nose, and one angle is always a little more drawn than the other ; the same is to be seen in the cheeks, especially of thin, strong-featured people, so that one entire side of the face appears, and really is, shorter than the other.

It is not easy, either, to see or to describe variations of the chin ; but in the beard, its hairy appendage, there is almost always a difference of the two sides, which persists during life, in spite of all cultivation of the deficient portion.

Deviations from symmetry are extremely common in the bones of the head, and it is doubtful whether any skull is equal upon the two sides. Seldom if ever are the wrinkles of the skin of the forehead equal in number or shape or direction upon the two sides.

All these are illustrations of *anatomical* or *structural* deviations from ideal symmetry ; but the functional

manifestations, though more transient and less often noticed, are none the less significant. Homœopathic practitioners lay great stress upon the predominance of symptoms upon one or the other side of the face or body, and certain it is that even in health a difference may be recognized. There are cases of what is called unilateral sweating of the head; and the blushing of one cheek, with partial or complete paleness of the other, is very common. There is in some cases a very marked alternation of pulse upon the two sides, as if one beat of the heart sent the blood more forcibly to the right, the next to the left side of the body; this is most easily perceived when one or the other side is inflamed, when, of course, the pulse of that side is exaggerated; but I have myself felt it in the ordinary pulse at the wrist, and doubt not that the proper examination will demonstrate its universal existence.

There are many other facts in disease which must be due to a difference in either the heart's action or in the blood-vessels of the organs themselves; as, for instance, the greater frequency of tubercles in the left lung, and of pneumonia in the right, as if the right were the more vigorous or sthenic half of the body, with the internal organs as well as with the limbs where it is more generally recognized; and the remarkable tendency of rheumatism to attack, now one, now the other side of the body was doubtless the foundation for the comical answer of a physician when asked concerning a patient treated in common by himself and a fellow-practitioner. "Well," said he, "at last accounts *my* half was doing finely, but Dr. B——'s half was worse than usual."

Those who wear closely fitting gloves and boots are well aware, though the people who make them seem to ignore the fact, that, as a rule, the right hand and the right foot are larger than the left; and if it be said that this difference was not natural, but is caused by the greater or the different use of one hand and foot, then I ask, What causes all men, with few ex-

ceptions, to employ the right hand for striking and the left for holding and supporting, the right foot for kicking and for taking the more vigorous part in propelling the body, while the left supports the body in the one case, and is advanced to be ready to receive its weight in the other? No doubt imitation of others and long-continued habit go far toward perfecting the ready use of the right hand and the right foot, but something else must have originated the habit and the custom. It is found, too, that the left hand is more sensible to changes of temperature than the right, while, as every one knows, it is with the right that we most readily detect variations of shape.

Professor Wyman has found by careful measurements that "in ten human skeletons the bones of the forearms were of equal length in only one," and even in that a still more minute comparison would probably have shown a difference. He has also compared the concentric rows of papillæ upon the thumbs or the fingers of the two hands, by making an impression of them on paper slightly coated with black, and found in most individuals a very close *approach* to absolute symmetry, but in others remarkable departures from it, even the entire pattern being changed. Now, slight as this difference seems, it alone is sufficient to establish our point, that an absolute and entire identity has not been found between the two halves of the body.

It is surely something more than habit which causes us to look through a microscope or telescope with one eye rather than with the other, and there have even been perceived by the two eyes two different shades of color from the same flame when viewed through either alone.

It may, too, be something more than mere habit which determines the manner of putting on our clothes: the majority of people putting the right arm first into a coat-sleeve and the right leg into its proper garments. There is, too, — though possibly the garment itself may be responsible for it, — a dif-

ference in the way the two legs are raised, the right being elevated and bent in the same plane which it generally occupies, while the left is turned outward and goes through a more extensive series of motions; but my readers can see all this better than I can describe it.

We are told that the cow and the other ruminating animals chew first with one side and then with the other, so that the direction of the lateral motion of the jaw is reversed at regular intervals; but in human beings, though less freedom is allowed for a sidewise motion, the muscles work in such a way that the teeth of one side touch before those of the other, and the whole jaw is worked obliquely from right to left or from left to right; this may be partly custom, but the habit is formed unconsciously, and usually persists through life.

A few words upon imperfect symmetry in what are generally considered regular leaves. In the hop-hornbeam (*Ostrya Virginica*), the casual observer sees no difference between the two halves of each leaf; but if the plant be examined more carefully it will be found that the veins branch off from the midrib, not in pairs, but alternately, so that on one side they begin lower down than upon the other; and now if several leaves be compared together, about half of them will prove to be larger and to have the veins beginning lower down upon the *one* side, and the rest upon the other side; and if a pair of leaves upon the stem be contrasted, you will see that in each it is the outer half which is the larger, and the inner which is the smaller. These leaves, then, are not symmetrical in themselves, but with each other, the outer half of one corresponding to the outer half of the other, and the two inner halves in the same way; and they are therefore right and left, just like the two eyes.

The leaves of elm-trees show this difference still more strikingly, but here it is the *inner* halves which are the larger and in which the veins commence lower down; and in many other

leaves the difference between the two sides is so great that every one notices them. Our object, however, is to show that the differences may exist even in those where it is not apparent to ordinary observation; but the facts just given lead naturally to a consideration of our third proposition.

The lack of symmetry which we believe to exist in even the most perfect works of art cannot be described particularly, except by taking up any single picture or edifice, and comparing one side with the other. But when we reflect that so many elements enter into the composition of each work, and that all these, material, color, shape, weight, and position, are so many *variables*, and that each half must be, by human hands, constructed separately, so that all the variable elements of human action must have a place in our calculation, it is self-evident that, however closely the two sides of a portrait or the two halves of a church or other building may repeat each other, it is absolutely impossible that they should be identical in every respect.

III.

That many objects in nature are manifestly composed of two unequal halves.

Let us begin, as before, with the human body. Marked differences between the two sides of the face are not very rare, but they are generally called deformities. — such as an excessive twist of the nose, an extreme squint or decided strabismus, — but the infinite gradation in all these, and the varied impressions they make upon observers, render it difficult, if not impossible, to draw a distinction between these decided cases and those only to be detected by careful scrutiny. Distortions of the limbs are sometimes alike upon the two sides, but are often different; for instance, out of 703 cases of club-feet, in only 320 were both feet similarly affected; in 182 the right foot was distorted, in 138 the left foot, and in 20 cases one foot was turned *outward* and the other *inward*.

Supernumerary teeth occur generally upon only one side of the jaw; in the 152 cases of sexdigitism lately tabulated by me, the 34 individuals who had an extra digit upon two limbs had, except in two cases, two extra thumbs, or two extra little fingers, two great or little toes; but although the *same digit* is here repeated upon the two sides, *there is always a difference between the two extra ones*. The same is true with what are called muscular and nervous and vascular anomalies; for when these organs are found to vary from the normal condition upon one side of the body only, they of course differ from their fellows of the opposite side; and even when both vary, they never do so in precisely the same way or to the same extent. But it is among the internal organs of man that the most striking differences exist between the two sides. Even in the brain whose two halves are commonly supposed by anatomists as well as by others to be perfectly equal, the left lobe is generally a little larger than the other; and in some cases this amounts to a real deformity, though no such discrepancy may have been suspected during the life of the individual; curiously enough, Bichat, a celebrated anatomist, who during life upheld the theory that insanity was due to a disproportion in size of the two halves of the brain, was found himself to be one of the most marked cases of this kind, one lobe of the cerebrum being nearly an inch shorter than the other. It is not often that a man is able after death to correct the very errors he made during his life.

Similar and even more striking differences have been observed in the other parts of the brain. The number, extent, and direction of the convolutions or foldings of the surface of the cerebrum are never the same upon the two hemispheres, and no practical anatomist expects to find the size and the arrangement of the nerves and of their branches precisely alike upon the two sides of the face, or any other part of the body.

Descending into the chest, the heart is found to be more upon the left side, and the right lung to be a little more capacious than the left; but in consequence of the upward pressure of the liver, it is shorter and has only two lobes, while the left lung is longer and has three lobes. The difference in power of the two sides of the heart is well known, but there is, in addition, a difference in the mode of branching of the great arteries as they leave it to go to the head and the arms of the two sides.

In the abdomen, no one thinks of looking for symmetry, for the stomach and pancreas lie on the left, the liver on the right; while the intestines are coiled up in a very irregular way. Even the two kidneys, as they appear, always differ a little in form and in position, the right being shorter and thicker and lower down than the left. The great artery of the body, the aorta, passes down on the left of the backbone, and the vena-cava ascends upon the right, which produces a difference in the length of all their branches.

Turning now to the lower animals, the same or similar facts meet us wherever we examine with reference to this point. The reason so few facts are on record is that anatomists generally have taken for granted that the two sides were alike, and have made one half do for the whole; but in view of what is known on this point we have no more right to judge one half from the other than to judge a whole species from a single specimen.

The size of some of the common animals, the hairy coat of most, and the rounded outline of all, render it very difficult to compare the two sides together; but we cannot fail to note great differences in the smaller and more definitely shaped appendages: as the ears, the horns of cattle and of goats, and the antlers of deer, the spurs of cocks, and the curious appendage hanging from the corner of the lower jaw, in Normandy pigs, which sometimes even exists only on one side.

The narwhal, a kind of whale, is

called Monodon, because the male has a long conical tooth projecting from the *left* side only of the upper jaw, and nearly all of the cetacea present an exaggerated degree of the one-sidedness which we noted in the human nose; for the bony nostrils are never quite vertical, and the partition is always crowded toward the right, so as in some cases wholly to obliterate the nostril of that side. All our domesticated animals, too, are liable, like man, to a deficiency or redundancy of fingers and toes, and never to the same extent upon the two sides. The same is the case among birds, whose beaks also, especially when large, as in ducks, etc., are generally a little out of the straight line. In the curious crossbills, the lower beak curves strongly to one side, while the upper one curves as far to the other.

Among reptiles and fishes, the same things are found whenever they are looked for, but we have space for only a few striking examples. Cuvier has noticed that in salamanders the bones of the pelvis are sometimes attached to the backbone by the process of one vertebra on the one side and by that of a different one on the other, so that a slight obliquity is produced; and I am informed by Professor Agassiz, who has kindly supplied me with many facts and suggestions upon this subject, that a slight inequality often exists between the two sides of the lower shell or plastron of turtles. I do not know that any imperfections of symmetry have been observed with the ordinary fishes, whose mode of life certainly requires a most accurate balancing of the two sides of the body; but many of the selachians, whose bodies tend toward a flattened and outspread form, present quite striking differences of color, form, and structure between the two sides.

The sunfish, too (not the jelly-fish, which is a radiate), swims wholly upon one *side*, which is white or light colored, while the other and upper side is dark. But it is among the flounders and their allies that the most extraor-

dinary differences exist between the right and the left side. They, like the sunfish, swim always upon one side, which is in some species the right and in others the left; but not only are the *colors* of these different, but the whole head is twisted so as to bring as much as possible upon the top; and, most wonderful of all, the eye of the lower side actually looks out of the upper side close by its fellow, which properly belongs there; — the nature of this extraordinary transmigration will be referred to under the next proposition.

As would be expected from their mode of locomotion, most of the internal organs of birds are more symmetrical than those of the mammalia; their liver, for instance, instead of lying wholly upon the right side, consists of two nearly equal portions, one upon each side of the backbone; but in some species the right lobe is decidedly the longer; the lower larynx, the true vocal organ of birds, lies not in the throat, but behind the end of the breast-bone; it is generally divided into two apparently equal halves, but in the swans and geese, etc., one side is very much larger than the other.

The lungs of all reptiles, when inflated, are seen to be quite different on the two sides; and in the serpents one half is a mere rudiment, while the other is enormously developed, reaching a great distance along the cavity of the body.

For obvious reasons, it is much easier to detect imperfections of symmetry in the articulates than in the vertebrates. The markings of butterfly wings always present some slight difference upon the two sides. I am not aware that any observations have been made upon the size and length of the legs or antennæ, but it would be well worth while to make them, in view of what those organs exhibit among the next group, the crustacea. In very many genera of crabs (*Lithodus*, *Cardesonia*, and the little fiddler crabs of the Southern marshes), one biting-claw is much larger than the other; the same is true

of the lobster (*Astacus*), and of some other genera (*Gelasimus*, etc.), while in *Bopyrus*, one entire side of the body is larger than the other.

Among the mollusks even an approach to symmetry is the exception, as in the cuttle-fishes, while the ordinary bivalve shells, even when quite symmetrical, always have the hinge-joint unequally divided between the two valves; in the common oyster one valve is deeper than the other, and in a curious genus (*Radiolites*) the difference is so great as to suggest what happens to one valve among the so-called univalve shells, — its reduction to a mere flat plate to close the mouth of its now immensely enlarged and coiled fellow.

This is a pretty formidable array of instances of manifest departure from exact symmetry in the three types of the animal kingdom in which the body is composed of two halves, and we may now inquire into the direct means by which these deviations from symmetry are produced.

IV.

That in all cases of marked departure from symmetry in adult animals, a less deviation exists at an earlier period of development.

Professor Wyman has seen a young lobster, nearly three inches in length, in which the right and left anterior claws were still symmetrical, although this is one of the species in which, at a greater age, one claw is very much larger than the other. The same thing is true of the other crustacea and of the mollusks, and even, incredible as it may seem, of the extraordinary cases among the vertebrates. In the young narwhal the right and left upper teeth were of equal size, but the former remains stationary and imbedded in its socket, while the left grows very fast and finally attains a length of several feet.

The very young flounder is as symmetrical and well balanced as any other fish; but as it grows it swims more and more upon one side, and the lower surface remains light colored and the

upper becomes dark; all its internal organs, even its brain, partake of the steadily increasing twist, and the eye of the lower side, according to the observation of Steenstrup, actually sinks inward, and gradually works its way through the softer parts, and passes through a place where there is no bone, and at last makes its appearance upon the other and upper surface of the head, not far from its mate; but it always has an irregular, somewhat foreign look and position, so as to be easily distinguished from the original eye of that side. I know nothing of the differences between the embryonic limbs of animals as compared with the differences already alluded to as existing in the adult, but will repeat my belief that in all cases these differences were only less, not totally absent.

The changes which occur during development among the internal organs of most mammals, including man, are not less extensive and wonderful than those observed in the flounder. Without entering into details, it is enough to say, that all those organs, as the heart, the stomach, the liver, and the spleen, which in the adult lie more upon one than upon the other side of the middle line, and are irregular and unsymmetrical in shape, were in the embryo not only regular and symmetrical, but placed each upon the middle line of the body; they were then sometimes smaller, sometimes proportionally larger, than at a later period, but the chief changes are in shape and position. The long and tortuous intestine was once a short, straight, and simple canal, the lungs were much less different, and the kidneys were more nearly symmetrical in form and position.

Even if the most careful embryologists had not become convinced of the above facts by the various stages as to form and position of the several viscera, as seen in embryos at different periods of development, there are certain other and more easily observed facts which would alone indicate that at some early stage the organs had a different aspect from that in the adult.

Occasionally a man's heart is found to be upon the middle line and directly beneath the breast-bone; while cases are by no means rare of a reversed arrangement of organs, the heart lying upon and pointing toward the right side, the right lung being the longer and narrower, while the left is shorter, being pushed up by the liver, which has changed places with the stomach; the latter, with the spleen and pancreas, lying in the right side of the abdomen.

V.

That deviations from symmetry ought eventually to be divided into three classes, which may be called *Abnormal*, *Teleological*, and *Normal*.

The first will include those exaggerated and exceptional differences between right and left sides which are produced by disordered action, and which result in disease or deformity.

The second, those more or less apparent deviations from symmetry which are connected with certain special needs of the organism in which they occur.

The third will include all other cases of imperfect symmetry which we cannot account for upon grounds of special adaptation or malformation, and which, we must believe, are due to the action of still higher laws, and to necessities above and beyond those now generally recognized.

I do not feel prepared to state my own belief as to the way in which all the facts above given are to be divided among these three classes; but I am fully convinced that the distinctions ought to be drawn. That they are true to nature is more evident when we contrast striking examples of each together. The production of a club-foot upon one leg, or of a supernumerary finger upon one hand, or of a single cross-eye, is surely not normal, nor is it to be accounted for as conducive in any way to the comfort or well-being of the individual: on the other hand, the displacement of the abdominal viscera is evidently for convenience of packing in the smallest possible space;

the greater size of one claw enables the lobster to use it for offence and for crushing larger bodies, and the other as an organ for carrying food to the mouth. Under the same category ought, probably, to be placed those structural distinctions between the right and the left hands which enable us without reflection to use the one for one purpose and the other for another; since, as Sir Charles Bell has remarked, delay would often be dangerous and sometimes fatal. All these and some other cases may clearly be regarded as wise provisions of the Creator for the sake of the individual; and this conclusion is, perhaps, not incompatible with occasional reversions of the usual arrangements; as in left-handed people, in those whose viscera are transposed, and in flat-fish, which are dark upon the right side, while the larger number of their species are dark upon the left.

But the third, and by far the most numerous class of cases, we are, at present at least, utterly unable to account for in either of the above ways. There are slight and almost imperceptible differences between the right and left sides of even the most regular faces, which certainly are not deformities, and which we have no reason to believe are especially adapted to the mere physical necessities of the individual; the same is to be said of the differences in the markings of animals, of butterflies, and of beetles; and of all the other deviations from perfect and ideal symmetry, whether in nature or in art, which the superficial artist or naturalist may overlook, which the arrogant and self-willed may ignore, but which the true lover of the beautiful humbly admits to exist, even though they seem to baffle his highest endeavors and to render imperfect the works of God himself.

VI.

That there are principles, natural, human, and Divine, which require that the more perfect and highly organized

forms should consist of two similar halves separated by a mesial plane, but which at the same time forbid that these two similar halves should ever be absolutely identical.

Thus far all our argument has been inductive in its character; and no conclusions have been drawn without a tolerable support of undeniable facts. Perhaps the easier way of concluding the subject would be to express the above proposition as an individual opinion, the truth of which is made probable by the facts already presented. But while this is so, and while on merely natural grounds the proposition might be provisionally accepted, yet with even more reason might its validity be questioned, since it is impossible to demonstrate it upon all the objects of nature. But in addition to the evidence, partial as it is, afforded by the few observed facts in support of the universal operation of natural laws toward the production of duality in animals and their organs and in the leaves of plants, we may cite the opinions of philosophers who certainly derived a part of their inspiration from nature itself.

Oken, the greatest and most profound naturalist of his time, of whom Agassiz writes that he will never be forgotten so long as thinking is connected with investigation, says, "Every single thing is a duplicity," and "all motion has resulted from a duplicity."* And were it necessary, whole pages of quotations could be given from the highest authorities, expressing their belief in the existence of symmetry and of natural laws which tend to produce it.

In evidence of the imperfection of this symmetry, I quote from a single author; for although most writers on anatomy recognize the facts, they seldom express an opinion concerning more than what is then being described.

The great Swedish philosopher, who was a most learned man of science, and fully recognized as such long before the publication of those theological

works which have since induced disbelievers therein to look with suspicion upon his purely scientific labors, expresses himself in the following manner: "No society can exist among absolute peers or equals; the founding of society involves a perpetual diversity of members." He here refers directly to entire individuals, but the same idea is elsewhere expressed in treating of halves of a single individual. "In order that all things may flow to and fro in a constant circle, and that each may be emulous of perpetuity and describe forms that shall perpetuate the motions of life, the viscera, cavities, and septa of the organic frame [of man] are not precisely equilibrated and sustained by each other in the manner of a well-poised balance; they are not symmetrical, nor of equal force and weight on the right and left sides of the body."*

So much for natural laws. That there are also spiritual laws and principles which correspond to and act by means of them is certainly not demonstrable upon natural grounds. But no such demonstration is needed by those who believe that all natural objects and laws and processes are merely the visible results and representatives of corresponding spiritual objects and laws and processes; who believe that the outer corporeal man is only the clothing of the inner and spiritual man, yet that the former is so fully and completely adapted to the latter that the constitution and function of the one may be surely concluded from the other; who feel assured that the spirit of man has eyes and ears and the power of speech equally with the body; that it has arms and hands and legs and feet and all

* Animal Kingdom, Par. 464, note O, and Par. 455.

To the above it may be added from Aristotle, that harmony is not a single quality, but "the union of contrary principles having a ratio to each other." And the old Roman definition of Beauty was, "multitude (or variety) in unity"; while a modern poet declares it is produced by a "multiplicity of symmetrical parts, uniting in a consistent whole."

And in conclusion the artists admit two kinds of beauty, — the symmetrical and the picturesque, according as the unity or the variety predominates; if they admit the impossibility of *absolute* unity, we may accept their ideas.

* Physiophilosophy, Parag. 78 and 81.

things belonging to them ; that it has what corresponds to the heart, to the lungs, to the stomach, and to the brain, yes, and to each and every part and organ of the brain ; and that finally, since the human body is composed of two halves, similar, yet not identical in structure, either consentaneous or independent in action, and thus mutually aiding each other and acting as one for all higher purposes of life, — as when we look with two eyes into the face of our friend, when we leap for joy to meet him, when not one but both hands clasp his, when our two arms meet around the beloved form, — therefore at the same time, and even when the bodily actions are impossible, do the parts of the soul look and hasten and grasp and hold what they can perceive in the unseen world. The soul also consists of two similar, yet not identical halves : the one, the will, including all affections and desires and loves of every kind ; the other, the understanding, including all thoughts and ideas and knowledges ; for each desire upon the one side there is upon the other a corresponding faculty of thought in order to accomplish it ; for everything we know there is a counterpart of affection to use that knowledge ; but affection is not thought, neither is desire the same as knowledge, or love the same as wisdom ; they correspond, they are similar, and, in one sense, equal, but never identical.

All this and more is expressly taught in the religious doctrines revealed through Swedenborg ; and as we have already quoted from his scientific works in support of the natural laws of symmetry, let us now see what his theological writings say concerning the corresponding spiritual laws : —

“The right of the body and of the brain relates to the good of love, whence comes the truth of wisdom ; and the left to the truth of wisdom from the good of love. And as the conjunction of good and truth is reciprocal, and that conjunction makes, as it were, a one, hence those pains act together and con-

jointly in their functions, motions, and senses.”*

“The left part of the brain corresponds to things rational or intellectual, but the right to affections or things voluntary.”†

And now, if all this is true, — and by a large and constantly increasing circle of readers it is fully believed, — then, since man was made in the image and likeness of God, in him too, or rather in his works and in the operations of his providence, we ought to seek for similar indications of a dual nature : the one perfect love, wishing the highest possible good to all men ; the other perfect wisdom, by means of which love acts to produce the effects it desires. Through men these two qualities flow down into the corresponding regions of their minds ; through nature they come to us as the heat and light of the sun ; which, like them, are similar, yet distinct, may act together or independently, and may be either one in excess, but never in nature absolutely alone.

There are, of course, many questions connected with this subject which readily occur to the reader, but which are not so easily solved ; for most of them either require the most minute and careful search for slight anatomical differences between the two sides of the body, or involve an immense amount of statistical information upon the habits of men and animals, with a careful discrimination between those which are merely acquired, and thus exist in any given number of individuals in pretty equal proportions, and those which, being universal or nearly so, must be regarded as connected with some structural peculiarities, even when they cannot be detected in any other way.

The six propositions already advanced may not appear demonstrated, and perhaps the writer ought only to hope that the facts and ideas here given may incite others to further investigations upon this interesting topic.

* Divine Love and Wisdom, Parag. 384.

† Arcana Cœlestia, Par. 3883, 4652.

M Y T R I U M P H.

THE autumn-time has come;
On woods that dream of bloom,
And over purpling vines,
The low sun fainter shines.

The aster-flower is failing,
The hazel's gold is paling;
Yet overhead more near
The eternal stars appear!

And present gratitude
Insures the future's good,
And for the things I see
I trust the things to be;

That in the paths untrod,
And the long days of God,
My feet shall still be led,
My heart be comforted.

O living friends who love me!
O dear ones gone above me!
Careless of other fame,
I leave to you my name.

Hide it from idle praises,
Save it from evil phrases:
Why, when dear lips that spake it
Are dumb, should strangers wake it?

Let the thick curtain fall;
I better know than all
How little I have gained,
How vast the unattained.

Not by the page word-painted
Let life be banned or sainted:
Deeper than written scroll
The colors of the soul.

Sweeter than any sung
My songs that found no tongue;
Nobler than any fact
My wish that failed of act.

Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong, —
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day,
So the right word be said
And life the sweeter made?

Hail to the coming singers!
Hail to the brave light-bringers!
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare.

The airs of heaven blow o'er me;
A glory shines before me
Of what mankind shall be, —
Pure, generous, brave, and free.

A dream of man and woman
Diviner but still human,
Solving the riddle old,
Shaping the Age of Gold!

The love of God and neighbor;
An equal-handed labor;
The richer life, where beauty
Walks hand in hand with duty.

Ring, bells in unrequited steeples,
The joy of unborn peoples!
Sound, trumpets far off blown,
Your triumph is my own!

Parcel and part of all,
I keep the festival,
Fore-reach the good to be,
And share the victory.

I feel the earth move sunward,
I join the great march onward,
And take, by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving

THE GODS OF WO LEE.

WO LEE has many gods, and, after a strange fashion, his life is largely a life of worship. Some of his gods are creatures of wrath and hot blood and vindictiveness; for these he makes great show of respect, and to them he offers much incense and many prayers. Others are noted for their love and mercy and kindness; with these he gets along easily, and they readily forgive or overlook his worst misdeeds and saddest shortcomings. The good spirits don't like to harm a man; and, therefore, if worship is inconvenient or burdensome, one may somewhat omit or neglect his service to them: the bad spirits are looking out for chances against men; and therefore, and at whatever of cost or hazard, they must be supplicated and kept in good humor by presents and attentions. This, in brief, is about the sum of what one hears in San Francisco as to the religion of the Chinese. That Lee is devout in his way, that he spends much time in the ceremonies of worship, that his religion curiously enters into the warp and woof of his daily life,—this is soon seen by every careful observer. I am not certain that the American mind can either apprehend or comprehend Chinese religion or Chinese theology. The more I inquired into their religious system,—if indeed they have a system,—the more I found it full of riddles and intricacies and contradictions. The traveller may write of forms and ceremonies from the outside, but we shall know little of their meaning and significance till some one writes of them fully from the inside.

Kwan Tae is the god of war, and his images are numerous in the Chinese Quarter of every city or town on the Pacific slope. One of the puzzles of the Chinaman is, that though peaceable and inoffensive to a remarkable degree,

he dearly loves the show and noise and bustle of conflict. The banners and implements of war abound in his temples, and the principal feature of the plays at his theatres is a terrific contest in which actors are wounded and slaughtered by wholesale. Looked at in one light, it did not seem strange to find Kwan Tae so popular among Wo Lee and his kinsfolk; the laws of California do not recognize their rights, and if I were a Chinaman I think I should assiduously cultivate the favor and protection of this mighty god of war. He is the first of the Chinese gods with whom most Eastern visitors to the Golden Gate make personal acquaintance. He is the patron of Ning Yung, one of the Six Companies, and has a temple on Broadway wholly to himself. This is easy of access from any of the hotels, and is the Joss-house to which strangers are generally taken or directed.

On one of my visits there I had for company a very intelligent Chinese gentleman, and during the afternoon he told me the story of this divinity. Kwan Tae lived about sixteen hundred years ago. In the early part of his life he was a soldier, and won high renown for vigor in the field and success in battle. Other men frequently had bad luck, but he mostly had good luck; other men sometimes suffered defeat, but he generally gained victories. He was a person of great individual prowess, and not "Go!" but "Come!" was his usual word of command. He was, withal, kind and merciful, as well as valorous, and overcame enemies by deeds of manly love no less than by deeds of martial might. The wars being over, he resigned his position in the army. The Emperor counted him among his friends and relatives, and offered him some honorable station in the civil service; but Kwan Tae declined this,

joined the order of Devoted Brothers, and gave himself to works of religious benevolence. The qualities of mind and heart that had made him so notable a figure in the army soon advanced him to a leader's place in the charitable Brotherhood, and for many years he was one of the foremost men in the empire in labors for the relief of the sick and needy and suffering. But war came again, and with it a long train of disasters to the reigning sovereign. Kwan Tae kept aloof for many months, but finally, moved alike by duty and desire, offered his services, and was put in command of a large army. His old luck still prevailed, and where he went there also went victory, so that he became everywhere known and respected as a great soldier and chieftain. It was his fortune at length to meet the forces directly under the head of the rebellious movement, and him he routed as he had before routed inferior officers and smaller armies. War once more ended, Kwan Tae retired to his home to resume the badge of the Brotherhood and live out his days in quiet and honor. There came to him one day a man ragged and wounded, and in the last extremity of illness and distress. He did not know the Brother, but was recognized by him as the leader of the late revolt, for whom the police of the Emperor were in anxious search. Kwan Tae was at first minded to seize and surrender him, but chose rather to take him in and feed him, and clothe him, and nurse him, and bind up his wounds, and set him on his feet, and secrete money in his purse, and send him on his way rejoicing. Then he put his house in order, presented himself to the Emperor, told the story of what he had done, adjudged himself guilty of treason, and cheerfully submitted to instant death. And for more than a thousand years he has been the Chinese god of war. Seen at the Broadway temple, he sits on a high dais, under a silken and golden canopy, with scymitar and battle-axe near, and has a red face, great black eyes, high fore-

head, and long black mustache,—on the whole, not a bad looking god, as Chinese gods average.

The gods are numerous as the wants of man. In my inquiries I heard of these: the god of general defence; the god of water; the god of fire; the god of wealth; the god of trouble; the god of rain; the god of the evil eye; the god of the earth; the god of wisdom; the god of the forests; the god of long life; the god of the bad heart; the god of medicine; sixty gods for the sixty years of the grand cycle; the goddess of child-bearing; the goddess of navigation; the goddess of mercy, who is also the goddess of children, and sometimes has the form of a man; the queen of heaven; and the queen of the underworld, who seems to be one with the god of the bad heart. Probably there are many other gods and goddesses, but this list was quite as large as I could well manage in one tour of investigation.

Each of the gods has a history, though I heard of no other one so interesting as that of Kwan Tae. The god of medicine is Kwa Toi: he was a great scholar, two thousand years ago, who had a marvellous art of healing, and went about among the poorer classes. On one occasion a sick peasant, to whom he had given the wrong remedy, died of his treatment; whereupon Kwa Toi, as an act of expiation, and to teach other doctors carefulness, said his prayers and then killed himself. Kwan Yin is the goddess of mercy: she was a nice young woman who ran away from home to avoid a disagreeable marriage, took refuge in the house of a religious sisterhood, was there nursed and protected, and had such efficacy in prayer that everybody escaped when the building was burned by her enraged father. Raised after her death to the dignity of a goddess, she was, when I saw her, a damsel with bare feet, a pensive face, and a babe in her arms. My Chinese friend said that she is carried in processions at the feast of All-souls, and looks after spirits in the other world who are neglect-

ed by friends in this. The earthly lives of several other gods were given me, but the stories of their conflicts and victories do not appear to be worth repeating.

The Chinese in California have no regular day for religious services. Our Sabbath they observe as a general holiday: then the barbers and the market-men and the opium-dealers and the eating-houses do a driving business; and if the day be fair, the stranger in the Quarter will have a view of joyous and careless and exuberant life that he cannot soon forget. There are festivals for one or another of the gods on nearly a third of the days in the year, but only a few of them require universal observance on the part of the people. The temples are open continually, and can be engaged for the day or the hour by any one wishing service. There are no priests or public teachers, but the gods are severally waited on by a number of attendants.

The decorations of the temples are unique and not easy to describe. The image is generally in a niche or recess, on a platform about four feet high. The altar is like a large and heavy table; over it is the sacred fire,—a lamp kept forever burning; on it are tall, slender candlesticks, with copper vessels in which incense and offerings are burned. On each side of the room is the row of "eight holy emblems,"—staves six or seven feet long, with a fan or an axe or a knife at the upper end. In one of the rear corners is a bell or a gong, with which the attention of the god may be attracted. There are numerous tablets fastened to the walls and ceilings, made of wood, four or five feet long by fifteen or twenty inches wide, mostly red or yellow in color, covered with Chinese letters which may be sentences of thanks or praise, or lines from some of the classics. In one temple is a stove, wherein are burned pictures of whatever one would like to send to the dead. Banners of strange device greatly abound. There are rich vases for flowers; bronze lions or dragons to watch by the god; mats

for kneeling worshippers; rolls of prayers printed on yellow paper; chandeliers glittering with cut glass; canopies and curtains of gorgeous silk; the god's great seal of authority; cloths with fantastic birds worked in gold thread; slabs of bronze, with hundreds of small human figures in bass-relief; carvings of wood that no white man can understand; scrolls with notices and injunctions to visitors; cups in which divining-slips are kept; bundles of incense-sticks like pipe-stems for size; fragrant sandal-wood tapers, and through the room a languid odor of foreign lands. The worshipper brings in his offering of rice or fruits or dressed chicken, places it on the altar, lights the tapers and his incense of some strongly scented mixture, and then drops on his knees and inaudibly recites his prayers while the attendant strikes half a dozen blows on the bell or gong. As he did so at my first visit, I thought of Elijah and the prophets of Baal: "Cry aloud; either he is talking, or he is on a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked."

Wo Lee worships in his own way and at his own pleasure such of the gods as he chooses to adore. If he is in bad luck, he goes to the temple and prays for good luck; if his business prospers, he goes there and renders thanks; he asks for guidance in new undertakings; he makes prayers for the recovery of friends from illness; he brings offerings for a safe journey to his old home; he puts up a tablet of praise when he arrives from ship-board; he burns incense on the death of his children; he seeks counsel from the gods when he is in distress; he presents wine and fruits after escape from calamity; he bows down and implores help against his enemies; he beats his head on the floor before Kwan Tae when the courts refuse him protection. He ascribes frowns and favors, troubles and blessings, joys and sorrows, to the higher powers; and his whole round of yearly life is inter-fused with the forms and dignities and ceremonials of religion. His faith may

be cold to our hearts, and his pomps frivolous or blasphemous in our eyes ; but in such light as he has he walks, with ready and sincere acknowledgment of human dependence on superhuman aid and mercy. His precepts are moral and kindly precepts ; the adornment of his house is a salutation of good-will ; he respects old age, and keeps green the memory of the wise fathers ; the lessons of his youth taught him to look upward, and in his mature years he does not forget this teaching. Such we shall find him to be when we really begin the work of trying to Christianize him, — a man of great faith in superior intelligence, but almost immovable in devotion to many gods whereto he can give visible form and body ; of high reverence for powers and abilities greater than those of earth, but materialistic in all his conceptions, and blind to our ideas of Christ and the Father.

He is a great believer in spirits, particularly in those with an evil disposition. His upper-world is peopled by gods, and his under-world by multitudes of devils. Numbers of his kinsfolk are professional devil-killers, and their services are often in demand to rid houses of these unwelcome visitors. During my stay in California a dwelling at Sacramento became infested, and thereby ensued a high commotion in the Chinese Quarter. The exorcist or devil-killer was summoned, and four or five hours of hard work slew or drove out the evil spirits. He burned incense before the family or household god, and fervently repeated many and diverse prayers ; he mouthed numerous curses, wrote them with red ink on yellow paper, burned them on a porcelain plate, and stirred the ashes into a cup of water. He filled his mouth with this holy water, took a stout sword in one hand, and in the other held an engraved bit of wood weighty with virtue for the overthrow of demons. Then he stamped up and down the rooms in a vigorous manner, thrusting and brandishing his sword, holding aloft his magic wand, spurring water from

his mouth in every direction, commanding the devils in his loudest voice to depart, yelling and howling and cursing and fighting, till the police hustled through the awed and excited crowd, swooped down on the magician, decided straightway that the devils were all in him, and so carried him, panting and exhausted, to the watch-house, there to meditate on the ways of the 'Melican man, and renew himself for further fearful encounters with the evil spirits that vex the good Chinaman's peace and happiness.

My Oriental friend's religion has a considerable element of superstition. His almanac is filled with lucky and unlucky days. He sees signs and omens in everything. The gods give him a convenient excuse whenever he wants to break an engagement or evade a disagreeable duty. He has ivory pieces and silver rings and sandal-wood blocks for charms. He carries coins and bones in his pockets or tied by a string round his neck as guards against evil influences. He finds token of bad luck or good luck in the most common occurrences of every-day life. He is frightened at the appearance of certain birds, and rejoiced by an easterly wind on one particular day and a southerly breeze on another particular day. There is disaster in clouds of a peculiar form and color, and promise of good in the crackling of a fire or the flaming of a lamp. Calamity is hidden on every hand, and the gods or devils must continually be propitiated.

Events are forecast by lottery, and decided by divination. In the temple of Kwan Tae one afternoon I was anxious to know my chance for a safe journey homeward over the Pacific Railroad. I took up the cup of spiritual sticks, shook it well, and then drew out one of them ; it was numbered, and the attendant turned to the corresponding number in his big yellow-leaved book of fortune and gave me this answer : "The gods prosper the man of upright ways." It was impossible to evade my fate, and I came home without accident of any kind. Sun King said I

could have my life mapped out for a year by going to one of the fortune-tellers and passing in the date of my birth and a lock of my hair. There was a cellar down in Jackson Street where a fee of five dollars would give me an interview with the shade of Miles Standish or Cotton Mather; and three doors nearer to Dupont Street was a man who could write me a correct history of my doings ten years backward or twenty years forward, and in commiseration for my inferiority of race would do it for nothing too! I saw an astrologer of long beard and sinister face, for whom it was vouched that he could compel the stars to tell the date of any coming event; and my friend said that before deciding on the proposal to go into partnership with me as a dealer in tea and rice, he must consult the gods on three successive days.

One of my miscellaneous acquaintances was a doctor, Kim Woon by name, office in Sacramento Street. He was a neatly built fellow, forty or forty-five years of age, who looked as if he could, if he would, a tale unfold of hidden and mysterious things. He invited me into his office one pleasant morning, and the room was so dingy and sombre and sepulchral that all the joy and delight of life at once went out of my heart. It was hard work to keep from being sick on the spot. The den was eight or ten feet square, with a shelf of a dozen books in one corner, a table and two or three stools, a collection of drugs and leaves and grasses on an upturned box, and a faded window-curtain that shut out three fourths of the sweet sunlight. If I were a Chinaman and had come for consultation, he said, he would feel of my several pulses, look at my tongue, retire to his inner room, locate my disease, give me medicine, and regulate my diet. I learned, on further inquiry, that he had a remedy for every possible ailment, that his specialty was diseases of the head, that in many cases he sought advice from the gods, that for the benefit of liberal customers he sometimes made

offerings at the temple, that the duration of sickness often depended upon the will and power of evil spirits, that he could occasionally conjure away a symptom not to be reached by medicine, and that a man has need to be careful how he offends the gods, because diseases are frequently the result of their vengeance. After this statement of the peril in which we ever live, I found it more agreeable to talk with Kim Woon in front of his office on the sidewalk.

He and his fellow-doctors don't know much about medicine as a science. Of anatomy they have little knowledge, and of the circulation of the blood they are wholly ignorant. If one of them were to treat me for a felon, he would probably give me one thing to act on the swollen finger, and another to drive the first down through my arm to the seat of disease. They use many herbs and roots and grasses and metallic preparations, and all in such quantities that one wonders how a man can live long after coming into the physician's hands. Some of their remedies are as unique as their methods of practice. Such things as bugs, snails, worms, snakes, dog's blood, crushed bones, ashes of burned teeth, the claws of cats, the hoofs of horses, hair from a cow's tail, entrails of various animals, skin from the feet of fowls, parings of the toe-nails, and a hundred others that could hardly be named here, are in constant demand and thought to be of great virtue. The doctors have a theory that, while some diseases must be driven out, others may better be coaxed out. They curiously mix religion and medicine, talk about good luck and bad luck, speak of the ill-will of the gods and the influence of wicked spirits, and for the most part seemed to me to hold their places by practising on the credulity or superstition of their patients. The intelligent and cultivated class of Chinese discard their own doctors entirely, and in case of serious illness invariably call an American physician.

When a Chinaman dies, his body is

at once placed on the ground or floor, so that his several distinct souls may have an opportunity to withdraw and enter upon their new stage of transmigration. It is then covered with a white cloth,—white, and not black, being the Chinese color of mourning,—and large quantities of provisions are set near for the refreshment of the dead man's spirit and other spirits supposed to be waiting to conduct it away. The undertaker told me that the cries and howls of the real and hired mourners at this stage of the burial ceremonies are most doleful; he had been present on many occasions, but even yet felt some nervousness when brought into the mourning-room. One thing a Chinaman must have if possible,—a strong and elegant coffin. Frequently at the funerals there is a great beating of gongs and shooting of fire-crackers; this is to keep off bad spirits, and remind the gods that another soul has departed, and will need attention in the upper-world. Scraps of paper representing money are scattered about the house and along the road to the cemetery: these are propitiatory offerings to the gods of evil disposition for permission to bury the dead in peace and safety. Clothing of various kinds is put into the coffin, as are also at times cups or small baskets of rice and fruits for the soul's long journey. At the grave there are further supplies of food and drink, and things which it is supposed the spirit may want are burned in flames kindled with holy fire from the temple.

The officers of the Six Companies report that about eleven thousand of their countrymen have died in the United States, and that over six thousand bodies have already been sent back to China for final burial, while many more would be forwarded this winter and spring, prior to the great feast for the dead. Two of us had some talk with an educated Chinaman about this custom of sending home the remains of those who die here. It appears to rest on the belief that spirits constantly need earthly care and attention; that

they love the body and forever remain near it; and are likely to be forgotten or overlooked if that is left in a strange land, among people not holding the Chinese view of the relation between the dead and the living. The Chinaman wishes, therefore, to be buried among his friends and ancestors, and religion and sentiment alike lead him to make provision for his body after death as well as before death. It is not necessary that the fleshy integument shall mingle with the soil of home, and, as a fact, in most cases only the bones of persons are removed to the ancestral grounds. Many men enter into arrangements with their Company or associates as soon as they arrive here for the return of their bodies, and obligations of this kind are held to be as sacred as any that one can assume. In the earlier days of the immigration, provision for final burial at home was made by everybody; but a change of doctrine is taking place, and now one finds a considerable number of persons who are content to have their bodies and those of their relatives rest in America forever. The work of removal will go on for years, but the belief in its religious necessity is likely to disappear when our laws and customs permit the Chinaman to establish his permanent home under the stars and stripes.

The great religious festival of the Chinese year is that of Feeding the Dead. It is a movable feast, but always occurs in the spring, and generally near the end of our month of March. On that day the whole Chinese population of the Pacific slope suspends work. Then, as Wo Lee devoutly believes, the gates of the other world are set wide open, so that spirits of every age and condition may revisit the earth and enjoy the society of friends still in the body. Then the incense of thanksgiving is burned, and flowers tenderly and profusely laid upon every grave. Then tapers are lit at the tombs with fire from the temples, prayers of joy and penitence are offered to all the gods, while flame and

smoke pass over to the spirits great quantities of things thought essential to perfect happiness in other spheres. Then the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco is temporarily transferred to the hills of the suburbs, and all classes go to the cemeteries with baskets and boxes and carts and wagons full of meats and fruits and wines. The observance of the day has its comic side, to be sure, as many other strange customs have; but Americans capable of looking at the ceremonies in a catholic spirit speak of them as being extremely touching and beautiful.

The social festivals are numerous, but, so far as I learned, not more than four or five of them are universally observed. These are New-Year's, the harvest moon, All-souls-day, the feast of lanterns, and the winter solstice. New-Year's is the great festival. It occurs near the end of our month of January, — this year on the 30th, and last year on the 10th of February. Then all business matters are adjusted, all accounts settled, quarrels reconciled, feuds healed; as far as possible the old must be finished ere the new is begun. Prayers are made in private and at the temples, offerings of food and drink are presented to the gods, incense is burned before the shrines of the dead, fire-crackers are exploded by the wagon-load, the red of joy is everywhere displayed, and tea and wines and fruits and sweetmeats are set out in profusion for all visitors. The feast of the harvest moon is more generally kept in the country and the villages than in San Francisco; it lasts two or three days, brings business to the astrologers, much gathering of persons out of doors, many civilities to strangers, thank-offerings to the gods, great slaughter of pigs and chickens, and is in some respects not unlike our Thanksgiving day. The feast of All-souls is for the special benefit of spirits who have no living friends, and were not, therefore, provided for in the grand religious festival of March or April. It usually falls in the month of August. There is a procession in which

images of certain gods are carried, and a generous display in the streets and on the balconies of houses of food and clothing and such other things as are either left at graves or burned in cemeteries at the annual Feeding of the Dead. On this as well as on all other occasions when meats are offered, what is not eaten by the gods or spirits may be put into the family larder for home consumption. It is useless trying to corner a Chinaman by asking if he believes that the spirits can eat and drink: he answers that there is more in the leg of a fowl than human eyes can see or human palates taste, and that his duty is at least done in cooking and presenting the best of what he has for the support of existence.

When Wo Lee comes to dwell with us, we shall have to consider his religious views and his festal customs, but his desire for amusement will hardly give us either trouble or serious inconvenience. After a quaint fashion he greatly enjoys his holidays, but he is altogether too grave a man for anything like national sport. His ear for the concord of sweet sounds is so utterly unlike ours, that we may properly doubt if he has any ear at all. There are singing women in his gambling-shops, but he rarely concerns himself with the question whether their warbling is good or bad. He drops into his theatre occasionally, sits patiently through the long play, and then walks off with the air of one who has killed time rather than found delight. He is a social fellow, and somewhat given to going in crowds, but mostly chooses the mild excitement of a quiet chat over a pot of weak tea, or with a good pipe and plenty of tobacco. If he opens a place of amusement in Boston or New York, we may visit it sometimes to see his neat and curious jugglery, but if those at San Francisco are to be taken as a model, two or three evenings a year of his regular theatrical performances will be about as much as any of us can endure.

He is a tireless and an inveterate gambler; and when he comes Eastward

the gambling-shop and its sphinx-faced manager will also come. A white man finds it difficult to get into the San Francisco establishments. One is much like all the others, — a small entry on the street, in which sits the watchman, a door from that into a hall, and another door from the hall into the house. This is a room with bare floor and low ceiling, a narrow counter at the rear for the manager or book-keeper, and behind him a bit of a platform whereon lounge the two or three women who furnish the music of the evening or afternoon. Whenever I stopped at the street door as if about to enter, the guard came forward with forbidding gestures, and "Go way-ee; you not come-ee here; go way-ee." I tried it a dozen times, and always with the same result; he would not allow me to even look into the hall, fearing, as I afterward discovered, that I might be a spy from police head-quarters. I went where I pleased while in the interior towns, and finally accomplished my desire in San Francisco by persuading a well-known Chinese gentleman to introduce me and vouch for my character. Wo Lee bets often, but not high; he stakes his last piece of money on the chance of doubling it or going supperless; he often consults the fortune-tellers for luck, and even goes to the temple and tries to find out the winning numbers by aid of the spiritual slips.

Chinese gambling has about as much interest for a looker-on as the odd-or-even game of school-boys; in fact, it is little more than a variation of that famous game of our childhood. The gamblers sit or stand around a table covered with matting or oil-cloth, on which a black square is plainly marked. In one or two houses there was a small sheet of lead or zinc in place of this painted square. The banker sits behind the table, with gold and silver in a drawer, and on the matting a heap of *cash*, — a brassy coin of small value, in size like our twenty-five cent piece, having a square hole in the centre. From this heap the banker takes a

handful, lays it on the square, and partly or wholly covers it with a brass or pewter bowl. The players simply bet whether this pile under the bowl will count out odd or even on fours. One lays his money down on whichever side of the square he chooses, and the dealer, with a pointed stick, eighteen or twenty inches long, rapidly counts the *cash*, drawing toward himself four coins, then four more, and so on until the last four have been drawn out. If the count is even, each player receives four times the amount of his stakes; if three coins remain, the one whose money lies on the third side of the square gets three times his bet, and the bank takes what lies on the other three sides; and if two only remain, the second side wins double and the others lose, — the winner always paying the bank a small percentage of what he has gained by way of commission. This is all there is of the game, and I heard of no other game played by the Chinese in any of the shops.

That the Chinese are much given to the smoking of opium everybody well understands. In the stores of the Quarter at San Francisco and elsewhere, jars of opium are displayed as jars of snuff are in the stores of the Southern States. There are smoking-dens just as there are gambling-dens and barbers' shops, though my efforts to get into one were not successful. The Chinese of San Francisco pay duty on near thirty thousand pounds of the drug yearly, and probably manage to smuggle in half as much more without paying the duty. The shrewdness of the custom-house officials is taxed to the utmost to detect the tricks of smugglers, and some of those that have been exposed showed a wonderful knack for disguising the precious commodity. Thus in one case a box of common medicinal roots proved to be worth thousands of dollars; it was opium, drawn or moulded into roots or fibres, then dried and colored and scented. I asked a young man who did me many services if he had ever smoked opium; he resented the inquiry as a

well-bred American lad would resent the question whether he was in the habit of getting drunk. He and many other Chinamen told me that opium-smoking was disreputable; that it was not pleasant to the gods; and that habitual or intemperate smokers are not admitted into the best circles of their people. Numbers of leading merchants seemed anxious to impress this fact upon my attention, that the custom does not prevail among the refined classes, but is deplored and condemned as strongly by them as by Americans.

This is something fine to say of a nation, — every man can read and write his own language. And of the Chinese on our Western shore this can almost be said. Yet they are heathens and we are Christians! It will not hurt us to recall this fact, when we feel over-much inclined to boast of our superior civilization. The Chinese have nearly made education universal: we have not. "Learn, learn, — learn all you can," said Lee Kan, in a little speech to some Sunday-school children; "knowledge and virtue go together, and no people can have too much of either." These are the words of one who appreciates the day and generation in which he lives; and they speak the sentiment of his people, too. The Chinese children of San Francisco are all instructed in private schools: education is regarded as a solemn religious obligation, for "the gods will not smile upon a people that neglects its children." Have we anything of doctrine higher than that?

The Chinese Sunday schools are not specially schools of religious instruction. The largest one in San Francisco has been in operation something over a year, and has on its books the names of about one hundred and fifty teachers and six hundred pupils. It could not be kept up a month if the Bible and the catechism were put forward as books for study. The lessons taught are in reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, and such other branches as are common to ordinary week-day schools. The Chinese do

not take kindly to our religious views, and the children would at once be withdrawn if we declined offering them instruction in anything else. The practical bearing of the Sermon on the Mount they understand and appreciate; but as for our theology, it is a riddle they do not care to unravel. At one of the schools I heard the familiar song "We'll gather at the River," and at another the old hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." These schools are doing a good work, undoubtedly, but their Christianizing influence is only of an indirect character.

It is idle to fancy that the immigration from China is to result in the immediate conversion of many. The present generation will stick to its own faith, and so will the greater part of the next generation. The Chinese religion was old long ere Christ came, and we have not yet done much to commend his Gospel to this serious, reflective, high-spirited people. They judge us, and have a right to judge us, by what their experience on the Pacific has taught them; and it will take many years of patient work to disabuse them of the impressions they have formed in their struggle there. It will be an advantage if we fully comprehend this before they plant their feet on these Eastern shores.

And that they are coming here I do not in the least doubt. I cannot clearly see, as I have already said, what change in the national mind led to the emigration to California; but having conquered the right to live there, I am sure that neither the mountains nor the wide plains will stay them from coming hither. They are quiet and patient, but they are also very persistent and remarkably self-poised. The Governor of California may recommend measures to prevent their immigration, and his Legislature may gravely discuss propositions to tax them out of existence, and the inhabitants of that State and its neighbors may treat them never so shamefully: all this is as futile and foolish as an anathema against the wind or the sunshine. They are not going

back to China; on the contrary, they will bring their wives and children and household gods and strange customs to the Golden Gate, — there, and through California, and over the Sierras, and across the desert, and along the railway, to our farms and workshops and manufactories. Seeing this, as every thoughtful man spending two months in California will see it, I have deemed it well to indicate certain of their chief habits and peculiarities wherewith we ourselves shall be called upon to deal at a time not many years distant.

The article in this magazine for December, 1869, sufficiently proved their capacity for varied labor. Three fourths or more of those now in our country are of the so-called peasant class. In many trades requiring delicate and careful workmanship they are superior; in every branch of what is properly called handicraft they easily take position in the foremost ranks. If they lack swiftness, they have large perseverance. If they want knowledge, they have aptness in learning. If they show little creative or inventive power, they are a daily study and wonder of imitateness. Make it clear to them how you want a thing done, and your thing is done in that way till you teach them another. Of the powers and capacities of the refined and educated classes we have not yet had any great means for judging. The few in California are liberal and catholic and upright and public-spirited. They have talent for organization and business enterprise, and the promise of what they have done is one of hopefulness and encouragement.

I do not fully share the current notion that Mr. Wo Lee is the Perfect Servant for whose appearance our households have prayed with such fervency. Remembering Bridget's tyranny and worthlessness, I made many inquiries as to his fitness for her kingdom. He is no more a natural cook than he is a natural gold-digger. He is willing to work in any station, and therefore accommodates himself to the service of the kitchen and dining-room.

He can readily do almost anything that may be done with an intelligent use of the hand, and in a comparatively short time, under good instruction, make a skilful cook. He is rarely insolent or domineering, never imagines himself the owner of the house in which he is engaged, and applies himself steadily and faithfully to the business of the hour. He is generally neat enough in his person, but not always so in his surroundings, and has an unsavory habit of mixing truth and falsehood. He is attentive to his duties and careful with crockery and furniture, but his ideas of *mine* and *thine* with respect to small things are not quite so clear as they should be in a servant. He is easily seduced from his allegiance by an offer of higher wages, and somewhat subject to sudden and unexpected conclusions that service at the other end of town is preferable. He does not hold high and secret carousal in the basement, but he is a night-bird, and must often go out in the evening to see his friends. He is neither quarrelsome nor prone to anger, but when once inflamed his passion is malicious and destructive. He neither storms nor threatens, but at times his ways are far from being ways of pleasantness. The worst trait he has yet developed is that of inability to recognize the binding force of a contract. Unless special reasons exist for attachment to the family, there is never any certainty that he will remain till the great party or dinner is over. And when he gets ready to go he goes. The mistress may complain or remonstrate as she will; he listens in silence, proffers no apology or explanation, and then walks away, serene and immovable, with little regard for his bargain or her convenience. He is much better "help" than Bridget ever was, but even he is not the Perfect Servant.

This peasant class adapts itself with cheerful facility to our methods of labor; on that head their presence will bring us no difficulty but such as patience and firmness can overcome. It will work for less wages than we now pay whites, and its expense for food

and clothing will be considerably smaller. It has trades' unions of its own, but has never yet indulged in strikes or combinations against capital. Whether it will develop anything of creative power is to be determined; but, as already indicated, it has surpassing tact and skill in every kind of handicraft.

The higher class is quite a force in the business circles of San Francisco. The value of goods brought to that port last year from China and Japan was three and a quarter millions of dollars, and the records of the Custom-House show that at least two thirds of the duties on this importation were paid by Chinese merchants. The rice import was thirty million pounds, and nearly the whole of it was on their orders. The tea import was two million three hundred thousand pounds, and they paid the duties on but little less than half of it. One of the largest business branches of business in the city is that of making cigars; it is mostly managed and carried on by Chinese, and gives employment to about three thousand persons. The internal revenue officers told me that they have little trouble in collecting taxes from this class; they are generally honest in making returns and prompt in paying their dues. On 'Change, the word of nearly all the Chinese mercantile houses is as good as that of American houses; and I was assured, indeed, by a number of authorities, that the commercial honor of the Quarter is really very high.

The Quarter, quick to fall in with our ways of work, is slow to accept our beliefs and ways of thought. To our aggression it opposes passiveness like fate in its fixedness. On questions of morality the upper class is with us, even when the lower class is somewhat against us in practice; but as soon as we leave mere morals and touch religion, the whole body of the people is in the opposition. Coming over here

they will bring Joss and his temple, Kwan Tae, and Kwa Toi, and Kwan Yin, and the other gods and goddesses, and all the religious and semi-religious festival days. I have purposely given much space to a statement of their peculiar views and customs. We shall have to accept the Chinese, and with them these customs; there is no such thing as avoiding this conclusion.

But this strange people will bring us something, too, that is very good and wholesome. They are tender to the aged and infirm; they look upon home as a sacred institution; they inculcate the highest regard for parents; they are courteous by instinct as well as by teaching; they venerate the wise and upright among their ancestors; they respect law and order and authority at all times; they abstain from intoxicating liquors, and lead lives of quietness and thoughtfulness; and from their sentiment toward the dead grow sweet flowers in the heart. We are prodigal and wasteful; they are frugal and economical. We nurture a genius for quick results, and pay the penalty of many failures; they have learned to strive for sure results, and success rarely escapes their grasp. We are eager and changeable; they are steady and well balanced. We continually reach out for the new and strange; they abide by the old, and are cheerful in routine. We aspire, and are nervous with longings; they are not ashamed to do well whatever they find to do. They honor good government; they believe that integrity alone is worthy of station; they hold that promotion should rest on capacity and faithfulness; they have swift methods of dealing with official rascals and speculators; they are not impatient of the slow processes of the years, but know how to labor in faith and wait in contentment; if they are not progressive, they have at least conquered the secret of national and individual steadfastness.

THE BLUE-JAY FAMILY.

IN an intellectual point of view, the whole family to which our common and familiar Blue Jay belongs are unsurpassed by any of the feathered tribe. The study of their habits is full of interest, and affords evidences of sagacity, forethought, and a conformity to circumstances wonderfully like the results of reason rather than the blind promptings of a mere instinct. These peculiarities are confined to no one species, but are common to the entire family, so far as they have fallen under the observation of naturalists. The habits of our own Blue Jay and those of the common Jay of Europe—the two best known of any of the race—are so nearly identical, that, except in their places of residence, the history of the one might almost serve for that of the other. When first observed in wild and unexplored sections of this country, the Jay is shy and suspicious of man. Yet, curious to a remarkable degree, he follows the intruder on his privacy, watches his movements, and hovers about his steps with great pertinacity, keeping at a respectful distance, even before he can have had occasion to dread weapons of destruction. This has been noticed in regard to all our American Jays, of which there are eleven varieties. Upon their first introduction to man their cautious study of the stranger has been described as something quite remarkable. Afterwards, on becoming better acquainted, the Jay conforms his conduct to the treatment he receives. Here in New England, where he is hunted in wanton sport, sought for on account of his brilliant plumage, and persecuted generally because of his bad reputation, he is shy and wary, and avoids as much as possible all human society. In the Western States, where he is comparatively exempt from persecution, as well as in certain other portions of the country where he is unmolested, we find the

Jay as confiding and familiar even as the common Robin. Mr. J. A. Allen recently found these birds “common in the groves of Iowa, and nearly as unsuspicious as the Black-capped Titmouse.” Afterwards, in Illinois, he found the Jay “very abundant and half domestic.” This result is due, at least in part, to “the kind treatment it receives from the farmers, who not only do not molest it, but are pleased with its presence.” In Indiana the same remarkable familiarity was noticed. The Jays were abundant, and so unsuspicious that the nest of a pair was noticed in a bunch of lilacs under a window, on one of the principal streets of Richmond. And the writer remembers to have seen the nest of the Blue Jay filled with young birds on the grounds of the late Mr. Audubon, within the limits of New York City, in July, 1843; and at another time to have found a nest in the borough of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, a few feet from a public street. So great is the difference of habit, induced by persecution on the one hand and kind treatment on the other, in the Jays of Massachusetts and those of the West! No two species could well be more unlike.

The Jay is arboreal in its habits,—more so than any bird of the same order. It prefers the shelter and security of thick covers to more open ground. It is omnivorous, eating either animal or vegetable food, though not without an apparent preference for the former, feeding upon insects, their eggs and larvæ, and worms wherever procurable, and laying up large stores of acorns and beech-mast for winter provisions, when insects are no longer procurable. All our writers agree in charging the Blue Jay with a strong propensity to destroy the eggs and young of the smaller birds, and declare that it even pursues, kills, and devours the full-grown birds. While we are not

able to verify these charges from our own observations, they seem to be too generally conceded for us to dispute their correctness. Admitting, then, their justice, they are the chief if not the only ground of complaint which exists against the Jays. Their depredations upon the garden and the corn-fields are too trivial to be mentioned.

Their destruction of other birds, and their alleged misdeeds in this connection, have given the Jays a bad name, and have made them objects of dislike and persecution both with man and with the more courageous of the feathered tribes, especially the King-birds, the Wrens, and the Robins. Their noisy, loquacious habits are often very annoying to the sportsman, whom they follow in his excursions, warning off his game. They are therefore no favorites with the hunter, and generally receive no mercy at his hands.

The Jay is one of our most conspicuous musicians, exhibiting a variety in his notes, and occasionally a beauty and a harmony in his song, for which very few give him due credit. Wilson, generally a very accurate observer, compares his position among our feathered songsters to that of the trumpeter in a band. His notes he varies at will to an almost infinite extent, now screaming with all his might, now singing and warbling with the softness of tone and modulation of the Bluebird, and at another time imparting to his voice the grating harshness of a wheel creaking on an ungreased axle.

His power of mimicry is hardly surpassed by that of the Mocking-bird itself. In those parts of the country where the Sparrow-hawk is abundant the Jay delights to imitate its cry, which it does to perfection. At other times the cries of the Red-shouldered and the Red-tailed Hawks are given with such exactness that the smaller birds fly to a covert and the inmates of the poultry-yard are in the greatest alarm. Other sounds the Jay will imitate with equal success, even to the continuous song of a bird. The European Jay has

been known to imitate the neighing of a horse so perfectly as to deceive the most practised ear.

When reared from the nest the Jay becomes very tame, and is perfectly reconciled to confinement. It very soon grows into an amusing pet, learning to imitate the human voice, and almost any other sound it hears. There are several well-attested instances on record in which both our own Blue Jay and the common Jay of Europe have been taught to articulate several words. They have also learned to imitate the bleating of lambs, the mewing of a cat, the hooting of owls, and various other sounds, even to the crowing of a cock and the barking and cries of a house-dog. Wilson gives an account of one that had been brought up in the family of a gentleman in South Carolina, and that had all the loquacity of a parrot. He seemed to delight in pilfering everything he could conveniently carry off, for no other apparent purpose than to hide it. This bird could utter some words with great distinctness, and whenever called would answer to his name with great sociability.

But however interesting the habits of the Blue Jay may appear when examined, however bright and attractive its plumage, however remarkable its sagacity and intelligence, or however entertaining its peculiarities, both in a wild and in a partially domesticated state, this bird does not seem to have been held in very high favor by our ornithological writers. They all dwell, with what appears to us an unfair and unjust emphasis, upon his faults, and refer but very slightly and only incidentally to the good deeds which he is ever performing, but for which he receives so little credit. Recent investigations into the history of the European Jay demonstrate that during the winter months he feeds very largely upon the larvæ and the eggs of the caterpillars, which, when unchecked, commit such fearful ravages among the forests of Europe; and that the value of the property which each year this species aids to save from destruction

may be estimated at millions of dollars. The services rendered by our common Blue Jay, though not generally known, are also of the highest value. Mr. J. A. Allen, in his list of the birds found near Springfield, Massachusetts, mentions finding the eggs of the tent caterpillar in the stomachs of the Blue Jays which he killed during the winter months. Mr. Allen was the first, so far as we are aware, among our writers, to make public this very important fact. Its significance can hardly be overestimated. It shows that our own species have the same highly valuable habits and taste in these respects as the European species, and that there can be no doubt that these birds are constantly rendering very similar services to our own North American forests, for which they receive little or no credit.

Fortunately, however, besides this corroborative testimony of Mr. Allen, we are in possession of evidence of the most conclusive character, furnished us by the ripe experience and the careful observations of one of our best ornithologists, than whom we can desire no better and no higher authority. The venerable Jared P. Kirtland of Cleveland, Ohio, who has enjoyed peculiarly favorable opportunities for studying the habits of our Jays, and who has also well improved them, has furnished us with the most satisfactory and perfectly conclusive evidence that these birds, where they are protected and encouraged, are not only the most available means we have of removing that great pest of the orchard, the tent caterpillar, but that so complete and sweeping can be their extirpation of this nuisance that for miles around a given district not so much as an individual shall be left. What a pregnant commentary do the facts communicated by Dr. Kirtland suggest upon the recent empirical and short-sighted legislation of Massachusetts, where the Blue Jays, in common with the Owls and the Crows,—probably, without any exception, the three most valuable classes of birds to be found within the limit of

the State,—are specially denied protection and virtually outlawed! We shall permit our venerable friend to tell the interesting story of his pets in his own words. The letter from which these extracts are taken is dated "East Rockport, near Cleveland, January 1, 1869."

"THE MISSION OF BIRDS' has been a favorite study of mine nearly seventy years, and loses none of its interest with the advancement of age. Before I knew anything of ornithology as a science, or had access to the first edition of Wilson in 1813-14, I had become familiar with the common names and habits of very many of the birds of Connecticut, and the summer and autumn of 1810, spent in Northern Ohio, furnished me with a starting-point to note the wonderful changes in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, incidental to the conversion of this State from a wilderness into a land of cities, villages, and cultivated farms,—changes as great and numerous as those which mark the transition of one period into another in geological history.

"In the year 1840 I located on my farm bordering on Lake Erie, five miles west of Cleveland. Every apple and wild-cherry tree in the vicinity was then extensively impaired, disfigured, and denuded of its leaves, by the bag-worm (called in New England the tent caterpillar, *Clisiocampa Americana* of Harris), which annually appeared in numerous colonies. The evil was so extensive that even the most thorough farmers ceased, in despair, to attempt its counteraction. At that period I began to set out evergreen-trees of many species extensively, both for the shelter and the ornament of my grounds,—an example soon followed by several of my neighbors. Favorable soil and cultivation rapidly developed stately growths, forest-like, in dense clumps.

"While these were progressing extensive ranges of native hemlocks and pines, bordering the precipitous banks of Rocky River, were as rapidly falling before the axe and cultivation. These

ranges are from two to seven miles west from my locality, and had long been a favorite resort of the Jay, as well as numerous other birds, not to mention quadrupeds and reptiles.

"When my Norway spruces had attained to the height of some ten or twelve feet, I was pleased to find them occupied, one spring, by colonies of these Jays, apparently migrating from the perishing evergreen forests along the river, and during the ensuing winter the new tenants, augmented in numbers, made these incipient forests their places of abode. Each successive year found them still more numerous and exempt from the interruption of their enemies, the red squirrel, blue racer, and idle gunners, all of whom were abundant and destructive in their former resorts. They soon became so familiar as to feed about our yards and corn-cribs.

"At the dawn of every pleasant day, throughout the year, the nesting season excepted, a stranger in my house might well suppose that all the axles in the county were screeching aloud for lubrication, hearing the harsh and discordant utterances of these birds. During the day the poultry might be frequently seen running into their hiding-places, and the gobbler with his upturned eye searching the heavens for the enemy, all excited and alarmed, by the mimic utterances of the adept ventriloquists, the Jays simulating the cries of the Red-shouldered and the Red-tailed Hawks.

"The domestic circle of the barnyard evidently never gained any insight into the deception by experience; for, though the trick was repeated every few hours, the excitement would always be re-enacted.

"During the period of incubation silence reigned, not a note or utterance was heard; and it required close scrutiny to discover the numerous individual Jays concealed in the dense clumps of limbs and foliage. If, however, a stranger, a dog, cat, hawk, or owl, chanced to invade these evergreen groups, the scene rapidly changed.

Such screaming, screeching, and opprobrious scoldings ensued as would lead one to consider Xantippe amiable and reticent in comparison with these birds.

"With my person they became so familiar that I could closely approach them and sit for hours under the shade of these trees, without exciting their fears. A family cemetery occupies a place beneath the evergreens. On one occasion a lady, pensively bent over the grave of a departed friend, strewing flowers, received a smart blow on the head. Alarmed, she arose, expecting to discover some evil-disposed person in the vicinity. Her eye could not ascertain the source of the blow, and she resumed her occupation, when the blow was renewed, and she soon saw her assailant perched on a limb just overhead, threatening to renew the contest. Near by was a female bird, brooding over a nest of young, and angrily watching the intruder.

"The late Dr. Estee of Canton, Ohio, an experienced bird-fancier, while examining my *Javery*, — if you will excuse this coinage, — some years since, informed me that he had pet Jays, and that he found them more ingenious, cunning, and teachable than any other species of birds he had ever attempted to instruct. My own observations, derived from watching my colony for many years, convince me of the correctness of his conclusions.

"Although I rarely read fiction, yet I recollect the long period of time it took Cooper, in 'The Pioneers,' to get his heroine from the top of the hill, which disclosed the view of Templeton, to her father's residence in the village. After the lapse of a period nearly as long, we have at length arrived at the subject-matter of my communication, to wit, *The Insectivorous Habits of the Blue Jay*.

"Soon after they had emigrated to my evergreens, I one day noticed one of the birds engaged in tearing open a nest of the bag-worm on an apple-tree. Thinking the act was a mere destructive impulse, I was about walking away,

when the bird, with its bill apparently filled with several living and contorting larvæ, changed its position to a tree close by where I was standing. After several nervous and angry bows of the head and flirts of the wings, it eyed me sternly and seemed to say, 'You are inquisitive and meddling with that which is none of your business. We are like our secesh friends, wishing to be let alone.' Its next removal was to an adjacent black-spruce-tree, where I could plainly see it distributing the captive bag-worms to sundry open and uplifted mouths.

"From this hint I was led closely to watch the further proceedings of the community. Before the young birds had passed from the care of the parents, most of the worm's nests had been broken into, many were torn into threads, and the number of occupants evidently diminished. Two or three years afterwards not a worm was to be seen in that neighborhood, and more recently I have searched for it in vain, in order to rear some cabinet specimens of the moth. In several adjacent townships it is said to be still common.

"Early in the month of April, two years since, my attention was awakened by a commotion among the birds in my evergreens. It involved not only Jays and Crow Blackbirds, but Robins and Bluebirds. Combatants seemed to have gathered from the whole country around. At times half a dozen of these several species would engage in a contest, screaming, biting, and pulling out feathers; and at length, in many instances, the birds, lost in rage, would actually fall to the ground. For two days this fight continued. At length the Jays disappeared, and I have not seen half a dozen individuals on my farm since that period. A numerous colony of Crow Blackbirds have reared their young there during the two past seasons, and have been equally assiduous in collecting worms of different species. Whether the abandoning of the locality by the Jays was owing exclusively to the intrusion of the Blackbirds, or in part to the scarcity of their

favorite bag-worms, I cannot well determine."

We can add nothing which will impart greater force or weight to testimony so full and conclusive. The vexatious and annoying nature of the mischief wrought in orchards throughout the country by these caterpillars is too familiar to every one to require comment on the value of the services rendered by the Jay in their extirpation. The extermination of the measure-worms in New York by the European Sparrow has not been more complete and satisfactory. Shall such facts as these continue to be dumb to us? Shall we of New England continue to persecute a bird which Providence designed for our benefactor and friend, and our committees on agriculture at the State House report bills, and our legislature re-enact laws, branding them as outlaws and inviting their destruction?

Before we leave the subject, it may not be amiss to refer to a few recent well-attested instances in which the services rendered by various birds have been positive and efficient.

Early in the fall of 1868 the complaint was loud and general throughout the Southern seaboard, that the crop of Sea Island cotton was in great danger of being destroyed through the ravages of the cotton-worm. This pest had appeared, over a wide extent of territory, in such numbers that it was impossible by human agency to arrest its progress. Yet it was arrested promptly, effectually, and completely. Our well-known Bobolinks—the Reed-bird of Pennsylvania and the Rice-bird of the Carolinas—chanced to make their appearance in their Southern migrations, and just in the nick of time. Instead of attacking the rice-fields the new-comers went into the cotton-fields and accomplished in a few hours what man had despaired of doing. They devoured the worms and saved the cotton crop. The birds were worth thousands of dollars to the Southern planters. Will these remember their services, and for the future protect their

valuable lives from the murderous gun of the epicure and his purveyors ?

In the spring of 1867 the grasshoppers had deposited their eggs by the million throughout the cultivated fields of Kansas, threatening the general destruction of the crops. Just as they were beginning to hatch out large flocks of the Yellow-headed Blackbirds (*Xanthocephalus icterocephalus*, Baird) appeared in their Northern migrations. They soon discovered the grasshoppers and devoured them, making clean work. Wherever a flock alighted upon the fields, the rear birds kept flying to the front, from time to time, as the grasshoppers disappeared. The farmers of Kansas owe to these birds the salvation of their wheat crop, and probably thousands, if not millions, in a money value.

The Republican or Cliff Swallow (*Hirundo lunifrons*) is another bird that has been ascertained to fulfil a useful and important mission in behalf of the pomologist. Dr. Kirtland writes us, that, from his earliest acquaintance with Cleveland and its vicinity, the pear and the cherry trees have been much injured by the slug. In recent years, colonies of these Swallows have taken up their summer abode in various parts of the surrounding country ; wherever these colonies make their annual visitations the slugs entirely disappear from the neighborhood, the parent fly of the slug being caught by the swallows.

"No bird," the same accurate observer writes us, "fulfils its mission more beneficially and effectually than the diminutive House-Wren. The bee-moth, it is well known, has been for more than half a century a great obstacle to success in bee-culture in the United States. Some years since I observed this wren daily prying into my hives, capturing every worm which had been expelled therefrom and digging out with its bill the chrysalids concealed in various cracks, nooks, and corners about the hive. From this discovery I was encouraged to patronize this bird. Empty oyster-cans, cat-

tle's skulls, boxes, and holes bored into the cornices, were all devoted to it for breeding-places. War was openly declared against all cats, and waged to extermination by aid of a terrier dog. With these auxiliaries, the Wrens, the spiders, an ichneumon insect, and Longstroth's movable comb-hives, the bee-moth has lost all its terrors, and is no longer any detriment to the apiarist."

We might go on and multiply similar instances, covering all orders and genera of our birds, not omitting even the Gulls, which have been also of such signal service to the pioneers of Utah, Colorado, and Nevada, and saved them from starvation by destroying the locusts and grasshoppers. But we have already opened the question sufficiently, and we trust that it will not be again closed until wiser laws, a healthier public opinion, and more correct information shall have become the result of the fullest investigations and the most careful scrutiny of the habits of birds.

The present law of Massachusetts, nominally for the preservation and protection of birds, is discreditable to the State, for its incoherency, its incompleteness, and its inconsistencies. It should be radically changed. Except for the occasional purposes of scientific studies, no birds should be permitted to be molested in the breeding-season. The nests, eggs, and young of all birds should be protected and their wanton molestation punished. No birds should be permitted to be hunted during the season of reproduction, or from February until September. During the other seven months of the year, only those birds that are serviceable to man for purposes of food should be suffered to be hunted, and in their case no exterminating mode of warfare should be permitted. These simple and general principles require but a brief and consistent enactment, which, once passed, the rapidly improving public sentiment in favor of the birds will not fail to see faithfully observed and enforced.

PETER PITCHLYNN, CHIEF OF THE CHOCTAWS.

WHEN Mr. Charles Dickens first visited this country, he met upon a steamboat on the Ohio River a noted Choctaw chief, with whom he had the pleasure of a long conversation. In the "American Notes" we find an agreeable account of this interview, in which the Indian is described as a remarkably handsome man, and, with his black hair, aquiline nose, broad cheek-bones, sunburnt complexion, and bright, dark, and piercing eye, as stately and complete a gentleman of Nature's making as the author ever beheld. That man was Peter P. Pitchlynn. Of all the Indian tribes which acknowledge the protecting care of the American government, there are none that command more respect than the Choctaws, and among their leading men there is not one more deserving of notice by the public at large than the subject of this paper. Merely as a romantic story, the leading incidents of his life cannot but be read with interest, and as a contribution to American history, obtained from the man himself, they are worthy of being recorded.

His father was a white man of a fighting stock, noted for his bravery and forest exploits, and an interpreter under commission from General Washington, while his mother was a Choctaw. He was born in the Indian town of Hush-ook-wa, now Noxabee County, in the State of Mississippi, January 30, 1806. The first duties he performed were those of a cow-boy, but when old enough to bend a bow or hold a rifle to his shoulder, he became a hunter. In the councils of his nation he sometimes made his appearance as a looker-on, and once, when a member of the tribe who had been partially educated in New England was seen to write a letter to President Monroe, Pitchlynn resolved that he would himself become a scholar. The school nearest to his

father's log-cabin was at that time two hundred miles off, among the hills of Tennessee, and to that he was despatched after the usual manner of such important undertakings. As the only Indian-boy in this school, he was talked about and laughed at, and within the first week of his admission he found it necessary to give the "bully" of the school a severe thrashing. At the end of the first quarter he returned to his home in Mississippi, where he found his people negotiating a treaty with the general government; on which occasion he made himself notorious by refusing to shake the hand of Andrew Jackson, the negotiator, because in his boyish wisdom he considered the treaty an imposition upon the Choctaws. Nor did he ever change his opinion on that score. His second step in the path of education was taken at the Academy of Columbia, in Tennessee, and he graduated at the University of Nashville. Of this institution General Jackson was a trustee, and on recognizing young Pitchlynn, during an official visit to the college, he remembered the demonstration which the boy had made on their first meeting, and by treating him with kindness changed the old feeling of animosity to one of warm personal friendship, which lasted until the death of the famous Tennessean.

On his return to Mississippi our hero settled upon a prairie to which his name was afterwards given, and became a farmer, but amused himself by an occasional hunt for the black bear. He erected a comfortable log-cabin, and, having won a faithful heart, he caused his marriage ceremony to be performed in public, and according to the teachings of Christianity, the Rev. C. Kingsbury being the officiating missionary, — a man long endeared to the Southern Indians, and known as "Father Kings-

bury." As Pitchlynn was the first man among his people to set so worthy an example, we must award to him the credit of having given to polygamy its death-blow in the Choctaw nation, where it had existed from the earliest times.

Another reform which young Pitchlynn had the privilege and sagacity to promote among his people was that of temperance, which had for some years been advocated by an Indian named David Folsom. In a treaty made in 1820, an article had been introduced by the Choctaws themselves prohibiting the sale, by red men as well as white men, of spirituous liquors within their borders, but up to 1824 it remained a dead letter. During that year the Council of the Nation passed a law organizing a corps of light horse, to whom was assigned the duty of closing all the dram-shops that could be found carrying on their miserable traffic contrary to treaty stipulations. The command of this band was assigned to young Pitchlynn, who was thereafter recognized by the title of Captain. In one year from the time he undertook the difficult task of exterminating the traffic in liquor he had successfully accomplished it. As a reward for his services he was elected a member of the National Council, being the only young man ever thus honored. His first proposition, as a member of the Council, was for the establishment of a school; and, that the students might become familiar with the customs of the whites, it was decided that it should be located somewhere in their country. The Choctaw Academy, thus founded near Georgetown, Kentucky, and supported by the funds of the nation, was for many years a monument of their advancing civilization.

One of the most important and romantic incidents in Pitchlynn's career grew out of the policy, on the part of the general government, for removing the Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Creeks from their old hunting-grounds to a new location west of the Mississippi River. At the request and expense of the

United States, a delegation of Indians was appointed in 1828 to go upon an exploring and peace-making expedition into the Osage country, and of this party Pitchlynn was appointed the leader. He succeeded in making a lasting peace with the Osages, who had been the enemies of the Choctaws from time immemorial.

The delegation consisting of six persons, — two from each of the three tribes interested, — was absent from home about six months. The first town at which they stopped was Memphis; their next halt was at St. Louis, where they were supplied with necessaries by the Indian superintendent; and their last was Independence, which was then a place of a dozen log-cabins, and here the party received special civilities from a son of Daniel Boone. On leaving Independence the members of the delegation, all well mounted, were joined by an Indian agent, and their first camp on the broad prairie-land was pitched in the vicinity of a Shawnee village. This tribe had never come in conflict with the Choctaws (though the former took the side of Great Britain in the war of 1812), and, according to custom, a council was convened and pledges of friendship were renewed by an exchange of wampum and the delivery of speeches.

After these ceremonies, a grand feast took place at a neighboring village on the following day; and then the expedition continued its march towards the Osage country. For a time their course lay along the famous Santa Fé trail, and then, turning to the southwest, they journeyed over a beautiful country of rolling prairies skirted with timber, until they came to an Osage village, on a bluff of the Osage River. The delegation came to a halt within a short distance of the village, but for several days the Osages showed signs of their original enmity, and refused to meet the strangers in council; and as it was well known that several Osages had recently been killed by a wandering band of Choctaws, the probability of hostilities and an attempted surprise

was quite apparent. The delegation, however, proposed a treaty of peace, and after a long delay the Osages agreed to meet them in general council; when Captain Pitchlynn stated that he and his party, the first Choctaws who had ever met the Osages with peaceful intentions, had travelled over two thousand miles by the advice of the United States government, in order to propose to the Osages a treaty of perpetual peace.

To this an orator of the Osages made a defiant and unfriendly reply, and the delegation at a second council changed their tone.

Captain Pitchlynn, as before, was their only speaker. After casting a defiant look upon *Bel Oiseau*, the Osage orator, as well as upon the other Osages present, he proceeded in these words: "After what the Osage warrior said to us yesterday, we find it very hard to restrain our ancient animosity. You inform us that by your laws it is your duty to strike down all who are not Osage Indians. We have no such law. But we have a law which tells us that we must always strike down an *Osage* when we meet him. I know not what war-paths you may have followed west of the Big River, but I very well know that the smoke of our council-fires you have never seen, and we live on the other side of the Big River. Our soil has never been tracked by an Osage, excepting when he was a prisoner. I will not, like you, speak boastingly of the many war-paths we have been upon. I am in earnest, and can only say that our last war-path, if you will have it so, has brought us to the Osage country, and to this village. Our warriors at home would very well like to obtain a few hundred of your black locks, for it is by such trophies that they obtain their names. I mention these things to prove that we have some ancient laws as well as yourselves, and that we, too, were made to fight. Adhere to the laws of your fathers, refusing the offer for peace that we have made, and you must bear the

consequences. We are a little band now before you, but we are not afraid to speak our minds. Our contemplated removal from our old country to the sources of the Arkansas and Red Rivers will bring us within two hundred miles of your nation; and when that removal takes place, we will not finish building our cabins before you shall hear the whoop of the Choctaws and the crack of their rifles. Your warriors will then fall, and your wives and children shall be taken into captivity; and this work will go on until the Osage nation is entirely forgotten. You may not believe me, but our numbers justify the assertion, and it is time that the Indian race should begin a new kind of life. You say you will not receive the white paper of our father, the President; and we now tell you that we take back all that we said yesterday about a treaty of peace. A proposition for peace, if we are to have it, must now come from the Osages."

This speech had the intended effect; the next day negotiations were opened by the Osages; peace was declared, and a universal shaking of hands succeeded. A grand feast next followed, and the entire Osage village, during the succeeding night, presented as joyous and boisterous an appearance as jerked buffalo-meat and water could inspire. Speeches furnished a large part of the entertainment, and to Captain Pitchlynn was awarded the honor of delivering the closing oration. He told the Osages that his people had adopted the customs of civilization, and were already reaping much benefit therefrom. They encouraged missionaries, established schools, and devoted attention to the pursuits of agriculture and the mechanic arts. He advised the Osages to do the same; to give up war as an amusement, and the chase as a sole dependence for food, and then they would become a happy and prosperous people. This was their only means of preservation from the grasping habits of the white man. If they would strive for civilization, the American government would treat them with greater

kindness, and, though they might throw away their eagle-feathers, and live in permanent cabins, there was no danger of losing their identity or name. At the end of these prolonged festivities, *Bel Oiseau* and a party of warriors selected for the purpose escorted the delegation to the borders of the Osage country, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. During the several nights which they spent together before parting *Bel Oiseau* was the chief talker, and he did much to entertain the whole party, while seated around their camp-fires, by relating what adventures and traditions he could remember. These he confused with facts of aboriginal history. He claimed that his people were descended from a beaver, and that the Osage hunters never killed that animal from fear of killing one of their own kindred. He boasted that if his tribe was not as large as many others, it had always contained the largest and handsomest men in the world; that their horses were finer than those owned by the Pawnees and the Comanches; that they preferred buffalo-meat for food to the fancy things which they used in the settlements; that the buffalo-robe suited them better than the red blanket; the bow and arrows were better than the rifle or gun; and he thought their Great Spirit was a better friend to them than the Great Spirit of the white man, who allowed his children to ruin themselves by drinking the fire-water.

In returning to their own homes the Choctaws pursued a southern course, passed down the Canadian River, the agent leaving them at a point near Fort Gibson, and so continuing along the valley of the Red River; and, as before stated, after an absence of several months, they all reached their cabins in safety. They had some severe skirmishes with the Comanche Indians, and two of the party got lost for a time while hunting buffaloes and bears. Captain Pitchlynn picked up in one of the frontier cabins a bright little Indian-boy, belonging to

no particular tribe as he said, carried him to Mississippi, and had him educated at the Choctaw Academy in Kentucky; and that boy is now one of the most eloquent and faithful preachers to be found in the Choctaw nation.

The expedition here sketched was the first step taken by the government towards accomplishing the removal of the Indian tribes eastward of the Mississippi River to a new and permanent home in the far West. The several tribes collected on the sources of the Arkansas and Red Rivers, and now living in a happy and progressive community, will probably number fifty thousand souls. Some eighteen thousand Cherokees and three thousand Seminoles have followed their example; so that while thirty-six hundred of the Southern Indians are said to be living at the present time in the country where they were born, — the States of Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina, Georgia, and Florida, — seventy-one thousand have made themselves a new home westward of the Mississippi River.

Captain Pitchlynn was always an admirer of Henry Clay, and first made the acquaintance of the great statesman in 1840. The Choctaw was ascending the Ohio in a steamboat, and at Maysville during the night the Kentuckian came on board, bound to Washington. On leaving his state-room at a very early hour Pitchlynn went into the cabin, where he saw two old farmers earnestly engaged in a talk about farming, and, drawing up a chair, he listened with great delight for more than an hour. Returning to his state-room he roused a travelling companion and told him what a great treat he had been enjoying, and added: "If that old farmer with an ugly face had only been educated for the law, he would have made one of the greatest men in this country." That "old farmer" was Henry Clay, who expressed the greatest satisfaction at the compliment that had been paid him. The steamboat was afterwards delayed at the mouth of the Kanawha, and, as was common on

such occasions, the passengers held mock trials and improvised a debate on the relative happiness of single and married life. Mr. Clay consented to speak, and took the bachelor side of the question, while the duty of replying was assigned to the Indian. He was at first greatly bewildered, but recollecting that he had heard Methodist preachers relate their experiences on religious matters, he thought he would relate his own experiences of married life. He did this with minuteness and considerable gusto, laying particular stress upon the goodness of his wife and the different shades of feeling and sentiment which he had experienced; and after he had finished, the ladies present vied with Mr. Clay in applauding the talented and warm-hearted Indian.

When the war of the Rebellion commenced, in 1861, the subject of our sketch was in Washington, attending to public business for his people, but immediately hurried home in the hope of escaping the evils of the impending strife. Before leaving, however, he had an interview with President Lincoln and assured him of his desire to have the Choctaws pursue a neutral course, to which the President assented as the most proper one to adopt under the circumstances. But Pitchlynn's heart was for the Union, and he made the further declaration, that, if the general government would protect them, his people would certainly espouse its cause. He then returned to the Southwest, intending to lead the quiet life of a planter on his estate in the Choctaw country. But the white men of Arkansas and Texas had already worked upon the passions of the Choctaws, and on reaching home he found a large part of the nation already infected with the spirit of rebellion. He pleaded for the national government, and, at the hazard of his life, denounced the conduct of the Southern authorities. Many stories were circulated to increase the number of his enemies; among them was one that he had married a sister of President Lincoln, and another that

the President had offered him four hundred thousand dollars to become an Abolitionist. He was sustained, however, by the best men in the nation, who made him colonel of a regiment of militia for home defence, and afterwards elected him Head Chief of the Choctaws; but all this did not prevent two or three of his children, as well as many others in the nation, from joining the Confederate Army. He himself remained a Union man during the entire war. Not only had many local positions of honor been conferred upon him in times past, but he had long been looked upon by all the Choctaws as their principal teacher in religious and educational matters, as their philosopher and faithful friend, and also as the best man to represent their claims and interests as a delegate to Washington. He had under cultivation, just before the Rebellion, about six hundred acres of land, and owned over one hundred slaves; and though he annually raised good crops of cotton and corn, he found the market for them too far off, and was beginning to devote all his attention to the raising of cattle. His own stock and that of his neighbors was of course a prize for the Confederates, who took everything, and left the country almost desolate. When the Emancipation Proclamation appeared, he acquiesced without a murmur, managing as well as he could in the reduced condition of his affairs; and after the war, he was again solicited to revisit Washington as a delegate, in which capacity he was assigned the charge of a claim for unpaid treaty money of several millions of dollars. An address that he delivered as delegate before the President at the White House in 1855 was commented upon at the time as exceedingly touching and eloquent; and certain speeches that he made before Congressional committees in 1868, and especially an address that he delivered in 1869 before a delegation of Quakers, called to Washington by President Grant for consultation on our Indian affairs, placed him in the foremost rank of orators.

While it is true that the most populous single tribe of Indians now living in this country is that of the Cherokees, the Choctaws and Chickasaws, who form what is known as the Choctaw nation, outnumber the former by about five thousand, and they claim in the aggregate near twenty thousand souls. They both speak the same language, and have attained a higher degree of civilization than any other of the Southern tribes. The nation is divided into four districts, one of which is composed exclusively of Chickasaws; each district was formerly under one chief, but now they are all ruled by a single chief or governor; and they have a National Legislative Council. They have an alphabet of their own, and are well supplied with schools and academies, with churches and benevolent institutions, and, until lately, had a daily press. They are the only tribe which has never, as a whole, been in hostile collision with, nor been subdued by, the United States. Have they never broken a promise or violated their plighted faith with the general government? What certain individuals may have done during the late war ought not certainly to be charged against the nation at large.

The Choctaws and Chickasaws claim for their territory, that it is as fertile and picturesque as could be desired. To speak in general terms, it forms the southeast quarter of what is called the Indian Territory. It is about two hundred miles long by one hundred and thirty wide, forming an elongated square; and while the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers bound it on the north, it joins the State of Arkansas on the east, and the Red River and Texas bound it on the south and west. These two nations, now living in alliance, consider themselves much more fortunate now than they were in the "old country," the designation which they love to apply to Mississippi. Their form of government is similar in all particulars to that of the States of the Union. While it is true that the Rebellion had a damaging effect upon their affairs, it cannot be long before they will be re-

stored to their former prosperous condition. They adopted and supported before the war a system of what they called "neighborhood schools," as well as seminaries, taught for the most part by ladies from the New England States, and intended to afford the children a primary course of instruction and fit them for the colleges and seminaries in the States, to which many pupils have hitherto been annually sent. The prime mover in all these educational enterprises was Colonel Pitchlynn, and it is now one of the leading desires of his heart that the good lady teachers, who were driven off by the war would either return themselves, or that others like them might be sent out from New England. In his opinion, these teachers were the best civilizers of the Choctaw nation. To New England clergymen also are the Choctaws indebted for their best translations of the Scriptures and other religious books. Their school system, which was eminently prosperous until interfered with by the Rebellion, was founded in 1842. Up to that date the general government undertook to educate that people, and the funds set aside for the purpose were used by designing men for their own benefit. Pitchlynn well knew that he would have to fight an unscrupulous opposition, but he resolved to make an effort to have the school fund transferred from the United States to the Choctaws. After many delays, he obtained an interview with John C. Spencer, then Secretary of War, and was permitted to tell his story. The Secretary listened attentively, was much pleased, and told the chief he should have an interview with the President, John Tyler. The speech which he then delivered in the White House and before the Cabinet was pronounced wonderful by those who heard it. It completely converted the President, who gave immediate orders that Pitchlynn's suggestions should all be carried out. The Secretary fully co-operated; and before the clerks of the Indian Office quitted their desks that night the necessary papers had been prepared, signed, sealed,

and duly delivered. Pitchlynn left Washington with flying colors, and was one of the happiest men in the land. On reaching the Choctaw country, he was honored with all the attention his people knew how to confer. On a subsequent Fourth of July he delivered an oration of remarkable beauty and power, in which he recapitulated the history of their emigration from Mississippi; and after describing their subsequent trials, urged them to be contented in their new homes, and then set forth at great length his views on the subject of universal education, the whole of which, to the minutest particular, were subsequently adopted. The first academy organized under the new arrangement was named for the Secretary of War; and from that year, until the death of John C. Spencer, that wise and warm-hearted lover of the Indians had not a more devoted friend than Peter Pitchlynn.

At the commencement of the Rebellion the number of slaves in the Choctaw nation was estimated at three thousand; and these, in the capacity of freedmen, are now waiting for the general government to keep its promises in regard to their welfare. By a treaty which was ratified in 1866 they were to be adopted by the Choctaws and Chickasaws, and those tribes were to receive a bonus of three hundred thousand dollars; if this stipulation should fail, the government was to remove them to some public lands, where they might found a colony; and as the Indians have thus far failed to adopt the freedmen, the latter are patiently waiting for the government to keep its solemn promises. These unfortunate people are said to be more intelligent and self-reliant than many of their race in the Southern States, and it certainly seems a pity that they should continue in their present unsatisfactory and disorganized condition. It is due to Colonel Pitchlynn to state, that from the beginning he has advocated the adoption of the freedmen. Ever since the removal of the Choctaws and Chickasaws to their Western territory, mis-

sionaries and school teachers have labored among them with great faithfulness, and the denominations which have chiefly participated in this good work are the Baptist, the Methodists, and the Cumberland and Old-School Presbyterians. Upon the whole, the cause of temperance has fared as well with them as with any of the fully civilized people of the Atlantic States. In certain parts of the interior alcoholic drinks are seldom if ever seen, but this cannot be said of those parts bordering on Arkansas and Texas. No white man is allowed citizenship among them unless he marries a Choctaw. Some years ago they concluded to adopt one man, but during the next winter no less than five hundred petitions were sent in for the same boon, which was not granted.

That there has always been a want of harmony among this people on moral as well as political questions cannot be denied, and the fact may be attributed to a few influential families, whom unprofitable jealousies and a party spirit are kept up, to the disadvantage of the masses. If there is anything among them which might be called aristocracy, it consists more in feeling than in outward circumstances; for all the people live alike in plain but comfortable log-cabins, and are content with a simple manner of life. They have a goodly number of really intellectual men; but it is undoubtedly true that, so far as the higher qualities are concerned, the particular man of whom we have been writing is without a peer.

To be the leading intellect among such a people is, of course, no ordinary honor, and Colonel Pitchlynn has always cherished with affectionate pride their history and romantic traditions. He is, indeed, the poet of his people; and he has communicated to the writer many Choctaw legends, stored up in his retentive memory, which have never appeared in print, and which, but for Pitchlynn's appreciation of their beauty, would scarcely have been repeated to a white man.

According to one of these traditions, the Choctaw race came from the bosom of a magnificent sea, supposed to be the Gulf of Mexico. Even when they first made their appearance upon the earth, they were so numerous as to cover the sloping and sandy shore, far as the eye could reach, and for a long time they travelled upon the sands before they could find a place suited to their wants. The name of their principal chief or prophet was Chah-tah, and he was a man of great age and wisdom. For many moons their bodies were strengthened by pleasant breezes and their hearts gladdened by perpetual summer. In process of time, however, the multitude was visited by sickness, and the dead bodies of old women and little children one after another were left upon the shore. Then the heart of the prophet became troubled, and, planting a long staff which he carried in his hand, and which was endowed with the powers of an oracle, he told his people that from the spot designated they must turn their faces towards the unknown wilderness. But before entering upon this part of their journey he specified a certain day for starting, and told them that they were at liberty, in the mean time, to enjoy themselves by feasting and dancing and performing their national rites.

It was now early morning and the hour appointed for starting. Heavy clouds and flying mists rested upon the sea, but the beautiful waves melted upon the shore as joyfully as ever before. The staff which the prophet planted was found leaning towards the point in the north, and in that direction did the multitude take up their line of march. Their journey lay across streams, over hills, through tangled forests, and over immense prairies. They now arrived in an entirely new country; they planted the magic staff every night with the utmost care, and arose in the morning with eagerness to ascertain the direction in which it leaned. And thus had they travelled many days when they found themselves upon the margin of

an *O-kee-na-chitto*, or great highway of water,—the Mississippi River. Here they pitched their tents, and, having again planted the staff, lay down to sleep. When morning came, the oracle told them that they must cross the mighty river before them. They built themselves rafts and reached the opposite shore in safety. They now found themselves in a country of rare beauty, where the trees were so high as almost to touch the clouds, and where game of all kinds and the sweetest of fruits were found in great abundance. The flowers of this land were more brilliant than any they had ever seen, and so large as often to shield them from the sunlight of noon. With the climate of the land they were delighted, and the air they breathed seemed to fill their bodies with new strength. So pleased were they with all they saw, that they built mounds in all the more beautiful valleys through which they passed, so that the Master of Life might know they were not an ungrateful people. In this country they resolved to remain, and here they established their government, and in due time made the great mound of Nun-i-wai-ya, near the head-waters of what is now known as Pearl River in Mississippi.

Time passed on, and the Choctaw nation became so powerful that its hunting-grounds extended even to the sky. Troubles now arose among the younger warriors and hunters of the nation, until it came to pass that they abandoned the cabins of their fathers, and settled in distant regions of the earth. Thus, from the body of the Choctaw nation have sprung those other nations which are known as the Chickasaws, the Cherokees, the Creeks or Muscogeas, the Shawnees, and the Delawares. And in process of time the Choctaws founded a great city, wherein their aged men might spend their days in peace; and, because they loved those of their people who had long before departed into distant regions, they called this city Yazoo, the meaning of which is, *Home of the people who are gone*.

Another legend, entitled *The Overflowing Waters*, is as follows. The world was in its prime. The tiny streams among the hills and mountains shouted with joy, and the broad rivers wound their wonted course along the peaceful valleys. The moon and stars had long made the night skies beautiful, and guided the hunter through the wilderness. The sun, which the red man calls the glory of summer-time, had never failed to appear. Many generations of men lived and passed away. But in process of time the aspect of the world became changed. Brother quarrelled with brother, and cruel wars frequently covered the earth with blood. The Great Spirit saw all these and was displeased. A terrible wind swept over the wilderness, and the *Ok-la-ho-ma*, or red people, knew that they had done wrong, but they lived as if they did not care. Finally, a stranger prophet made his appearance among them, and proclaimed in every village the news that the human race was to be destroyed. None believed his words, and the moons of summer again came and disappeared. It was now the autumn of the year. Many cloudy days had occurred, and then a total darkness came upon the earth, and the sun seemed to have departed forever. It was very dark and very cold. Men lay down to sleep, but were troubled with unhappy dreams. They arose when they thought it was time, for the day to dawn, but only to see the sky covered with a darkness deeper than the heaviest cloud. The moon and stars had all disappeared, and there was constantly a dismal bellowing of thunder all round the sky. Men now believed that the sun would never return, and there was great consternation throughout the land. The great men of the Choctaw nation spoke despondingly to their fellows, and sung their death-songs, but those songs were faintly heard in the gloom of the great night. Men visited each other by torchlight. The grains and fruits of the land became mouldy, and the wild animals of the forest became tame, and

gathered around the watch-fires of the Indians, entering even into the villages.

A louder peal of thunder than was ever before heard now echoed through the firmament, and a light was seen in the north. It was not the light of the sun, but a gleam of distant waters. They made a mighty roar, and, in billows like the mountains, they rolled over the earth. They swallowed up the entire human race, and destroyed everything which had made the earth beautiful. Only one human being was saved, and that was the mysterious prophet who had foretold the calamity. He had built a raft of sassafras-logs, and upon this he floated above the waters. A large black bird came and flew in circles above his head. He called upon it for help, but it shrieked aloud, and flew away and returned no more. A smaller bird, of a bluish color, with scarlet eyes and beak, now came hovering over the prophet's head. He spoke to it, and asked if there were a spot of dry land in any part of the waste of waters. It fluttered its wings, uttered a wail, and flew directly towards that part of the sky where the newly born sun was just sinking in the waves. A strong wind now arose, and the raft of the prophet was rapidly borne in that direction. The moon and stars again made their appearance, and the prophet landed upon a green island, where he encamped. Here he enjoyed a long and refreshing sleep, and when morning dawned, he found that the island was covered with every variety of animals, excepting the great *Shakanli*, or mammoth, which had been destroyed. Birds, too, he also found here in great abundance. He recognized the identical black bird which had abandoned him to his fate upon the waters, and, as it was a wicked bird and had sharp claws, he called it *Fulluh-chitto*, or Bird of the Evil One. He also discovered, and with great joy, the bluish bird which had caused the wind to blow him upon the island, and because of its kindness to him and its beauty, he called it *Puch-che-yon-sho-ba*, or the Soft-voiced Pig-

eon. The waters finally passed away ; and in process of time that bird became a woman and the wife of the prophet, and from them all the people now living upon the earth were descended. And so ends the story of the overflowing waters, in which the reader must have noted the strong resemblance to the scriptural account of the Deluge.

The most poetical of Pitchlynn's stories is that of *The Unknown Woman*, which is as follows. It was in the very far-off times, and two hunters were spending the night by their watch-fire in a bend of the river Alabama. The game and the fish were with every new moon becoming less abundant, and all they had to satisfy their hunger was the tough flesh of a black hawk. They were very tired, and as they reflected upon their condition, and thought of their hungry children, they were very unhappy, and talked despondingly. But they roasted the bird before the fire, and tried to enjoy their repast. Hardly had they commenced eating, before they were startled by a singular noise resembling the cooing of a dove. Looking in one direction they saw nothing but the moon just rising above the thick woods on the opposite side of the river. Looking up and down the stream, they could see nothing but the sandy shores and the dark waters which were murmuring a low song. They turned their eyes in the quarter directly opposite the moon, and there discovered, standing upon the summit of a grassy mound, the form of a beautiful woman. They hastened to her side, when she told them she was very hungry, and thereupon they ran after their roasted hawk and gave it all into the hands of the woman. She barely tasted the proffered food, but told the hunters that their kindness had preserved her from suffering, and that she would not forget them when she returned to the happy grounds of her father, who was the *Hosh-tal-li*, or Great Spirit, of the Choctaws. She had one request to make, and this was, that when the next moon of midsum-

mer should arrive they must visit the spot where she then stood. A pleasant breeze swept among the forest leaves, and the strange woman disappeared.

The hunters were astonished, but they returned to their families, and kept all that they had seen and heard hidden in their hearts. Summer came, and they once more visited the mound on the banks of the Alabama. They found it covered with a plant whose leaves were like knives of the white man ; and it yielded a delicious food, which has since been known among the Choctaws as the sweet *toucha*, or Indian maize.

Like the foregoing in spirit is this little story about the *Hunter of the Sun*. The Choctaws were always a grateful people, and once, after enjoying a rich harvest of the sweet maize, they held a national council, and their leading prophet descanted at great length upon the beauty of the earth, attributing the blessings they enjoyed to the sun. They knew that the great luminary came from the east, but none of them had ever found out what became of it when it passed beyond the mountains at the close of day. "Is there not," said the prophet, "among all my people a single warrior who will go upon a long journey and find out what becomes of the sun ?" Then it was that a young warrior named *Ok-la-no-wa*, or the traveller, arose and said, "I will go and try to find out the sleeping-place of the sun, and if unsuccessful will never return." Of course, the saddest mourner that he left behind was the girl whom he loved, and to whom he had presented a belt of scarlet wampum. After many years the traveller returned to the region of his birth, but so many changes had taken place that he felt himself a stranger to the people. The only person who seemed to remember anything about his exploit was a very old woman, and although she was really the girl he had loved in his youth, she talked a great deal about the long-lost *Ok-la-no-wa*, and laughed at the idea as foolish that he and the old man present were the same. The old man

spent the entire winter in telling the people about the wide prairies and high mountains he had crossed, about the strange men and animals that he had seen, and that when the sun went out of sight in the evening it always sank into a blue sea; but the old woman would not listen, and remained in her cabin, counting the wampum in her belt; and when spring came the old man died, and was buried in the mound of *Nun-i-wai-ya*, and before the end of the corn-planting moon the aged woman also died, and was buried by her loving friends by the side of *Ok-la-no-wa* in the mound of *Nun-i-wai-ya*. And when the Indians see the bright clouds gathering around the sun, they think of the hunter of the sun, and of the girl he loved, with her belt of scarlet wampum.

But in the way of a love legend the following account of the *Nameless Choctaw* is perhaps as good a specimen as the writer can submit; and with this he will conclude his chapter of Choctaw lore. There once lived in the royal Indian town of *E-ya-sho* (Yazoo) the only son of a war chief, who was famous for his handsome form and lofty bearing. The old men of the nation looked upon him with pride, and said that his courage was rare, and he was destined to be an eminent warrior. He was also an eloquent orator. But with all these qualities he was not allowed a seat in the councils of his nation, because he had not yet distinguished himself in war. The fame of having slain an enemy he could not claim, nor had he even been fortunate enough to take a single prisoner. He was greatly beloved, and, as the name of his childhood had been abandoned, according to an ancient custom, and he had not yet won a name worthy of his ability, he was known among his kindred as the *Nameless Choctaw*.

In the town of *E-ya-sho* there also once lived the most beautiful maiden of her tribe. She was the daughter of a hunter, and the promised wife of the *Nameless Choctaw*. They met often at the great dances, but, in accordance

with Indian custom, she treated him as a stranger. They loved, and one thought alone entered their minds to cast a shadow. They knew that the laws of their nation were unalterable, and that she could not become his wife until he had won a name in war, though he could always place at the door of her lodge an abundance of game, and could deck her with the most beautiful wampum and feathers.

It was now midsummer, and the evening hour. The lover had met his betrothed upon the summit of a hill covered with pines. From the centre of a neighboring plain rose the smoke of a large watch-fire, around which were dancing a party of four hundred warriors. They had planned an expedition against the distant Osages, and the present was the fourth and last night of the preparation ceremonies. Up to that evening the *Nameless Choctaw* had been the leader in the dances, and even now he was only temporarily absent, for he had stolen away for a parting interview with his beloved. They separated, and when morning came the Choctaw warriors were upon the war-path leading to the head-waters of the Arkansas. On that stream they found a cave, in which, because they were in a prairie-land, they secreted themselves. Two men were then selected as spies, one of whom, the *Nameless Choctaw*, was to reconnoitre in the west, and the other in the east. Night came, and the Indians in the cave were discovered by an Osage hunter, who had entered to escape the heavy dews. He at once hastened to the nearest camp, told his people what he had seen, and a party of Osage warriors hastened to the cave. At its mouth they built a fire, and before the dawn of day the entire Choctaw party had been smothered to death by the cunning of their enemies.

The Choctaw spy who journeyed to the east had witnessed the surprise and unhappy fate of his brother-warriors, and, soon returning to his own country, he called a council and revealed the sad intelligence. As to the fate of the

nameless warrior who had journeyed towards the west, he felt certain that he too must have been overtaken and slain. Upon the heart of one this story fell with a heavy weight; and the promised wife of the lost Choctaw began to droop, and before the moon had passed away she died and was buried on the spot where she had parted with her lover.

But what became of the Nameless Choctaw? It was not true that he had been overtaken and slain. He was indeed discovered by the Osages, and far over the prairies and across the streams was he closely pursued. For many days and nights did the race continue, but the Choctaw finally made his escape. His course had been very winding, and when he came to a halt he was astonished to find that the sun rose in the wrong quarter of the heavens. Everything appeared to him wrong and out of order, and he became a forlorn and bewildered man. At last he found himself at the foot of a mountain which was covered with grass, and unlike any he had ever before seen. It so happened, however, at the close of a certain day, that he wandered into a wooded valley, and, having made a rude lodge and killed a swamp rabbit, he lighted a fire, and prepared himself for at least one quiet supper and a night of repose. Morning dawned, and he was still in trouble, but continued his wanderings. Many moons passed away; summer came, and he called upon the Great Spirit to make his pathway plain. He hunted the forests for a spotted deer, and having killed it, on a day when there was no wind he offered it as a sacrifice, and that night supped upon a portion of the animal's flesh. His fire burnt brightly, and, though lone-

some, his heart was at peace. But now he hears a footstep in an adjoining thicket! A moment more, and a snow-white wolf of immense size is crouching at his feet, and licking his torn moccasins. "How came you in this strange country?" inquired the wolf; and the poor Indian told the story of his many troubles. The wolf took pity upon him, and said that he would conduct him in safety to the country of his kindred; and on the following morning they departed. Long, very long was the journey, and very crude and dangerous the streams which they had to cross. The wolf helped the Indian to kill game for their mutual support, and by the time that the moon for weeding corn had arrived the Choctaw had entered his native village again. This was on the anniversary of the day he had parted from his betrothed, and he now found his people mourning for her untimely death. Time and suffering had so changed the wanderer, that his relatives and friends did not recognize him, and he did not make himself known. Often, however, he made them recount the story of her death, and many a wild song, to the astonishment of all, did he sing to the memory of the departed, whom he called by the name of *Imma*, or the idol of warriors. On a cloudless night he visited her grave, and at a moment when the Great Spirit cast a shadow upon the moon he fell upon the grave in grief and died. For three nights afterwards the inhabitants of the Choctaw village were alarmed by the continual howling of a wolf, and when it ceased, the pine forest upon the hill where the lovers were resting in peace took up the mournful sound, and has continued it to the present time.

AN ALPINE HOME.

IF my poor mother as a good Catholic had not acted very wisely in consenting that I should be sent to school in Germany, she scarcely chose a better part when I came home to Mantua infected with Protestantism to such a degree that I abhorred with youthful ardor, not only the confessional, but all the offices of her religion, and in accompanying her to church never could be got farther than the door. The case is a very common one in Italy now, but thirty years ago affairs were different. Converts to Protestantism were rare, and the *laissez-faire* treatment was by no means in favor. A family and ecclesiastical council was held concerning me; and it was decided that nothing would do me so much good as some months' reflection in the cell of a convent, where I could enjoy perfect quiet without the distractions of books or society. This decision was made known to me by accident; in fact, I overheard it; and being only eighteen years old, and absurdly in earnest about personal liberty and the freedom of religious opinion, I could not bring myself to look upon it with equanimity. I ran away from home that night; and pursuing my northward journey through Lombardy, up the Lake of Como, and across the Septimer, I stood at last with my hand on the railing of the stile that formally separated Austrian Italy from Switzerland. At this important moment, when I thought to leave my troubles behind me forever, two gendarmes, belonging to the little custom-house on the frontier, suddenly appeared, crossed their muskets above the plank in front of me, and, lightly touching me on either shoulder, begged me to do them the pleasure of halting. They had been watching me for some time, they said; they knew I had a companion laden with smuggled goods, and was a lure thrown out to divert them from him;

they added that whilst I was making up my mind to tell them where my comrade was, they would trouble me for my passport. "If you should happen to have such a paper," they added, "you can of course go at once."

Now I happened to have no paper of that kind, and I could only surrender myself in despair. The gendarmes marched me off towards their station, putting a hundred questions to me on the way, and among the rest the demand, "Where do you come from?"

"Mantua," was the answer.

"Mantua! I don't know how it is," said one of the gendarmes, "but your voice sounds very much like that of the captain we had when we were stationed at St. Benedetto, not far from Mantua."

A ray of hope broke upon me, and I eagerly asked, "Was it Antonio T. . . .?"

"Exactly!"

"That is one of my brothers,"* said I exultantly, "he is in that neighborhood yet." And on the impulse of the moment I poured out my whole story to my captors.

They listened, and when I had done, they laughed, and one said: "Why didn't you mention this at once? We should not have kept you a minute in suspense. It's our custom to handle roughly those who fall into our hands, for spies are often sent to see if we do our duty; but we never arrest, when we can safely avoid it, either deserters or young men flying from the conscription. Many a time we are tempted to go over the bridge ourselves, instead of serving these accursed Austrians. As to the smugglers, we know them too well to act against them, except when Austrian officers are among us;

* The traveller visiting Milan will find the name of Antonio T., who fell fighting against the Austrians, inscribed on the monument to the martyrs of the revolution of 1848.

then we show fight, in order not to be betrayed. You can go where you like; but mind that, whatever happens, *you have never seen us.*"

So saying they both shook hands with me. I gladly gave them something to get a good dinner and a bottle of wine in which to drink success to my enterprise, and, stepping lightly over the stile, found myself in Switzerland.

I suppose that any traveller, who now chanced to cross the Septimer by that obscure pass, would not find it at all different from what I saw it, nor would he find the mountaineers of the region in the least disturbed or changed by the great events that have taken place during the last thirty years. I am sure, therefore, a sketch of a family of these people as I saw them will have at least the merit of novelty and of fidelity to existing facts.

The Canton Grisons, where I now found myself, is the largest in the Confederation, or as large as Geneva, Zug, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Glarus, Soleure, Bâle, Schaffhausen, Appenzell, Thurgovia, and Neuchâtel put together, but has only about fifteen thousand inhabitants. More than one half of these are, of course, in the capital and the forty or fifty principal townships, leaving to the square mile for the remainder of the canton some sixteen or seventeen souls. These few thousand Grisons, up to 1848, governed themselves in twenty-six independent, microscopic republics, having each a complete legislative, executive, and judiciary; but in remote times when the Grisons were yet fewer in number, they formed but three leagues, called respectively the League of God, the League of the Ten Jurisdictions, and the League *Grisha*, or Gray, from the color of their clothes, and this league gave its name to the whole canton.

My object was to reach some Protestant friends in St. Gall, upon whose hospitality I knew I could rely, and I had arrived in this Canton Grisons, as I have said, by the Septimer, choosing the most direct road because I had neither money nor physical strength in

superfluity. Yet the Septimer had not in itself been a delightful anticipation, for I knew that it would take me into the wildest Alpine region and among vast glaciers.

Persons who, in closed and comfortable sleighs, coaches, and, recently, railway carriages, have crossed the Simplon, St. Gothard, Splügen, Mt. Cenis, or any other passes, may suppose that all the Alpine roads are more or less alike. But this is a great mistake. Very few travellers indeed cross the Septimer, for two reasons: first, it leads only into wild regions; secondly, the road was and is indescribably bad. That miserable communication between Switzerland and Italy is used mostly, I should say, only by cattle-drivers, who sell their stock in Lombardy, in the neighborhood of Lake Como, and by smugglers who know every tree and every stone.

Streams and ravines cross and recross it at every moment, and the hand of man has done nothing for the road, except where it runs quite upon the brink of the precipices. At times all vestiges of a path disappear, and for all guidance you might as well be in the prairies of the West or the untrodden fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains.

I hurried forward with what speed I could, but my feet soon became so swollen that I could not endure the pressure of my boots, and having slung these over my back, I picked my way barefoot through the snow and frozen gravel. The only relief I found was occasionally afforded by the slippery rocks, polished by ice, rain, snow, and extending across the space between the frequent curves of the path; sliding twenty or twenty-five feet down these would save me ten to twelve minutes' walk; but even this pleasure had its pains, for I could not always stop on the path below, and sometimes brought up in a snow-bank or a briery thicket.

The reader who is enamored of this method of travel will regret to learn that the accommodations by the way are poor. His food will be rather worse

than that we give to cattle; hair or spring mattresses there are none; and he may be obliged one evening to invite slumber on a bundle of straw, another to stretch his weary limbs in a hay-loft, and only where civilization has outdone herself may he have happy dreams on a nice, clean, dry, comfortable heap of oak and ash leaves. The minister or the priest in larger villages may shelter a respectable traveller for one night, but inns or hotels are unknown; for if they existed, who would support them?

Crossing marshy fields, pursuing rough paths, and descending rocky slopes through thorny brakes and primeval forests (I had the misfortune one day to follow the dry bed of a stream which I mistook for a path, and so lost myself in a large wood), coasting, as a New England boy would call it, without a sled down those smooth rocks, — I had left the Septimer behind me, and was one day, after a miserable breakfast, dragging slowly onward. The sun had passed the meridian; the mountain air and the exercise had so sharpened my appetite that it could have competed with the finest razor in keenness; I had become cross and fierce enough to dispute the hind foot of a lamb with a wolf; but I had given up all hopes of finding a human habitation (and it would not have been the first night I had spent in the hollow of a rock), when I reached a very small valley containing a solitary house.

As I eyed the structure, a dreadful doubt seized me; there was no chimney, yet the house was too good for a cattle-shed, and besides there were many steps; that decided the matter in my favor. The cabin must have been some thirty or thirty-six feet long, and perhaps twenty feet deep. The walls consisted of round trunks of trees cut within a few feet more or less of the same length, and placed lengthwise one on the top of the other, and fastened here and there with strong wooden pins. The interstices between the logs were filled in with a composition of fine-cut straw and

mud or clay, which, when dry, makes such walls wind and water tight, and forms a perfect quadrilateral for vermin and insects. When I saw on Boston Common the log-cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, it appeared to me almost the exact counterpart of this Alpine home.

The strangest part of the whole building was the roof. Thick logs took the place of rafters, and in their turn were covered, not with stone flags, shingles, slates, or tiles, but with monstrously thick wooden slabs, also fastened with long pegs; and, in order to resist the wind, which in those high valleys sweeps everything before it at times, enormous stones, some of them weighing more than a hundred pounds, were laid on the slabs, and kept from sliding by wooden pegs.

Not having seen any smoke, I waited for some other sign of life about the place, but to no purpose. It harmonized perfectly with the death-like stillness of that whole region.

The cabin had two floors. The lower, a very little digged out of the ground, was divided into two sections, one of which served as a stable, the other as a cellar. The stable, it is true, was at the time empty, and it remained so for the whole summer, the cattle roaming day and night on the mountains; but the cellar, placed at the north end, was nice and cool to keep the milk which was turned into butter and cheese, — articles which on the Swiss Alps in general are of the very best quality, for the cows in those regions eat only aromatic and sweet herbs, and the hay has a better flavor than what is called in America *English* breakfast-tea.

The upper floor of such a cabin serves, although all in one room, as the dwelling and sleeping apartments of the whole family, no matter how numerous it may be. Those mountaineers have advantage over the Irish peasantry, that while the latter associate directly with their pigs, goats, and hens, the former place a whole floor between man and beast.

Arrived at the door, I looked in vain

for a latch, or a lock, or anything of the kind. Nothing was visible but a small string, by pulling which a wooden cross-bar resting in a wooden catch within is lifted. Even hinges are unknown; but instead there is a round stick fastened at one side of the door and projecting a little at the bottom and a little at the top, playing in two holes there.

I was surprised to see not the least sign of life after I had entered; and I was going out again to look about the house, when a voice startled me, saying in a strange idiom, "Why don't you take a seat?" It was the voice of an old man sitting close to an opening which, by a stretch of the imagination, could be called a window. A large table stood between him and me, and he was seated on a low stool as roughly put together as the remainder of the furniture. His elbows rested on his knees, and, as he supported his face in both his hands, he looked as immovable as a statue.

A shirt of very coarse material, and a very short pair of knee-breeches were all the garments which troubled or protected his person. His tibial bones were covered so parsimoniously with flesh that they seemed dry sticks of wood; his face, although very wrinkled, was so pale that, a few steps off, the skin looked like vellum, rather than the human epidermis. The eyesight of this old man was, of course, dim, although that sense had suffered less than his hearing.

"Sit down, stranger," said he a second time, and complying, I tried to enter into conversation, speaking as loud as a church-bell; but I soon perceived that there were other difficulties besides his hearing, for he spoke only "*Romansch*."

All Switzerland seems to be inhabited by the descendants of those dreadful sinners who built the tower of Babel, and were turned into hopeless polyglots, and in Switzerland Canton Grisons labors under peculiar difficulties. As far back as the time of Julius Cæsar a Roman colony established itself in Switzerland, and principally in this part

of it. Those Romans spoke a corrupt Latin, to which has been added, with years, more corrupt Italian, French, and German words. The whole is called, from its origin, the *Romansch* language, and this was my host's idiom. Every one will, therefore, believe me when I say that I was obliged to guess at much of what he said.

He made me understand, however, that he had two sons and two daughters; the former of whom were lazy, and always loafing in the valleys and at houses of their neighbors. They were otherwise of very irregular conduct, for after having had some troubles with the magistrates (he meant, I think, that they had been imprisoned), every one avoided them, and now they had gone to serve the king of Naples and the Pope. It has always been the fate of the prince who rules in Rome to have for the protection of his sacred person soldiers who have escaped the prison or the gibbet. Pius IX.'s regiments are richly inlaid with such Canadian, Irish, Swiss, and Belgian jewels at this day.

As to his daughters, the old man told me that he was blest in them. He considered them handsome and diligent, and pearls of truth and chastity. They were at the moment two or three miles from home, on the mountain, but they would soon return. Towards evening I had, in fact, the pleasure to make the personal acquaintance of these "pearls," in the shape of two of the hugest masses of womanhood my eyes had ever beheld. One of them measured five feet six inches in height, the other something more, and they were both large in proportion. No two human hands could, no matter how long the fingers, have encircled one of their arms; and as, according to the fashion of the place, their lower garments reluctantly reached only the upper part of the calf, their nether limbs were seen to be proportionably vast. Their cheeks were rosy, even scarlet, no doubt, but they were not over-prepossessing.

In one respect Nature had done a

good piece of work, she had made them strong, and it was strength, and not beauty, they needed; for, when they came home, each of them was loaded with a bundle of hay of such size and weight as a good-sized donkey might have been very proud to carry over those hills without breaking down.

But I perceive that I have somewhat anticipated their arrival. I was yet alone with the old man, who gave me to understand that it was about ten years since he had lost his wife, who was a great comfort to him, for they loved each other very much; and in saying this, involuntary tears started from his eyes. Since her death life was only a burden to him; every day he wished for the moment when they should place him beside her under the sod.

Although it takes me but a few minutes to write this, it was the work of more than one hour to understand him. I showed due sympathy for him, but I had also the ruthless hunger of a boy, and, at last, I could not refrain from telling him that I was famished, and should be exceedingly glad if he would give me something to eat. In his turn he expressed compassion for me, but he declared that it was out of his power to go to the cellar. To prove this he got up from his seat and walked a few steps, which showed that his legs could scarcely carry him on level ground. His poor old head and neck were buried in his shoulders, so that he looked comparatively a small man, although, in his youth, he must have been a very tall one. He begged me to be patient until his *girls* came in.

Thinking it impertinent to volunteer my services in an exploring expedition to the cellar, I wound up my patience a little more, and made a virtue of necessity. In the mean time he explained to me that his only possessions were a few cows, but that, by selling calves, cheese, and butter to men who, except in winter, came regularly for those articles, he could buy all he wanted. He had not much tilled land, just enough for his girls to plant potatoes

and wheat for their own use. It was now several years since he had been able, on account of a severe illness, to go out of the house; it was difficult to get a doctor, and the nearest church, where his girls went in summer every Sunday, was eight miles away, unless you crossed a high mountain, which would reduce the road more than half. In winter almost all communication was cut off by enormous drifts of snow, and his stock of cheese and butter accumulated rapidly. Horses or mules were not used; the dealers carrying everything on their backs.

He then wanted to know how I came into that valley, adding that he could not remember to have seen for many and many years a stranger like me. I told him very frankly that I had run away from home, and that it was less a matter of choice than of necessity that I had crossed the Septimer, and had gone astray into the bargain. While we were talking the girls came in, loaded, as I have described, with hay, which they had mowed on places where goats could hardly stand. Later in the evening they showed me an immense heap of wood piled against the house, and told me that they had felled the trees, cross-cut them, and split them without help from any one.

But these women at first, instead of seeming glad to see a stranger, frowned upon me, and their looks meant that I should feel myself an intruder. After some explanations from the father, a vast smile dawned upon their broad faces, which made me feel, not exactly at home, but, if we had well understood each other, certainly on speaking terms.

I thanked all the gods of Olympus when I saw one of them take off her wooden shoes, or *sabots*, and go into the cellar for the dinner which was also to be supper for me. Waiting her return, I mechanically observed the dress of the other woman, which in all appearance consisted, like that of the man, of two articles only. The garment next her person was buttoned high up in the neck, but had very short sleeves.

Her arms were therefore so sunburned that a negress could not have been darker. The other garment was neither too ample nor too long, and was made, like her father's breeches, out of some orange-colored woollen stuff. I found out afterwards that all the clothing the family had worn for years was home-spun, home-woven, and home-dyed. Yellow being the favorite color, it is given to a whole piece, from which breeches and dresses are cut. As to the wool, they can keep sheep by the thousands on the mountains; but this family had only a few.

Amidst these observations I was alert to see the other maiden coming up stairs. She bore in her arms a loaf of bread, not very thick one way (some eight or nine inches), but measuring not less than two feet and a half the other. This she took to a large block, similar to those used by butchers, and in a masterly way with an axe (no other instrument could have touched the heart of that bread) split it first in two halves, then into quarters, and then into smaller pieces, with an almost mathematical precision.

What was the composition of the loaf? That is what puzzled me and would have, at first sight, brought to a stand-still even Liebig and Agassiz. All that could be seen at a few steps off was a mass of hairs, neither green nor blue, but something between the two shades; and I discovered at last that instead of being mouldy-bread, it was bread-mould.

Unconsciously to myself my face must have looked almost equally sour; for the old man, upon some remark from one of the girls, which I could not understand, taking hold of my hands with the authority of a grandfather, said that surely at home I must have been a spoiled child, since I looked with so much diffidence at bread which was nearly fresh, being not yet two months old. They baked only three times a year, and there were loaves enough in the cellar to last two months longer. Toward the end they became, it was a fact, a little sour; but no man in

his right sense could find fault with it now, it being as yet nice and sweet.

My face must have remained, even after this rebuke, somewhat dubious in expression, for the same daughter who had drawn his attention to me, after having broken some of the bread into morsels and thrown them into one of the large holes which, bowl-like, were cut out in the table (dishes and plates being unknown in those regions), and having poured about a quart of milk upon it, with a smiling countenance said to me: "Let it soak a few minutes, stranger; it will soon be as tender and sweet as sponge-cake."

Bread was broken and milk poured into three other holes in the table, which was made of a three-inch plank, and fastened by the four legs into the floor, becoming thus a fixture. I think civilization, in this respect, is a few degrees higher in Canton Grisons than on the Bernese Alps, where I travelled afterwards, and where the food is thrown into one huge wooden or earthen bowl, which is placed on a small table in the centre of the room, and out of which father, mother, children, servants, and strangers must all eat.

Letters do not slip more easily or swiftly into a letter-box than the bread and milk found its way down the throats of the two women. The old man, on the contrary, was very slow, and I was simply a spectator. Potatoes were boiling, and I was waiting to commit an assault upon them, when, putting on a somewhat forced smile, I said to one of the women, that if they would give me a piece of cold meat I would pay for it. "Meat!" (*carn*) was repeated in a trio; and, looking in each other's faces, they burst into laughter which re-echoed several times in the little valley. "Meat," then said one of them, "if you want to see any in this house you must come at Easter or on Christmas day."

The potatoes were served. They had never ripened, and were green as frogs and as watery as a soaked sponge. At last my hosts, showing the pity they felt for a poor hungry lad, gave me some

under need not doubt
 ice of it was washed
 milk. The repast
 of the evening, in
 profits; and my eyes con-
 veyed followed the women at their
 work, their first care being to wash
 with boiling water the table, which be-
 came as white as snow. A board was
 then placed over it, to prevent dust and
 dirt falling into the bowls.

As soon as it grew dark, the old
 man announced that it was time to go
 to sleep; he, correctly enough, did not
 speak of going to bed, because beds
 there were none in the house. It was
 a large oblong rectangular room, hav-
 ing lengthwise, on both sides, large
 benches as fixtures, and above these
 small windows or holes to admit light,
 as in a ship's cabin. The table was on
 one side close to the bench; a few stools
 completed the parlor furniture. The
 kitchen was simply a chimney or hearth-
 stone, with a few boards above it in one
 of the corners, the smoke finding its
 way out through a hole in the wall
 close to the roof. The pots and pans
 used in cooking were fastened to a chain.

To have an idea of the sleeping
 apartments, one must imagine at the
 upper end of the enclosure a stable
 with a double row of stalls, only instead
 of having a single passage in the cen-

tre, those stalls have one passage on
 each side of the wall, and the occupants'
 heads would meet in the middle of the
 room if a board did not separate them.
 The partitions are five or six feet high
 and divide spaces or stalls three feet by
 six or seven. At the foot, the board is
 only twelve or fifteen inches high;
 enough to keep as many inches of
 dried leaves for bedding in their place.
 There are two passage-ways, for the
 gentlemen sleep on one side, the ladies
 on the other. Several tiers of shelves
 ornament the whole hall; there being
 no closets, no chests of drawers, or
 cabinets to enclose anything.

As it was now almost dark, light was
 made, not with an oil lamp or candle,
 but, as in the Black-Forest of Germany,
 with a resinous piece of wood wedged
 between two stones, which are fixed for
 that purpose in the wall. These sticks
 are about two feet long and half an inch
 thick, and burn from ten to fifteen min-
 utes; the smell is pleasant, the smoke
 not quite so; and the light is as strong
 as that of three ordinary candles.

I wrapped up myself in my blanket,
 and was meditating the comforts or
 discomforts of the Alpine life when
 sleep fell upon me; and the next morn-
 ing I rose, much fresher than if I had
 spent the night upon a bed of down,
 and resumed my pilgrimage.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Arne: a Sketch of Norwegian Country Life.
 By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON. Translated
 from the Norwegian by Augusta Plesner
 and S. Rugeley Powers. Cambridge
 and Boston: Sever, Francis, & Co.

The Happy Boy; a Tale of Norwegian
 Peasant Life. By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRN-
 SON. Translated from the Norwegian,
 by H. R. G. Cambridge and Boston:
 Sever, Francis, & Co.

The Fisher-Maiden; A Norwegian Tale.
 By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON. From the
 Author's German Edition, by M. E. Niles.
 New York: Leyboldt and Holt.

THE author of that unique essay, "The
 Glut of the Fiction Market," who had
 the good fortune to put more truth about
 novels into wittier phrase than any other
 essayist of this time, held that having ex-
 hausted all the types and situations and
 catastrophes of English fiction, we must
 give it up as a source of literary amuse-
 ment; and, indeed, there are very few critics
 who do not now, in their heart of hearts
 (if they have any), secretly look forward
 to a time when people shall read nothing
 but book-notices.

Whilst this millennial period is still

somewhat distant, their weariness of our own novelists is attested by nothing so vividly as the extraordinary welcome which has of late been given to translations of the novels of all other races; for, generally speaking, these invaders of our realm of fiction are not better than the novelists they have displaced, but only different. Miss Mühlbach, the author of a vast, and, we believe, increasing horde of blond romances, is the most formidable foe that our sorrier sort of fictionists have had to contend with, and in her train have followed unnumbered others, though none so popular and so poor. Amongst these, indeed, have appeared several of striking merit, and conspicuously Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson, the Norwegian, whose beautiful romances we wish all our readers to like with us. Concerning the man himself, we know little more than that he is the son of a country clergyman, and that, after a rather unpromising career in school and college, he has risen to the first place in the literature of the North, and has almost invented a new pleasure in the fresh and wonderful tales he writes about Norwegian life. He has been the manager of a theatre, and he has written many plays, but we believe he is known in English only by the three books of which we have given the titles below, and which form an addition to literature of as great and certain value as any which has been otherwise made during the last two years.

There is in the way the tales are told a singular simplicity, or a reticence and self-control that pass for this virtue, and that take the æsthetic sense as winningly as their sentiment touches the heart. The author has entire confidence in his reader's intelligence. He believes, it seems, that we are fully satisfied with a few distinct touches in representing a situation or a character; he is the reverse, in a word, of all that is Trollopian in literary art. He does not concern himself with detail, nor with general statement, but he makes some one expressive particular serve for all introduction and explanation of a fact. The life he portrays is that, for the most part, of humble but decent folk; and this choice of subject is also novel and refreshing in contrast with the subjects of our own fictions, in which there seems to be no middle ground between magnificent drawing-rooms and the most unpleasant back-alleys, or between very refined and well-born company and the worst reprobates of either sex.

How much of our sense of his naturalness would survive further acquaintance with Bjørnson we cannot venture to say; the conventionalities of a literature are but too perilously apt to be praised as *naïveté* by foreign criticism, and we have only the internal evidence that peasant-boys like Arne, and fisher-maidens like Petra, are not as common and tiresome in Norwegian fiction as we find certain figures in our own novels. We would willingly celebrate them, therefore, with a wise reserve, and season our delight with doubt, as a critic should; though we are not at all sure that we can do this.

Arne is the son of Margit Kampen and Nils the tailor, who is the finest dancer and the gallantest man in all the country-side; and it is with subtlety and feeling that the author hints the error by which Arne came to be:—

"The next time there was a dance in the parish Margit was there. She sat listening to the music, and cared little for the dancing that night; and she was glad that somebody else, too, cared no more for it than she did. But when it grew later, the fidler, Nils the tailor, rose and wished to dance. He went straight over and took out Margit, and before she well knew what she was doing she danced with him. . . .

"Soon the weather turned warmer, and there was no more dancing. That spring Margit took so much care of a little sick lamb, that her mother thought her quite foolish. 'It's only a lamb, after all,' said the mother. 'Yes; but it's sick,' answered Margit.

"It was a long time since Margit had been to church; somebody must stay at home, she used to say, and she would rather let the mother go. One Sunday, however, later in the summer, the weather seemed so fine that the hay might very well be left over that day and night, the mother said, and she thought both of them might go. Margit had nothing to say against it, and she went to dress herself. But when they had gone far enough to hear the church-bells, she suddenly burst into tears. The mother grew deadly pale; yet they went on to church, heard the sermon and prayers, sang all the hymns, and let the last sound of the bells die away before they left. But when they were seated at home again, the mother took Margit's face between her hands, and said, 'Keep back nothing from me, my child!'"

But Nils is in love with Birgit Böen, who

loves him again, and is richer and handsomer than Margit. They torment each other, lover's fashion, Birgit being proud, and Nils capricious and dissipated, until one night at a dance he runs wilfully against Birgit and another lover of hers (who afterwards marries her), and knocks them over. Then this lover strikes Nils, who falls against the sharp edge of the fireplace, upon his spine. So Margit comes to claim him, and takes him home, and they are married; but as Nils grows better in health he grows a worse man, gives himself constantly to drink, and beats Margit cruelly. At last it comes to this awful scene, which is portrayed with peculiar force and boldness, and which is a good illustration of a manner so unaffected that manner hardly seems the word for it. Nils comes home after one of his drinking-bouts at a wedding-party, and finds Arne reading and Margit in bed.

"Arne was startled by the sound of a heavy fall in the passage, and of something hard pushing against the door. It was the father, just coming home.

"Is it you, my clever boy?" he muttered; 'come and help your father to get up.' Arne helped him up, and brought him to the bench; then carried in the violin-case after him and shut the door. 'Well, look at me, you clever boy; I don't look very handsome, now; Nils the tailor's no longer the man he used to be. One thing, I — tell — you — you shall never drink spirits; they're — the devil, the world, and the flesh. . . . "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." . . . O dear! O dear! How far gone I am!'

"He sat silent for a while, and then sang in a tearful voice, —

'Merciful Lord, I come to Thee;
Help, if there can be help for me;
Though by the mire of sin defiled,
I'm still Thine own dear ransomed child.'

"Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst come under my roof; but speak the word only" He threw himself forward, hid his face in his hands, and sobbed violently. . . .

"Then he was silent, and his weeping became subdued and calm.

"The mother had been long awake, without looking up; but now when she heard him weeping thus like one who is saved, she raised herself on her elbows, and gazed earnestly at him.

"But scarcely did Nils perceive her before he called out, 'Are you looking up, you ugly vixen! I suppose you would like to see what a state you have brought me to. Well, so I look, just so!' . . . He rose; and she hid herself under the fur coverlet. 'Nay, don't hide, I'm sure to find you,' he said, stretching out his right hand and fumbling with his forefinger on the bedclothes, 'Tickle, tickle,' he said, turning aside the fur coverlet, and putting his forefinger on her throat.

"Father!" cried Arne.

"How shrivelled and thin you've become already, there's no depth of flesh here!" She writhed beneath his touch, and seized his hand with both hers, but could not free herself.

"Father!" repeated Arne.

"Well, at last you're roused. How she wriggles, the ugly thing! Can't you scream to make believe I am beating you? Tickle, tickle! I only want to take away your breath.'

"Father!" Arne said once more, running to the corner of the room, and snatching up an axe which stood there.

"Is it only out of perverseness you don't scream? you had better beware; for I've taken such a strange fancy into my head. Tickle, tickle! Now, I think I shall soon get rid of that screaming of yours.'

"Father!" Arne shouted, rushing towards him with the axe uplifted.

"But before Arne could reach him, he started up with a piercing cry, laid his hand upon his heart, and fell heavily down. 'Jesus Christ!' he muttered, and then lay quite still.

"Arne stood as if rooted in the ground, and gradually lowered the axe. He grew dizzy and bewildered, and soon knew where he was. Then the mother began to move to and fro in the bed, and to breathe heavily, as if oppressed by some great weight lying upon her. Arne saw that she needed help; but yet he felt unable to render it. At last she raised herself a little, and saw the father lying stretched on the floor, and Arne standing beside him with the axe.

"Merciful Lord, what have you done?" she cried, springing out of the bed, putting on her skirt and coming nearer.

"He fell down himself," said Arne, at last regaining power to speak.

"Arne, Arne, I don't believe you," said the mother, in a stern reproachful voice;

'now Jesus help you!' And she threw herself upon the dead man with loud wailing.

"But the boy awoke from his stupor, dropped the axe and fell down on his knees: 'As true as I hope for mercy from God, I've not done it. I almost thought of doing it; I was so bewildered; but then he fell down himself; and here I've been standing ever since.'

"The mother looked at him, and believed him. 'Then our Lord has been here Himself,' she said, quietly, sitting down on the floor and gazing before her."

The terror and shadow of what he might have done hung long about Arne, making lonelier and sadder the life that was already melancholy and secluded. He has many dreams of going abroad, and escaping from the gloomy associations of his home and his past life; and, indulging these and other dreams, he begins to make songs and to sing them. All the processes of his thought are clearly suggested, and then almost as much is left to the reader's fancy as in any poem that stands so professed in rhyme. People are shown without effort to account for their presence further than it is explained in their actions, so that all has the charm of fact, about which there ever hangs a certain fascinating mystery; and the pictures of scenery are made with a confidence that they will please because they are beautiful. In these, natural aspects are represented as affecting the beholder in certain ways, and nature does not, as in our false sentimentalization, take on the complexion of his thoughts and reflect his mood.

By and by Arne is drawn somewhat away from the lonely life he has been leading, and upon a certain occasion he is persuaded to go nutting with a party of young girls; and here the author sketches with all his winning lightness and confidence the young-girl character he wishes us to see:—

"So Arne came to the party, and was nearly the only young man among the many girls. Such fun as was there Arne had never seen before in all his life; and one thing which especially astonished him was, that the girls laughed for nothing at all: if three laughed, then five would laugh just because those three laughed. Altogether, they behaved as if they had lived with each other all their lives; and yet there were several of them who had never met before that very day. When they caught the bough which they jumped after, they

laughed, and when they did not catch it they laughed also; when they did not find any nuts, they laughed because they found none; and when they did find some, they also laughed. They fought for the nutting-hook: those who got it laughed, and those who did not get it laughed also. Godfather limped after them, trying to beat them with his stick, and making all the mischief he was good for; those he hit laughed because he hit them, and those he missed laughed because he missed them. But the whole lot laughed at Arne because he was so grave; and when at last he could not help laughing, they all laughed again because he laughed."

This is the way in which all young girls appear to all boys, confounding them with emotions and caprices which they do not themselves understand; it is the history of a whole epoch of life; yet with how few words it is told! Think how one of our own story-tellers, — even a very clever one, — with the heavy and awkward traditions of the craft would have gone about it, if he or she had had the grace to conceive of anything so pretty and natural, and how it would have been explained and circumstantiated, and analyzed, and made detestable with the intrusion of the author's reflections and comments!

There is not much plot in "Arne." The task which the author seems chiefly to have proposed himself is the working out, by incident and encounter, of a few characters. In the person of Arne as in Petra, the fisher-maiden, he attempts a most difficult work; though Arne as a genius is far inferior to Petra. Still, there is in both the waywardness and strangeness produced by peculiar gifts, and both characters have to be handled with great delicacy to preserve the truth which is so often unlike truth, and the naturalness which is so uncommon as to appear unnatural. One of the maidens in the nutting-party is Eli Böen, the daughter of Birgit and Baard, the man who struck Arne's father that dreadful blow; and Arne, with as little consciousness as possible, and while still planning to go abroad, falls in love with her. It all ends, of course, with some delaying occurrence in their marriage, and in the heartfelt union of Eli's parents, who during twenty years have been secretly held apart by Birgit's old love for Nils, and by the memory of Baard's share in his ruin. This last effect, which is an incident of the main story, is inseparable from it, but is

not hinted till far toward the end, and is then produced with that trusting and unhasty art which, together with the brevity of every scene and incident, makes the romance so enjoyable. There is something also very wise and fine in the management of the character of Margit, Arne's mother, who, in spite of the double tragedy of her life, is seen to be a passive and simple heart, to whom things merely happen, and who throughout merely loves, now her bad husband and now her affectionate yet unintelligible son, whom she singly desires to keep with her always. She is the type of maternity as nearly as it can exist unrelated to other phases and conditions; and when she hears that Arne is in love with Eli, she has no other thought than to rejoice that this is a tie which will bind him to home. Meeting Eli one evening in the road, she lures her to walk toward Kampen that she may praise Arne to her; then comes some dialogue which is contrived to show the artless artifices by which these two women strive to turn the talk to and from the object of their different love; and after that there are most enchanting little scenes in the home at Kampen, when the women find Arne's treasury of wedding-gear, and at the end some of the prettiest love-making when Arne himself comes home.

With people in another rank, Charles Reade would have managed this as charmingly, though he would have thrown into it somewhat too much of the brilliancy of the footlights; and Auerbach would have done it with equal naturalness; but neither could have cast about it that poetic atmosphere which is so peculiarly the gift of Björnson and of the Northern mind, and which is felt in its creations, as if the glamour of the long summer days of the North had got into literature. It is very noticeable throughout "Arne." The facts are stated with perfect ruggedness and downright-ness when necessary, but some dreamy haze seems still to cling about them, subduing their hard outlines and features like the tender light of the slanting Norwegian sun on the craggy Norwegian headlands. The romance is interspersed with little lyrics, pretty and graceful in their form, but of just the quality to show that Björnson is wise to have chosen prose for the expression of his finer and stronger thoughts.

In that region of novel characters, wholesome sympathies, and simple interests to which he transports us, we have not only

a blissful sense of escape from the jejune inventions and stock repetitions of what really seems a failing art with us, but are aware of our contact with an excellent and enviable civilization. Of course the reader sees the Norwegians and their surroundings through Björnson's poetic eyes, and is aware that he is reading romance; yet he feels that there must be truth to the real as well as the ideal in these stories.

"Arne" is the most poetical of the three, and the action is principally in a world where the troubles are from within, and inherent in human nature, rather than from any artificial causes, though the idyllic sweetness is chiefly owing to the circumstances of the characters as peasant-folk in a "North countree." In "The Happy Boy" the world of conventions and distinctions is more involved by the fortunes of the lovers; for the happy boy Oeyvind is made wretched enough in the good old way by finding out that there is a difference between riches and poverty in the eyes of grandparents, at least, and he is tormented in his love of Marit by his jealousy of a wealthier rival. It is Marit's worldly and ambitious grandfather who forbids their love, and will have only unpleasant things to say to Oeyvind, until the latter comes back from the Agricultural College, and establishes himself in his old home with the repute of the best farmer in the neighborhood. Meantime unremitted love-making goes on between Marit and Oeyvind, abetted by Oeyvind's schoolmaster, through whom indeed all their correspondence was conducted while Oeyvind was away at school. At last the affair is happily concluded when Ole Nordstuen, the grandfather, finds that his farm is going to ruin, and nothing can save it but the skill of Oeyvind.

In this story the peasant life is painted in a more naturalistic spirit, and its customs are more fully described, though here as always in Björnson's work the people are primarily studied as men and women, and secondarily as peasants and citizens; and the descriptions are brief, incidental, and strictly subordinate to the story. We imagine in this an exercise of self-denial, for Björnson must be in love with all that belongs to his characters or surrounds them, to the degree of desiring to dwell longer than he ever does upon their portrayal. His fashion in dealing with scenery and character both is well shown in this account of Marit's party, to which Oeyvind

was invited, and at which he ceases with his experience of the world to be the entirely happy boy of the past:—

"It was a half clear, mild evening; no stars were to be seen; the next day it could not help raining. A sleepy kind of wind blew over the snow, which was swept away here and there on the white Heide fields; in other spots it had drifted. Along the side of the road, where there lay but little snow, there was ice which stretched along blue-black between the snow and the bare field, and peeped out in patches as far as one could see. Along the mountains there had been avalanches; in their track it was dark and bare, but on both sides bright and covered with snow, except where the birch-trees were packed together in black masses. There was no water to be seen, but half-naked marshes and morasses lay under the deeply fissured, melancholy looking mountain. The farms lay in thick clusters in the middle of the plain; in the darkness of the winter evening they looked like black lamps, from which light shot over the fields, now from one window, now from another; to judge by the lights, it seemed as if they were busy inside.

"Children, grown up and half grown up, were flocking together from all directions: the smaller number walked along the road; but they, too, left it when they came near the farms; and there stole along one under the shadow of the stable, a couple near the granary; some ran for a long time behind the barn, screaming like foxes, others answered far away like cats, one stood behind the wash-house, and barked like a cross old crack-voiced dog, until there became a general hunt. The girls came along in great flocks, and had some boys, mostly little boys, with them, who gathered around them along the road to seem like young men. When such a swarm of girls arrived at the farm, and one or a couple of the grown-up boys saw them, the girls separated, flew into the passages between the buildings or down in the garden, and had to be dragged into the house one by one. Some were so bashful that Marit had to be sent for, and compel them to come in. Sometimes, too, there came one who had not originally been invited, and whose intention was not at all to go in, but only to look on, until it turned out that she would just take one little dance. Those whom Marit liked much she invited into a little room where the old people themselves were, the old man sitting smoking and

grandmamma walking about. There they got something to drink, and were kindly spoken to. Oeyvind was not among them, and that struck him as rather strange."

When the dancing began, he scarcely dared to ask Marit to dance with him, and at last, when he did so, a tall, dark-complexioned fellow with thick hair threw himself in front of him. "Back, youngster!" he shouted, pushing Oeyvind so that the latter nearly fell backward over Marit.

"Nothing like this had ever happened to him before; never had any one been otherwise than kind to him, never had he been called 'Youngster,' when he wished to join in; he blushed scarlet, but said nothing, and drew back to where the new fiddler, who had just arrived, had sat down, and was busy tuning up his fiddle. . . .

"He looked longer and longer at her; but, in whatever way he looked, it seemed to him as if Marit were quite grown up; 'it cannot be so, he thought, for she still coasts down hill with us.' But grown up she was, nevertheless; and the thick-haired man pulled her, after the dance was over, down on to his lap; she glided off, still remaining, however, sitting by his side.

So Oeyvind discovered that this young man was handsome, and that he was himself very shabbily dressed. He could bear his novel and inexplicable anguish no longer, and went out and sat upon the porch alone with his gloomy thoughts, till Marit, who loved him, missed him and came to seek him.

"'You went away so soon,' she said to Oeyvind. He did not know what he should answer to this; thereupon, she also grew confused, and they were all three silent. But Hans stole away little by little. The two remained, not looking at each other, nor stirring. Then she said in a whisper: 'I have gone the whole evening with some Christmas goodies in my pocket for you, Oeyvind; but I have not had any chance to give them to you before.' She pulled out a few apples, a slice of a cake from town, and a little half-pint bottle, which she thrust over towards him, and said he could keep. Oeyvind took them. 'Thank you,' said he, and stretched out his hand; hers was warm; he dropped it immediately, as if he had burnt himself. 'You have danced a good deal this evening?' 'Yes, I have,' she answered; 'but you have not danced much,' she added. 'No, I have not.' 'Why not?' 'O—' 'Oeyvind.' 'What?' 'Why did you sit and

look so at me?' 'O, — Marit!' 'Yes?' 'Why did n't you like to have me look at you?' 'There were so many people.' 'You danced a good deal with John Hatlen this evening.' 'O, yes!' 'He dances well.' 'Do you think so?' 'O, yes! I do not know how it is, but this evening I cannot bear to have you dance with him, Marit.' He turned away; it had cost him an effort to say it. 'I do not understand you, Oeyvind.' 'Nor do I understand it myself; it is so stupid of me. Farewell, Marit; I am going now.' He took a step without looking round. Then she called after him: 'It is a mistake what you thought you saw, Oeyvind.' He stopped. 'That you are already a grown-up girl is not a mistake.' He did not say what she had expected, and so she was silent."

This Marit's character is beautifully drawn, as it rises out of maiden coyness to meet the exigency of her lover's sensitive passion, and is so frank at once and so capricious in the sort of advances she is obliged to make to him. The correspondence carried on between the two while Oeyvind is in the Agricultural College is delightful with its mixture of prodigious formality and jealous tenderness on the hero's part, and mixture of jesting coquetry and fond consenting on Marit's side. A lover cannot take a joke from his mistress, and of course Marit shows superior to Oeyvind at this and some other times, but she is always patient and firm in her love for him.

The religious feeling which is a passive quality in "Arne" is a positive and controlling influence in "The Happy Boy," where it is chiefly exerted by the old schoolmaster. To him a long and bitter quarrel with an only brother, now dead, has taught life-long meekness and dread of pride; and he affectingly rebukes Oeyvind's ambition to be first among the candidates for confirmation, in order that he may eclipse all others in Marit's eyes. But Björnson's religious feeling is not pietistic; on the contrary, it teaches, as in "The Fisher-Maiden," that a cheerful life of active goodness is the best interpretation of liberal and hopeful faith, and it becomes at no time a theological abstraction. It is always more or less blended with love of home, and a sense of the sweetness and beauty of natural affections. It is a strengthening property in the tenderness of a sentiment which seems almost distinctively his, or which at least is very clearly distinguished from German sentiment, and in which we Anglo-

Saxon readers may indulge our hearts without that recoil of shame which otherwise attends the like surrender. Indeed, we feel a sort of inherent sympathy with most of Björnson's people on this and other accounts, as if we were in spirit, at least, Scandinavians with them, and the Viking blood had not yet died out of us. Some of the traits that he sketches are those now of New England fishermen and farmers and of Western pioneers, — that is, the pioneers of the time before Pacific Railroads. A conscientiousness also exists in them which is like our own, — for we have really a popular conscientiousness, in spite of many shocking appearances to the contrary, — though there seems to be practically more forgiveness in their morality than in ours, especially towards such errors as those by which Arne and Petra came to be. But their incentives and expectations are all as different from ours as their customs are, and in these romances the reader is always sensible of beholding the life of a vigorous and healthful yet innumerable people, restricted by an unfriendly climate and variable seasons, and gaining a hard subsistence from the treacherous sea and grudging soil. Sometimes the sense of nature's reluctant or cruel attitude toward man finds open expression, as in "The Fisher-Maiden," where the pastor says to the "village saints": "Your homes are far up among the mountains, where your grain is cut down more frequently by the frost than by the scythe. Such barren fields and deserted spots never have been built upon; they might well be given over to pasturage and the spooks. Spiritual life thrives but poorly in your mountain home, and partakes of the gloom of the surrounding vegetation. Prejudice, like the cliffs themselves, overhangs your life and casts a shadow upon it." Commonly, however, the pathos of this unfriendliness between the elements and man is not sharply uttered, but remains a subtle presence qualifying all impressions of Norwegian life. Perhaps it is this which gives their singular beauty to Björnson's pictures of the scenery amidst which the action of his stories takes place, — pictures notably of Nature in her kindlier moods, as if she were not otherwise to be endured by the imagination.

In "The Fisher-Maiden," which is less perfect as a romance than "Arne," Björnson has given us in Petra his most perfect and surprising creation. The story is not so dreamy, and it has not so much poetic inti-

macy with external things as "Arne," while it is less naturalistic than "The Happy Boy," and interests us in characters more independently of circumstance. It is, however, very real, and Petra is a study as successful as daring. To work out the character of a man of genius is a task of sufficient delicacy, but the difficulty is indefinitely enhanced where it is a woman of genius whose character is to be painted in the various phases of childhood and girlhood, and this is the labor Björnson undertakes in Petra. She is a girl of the lowest origin, and has had, like Arne, no legal authority for coming into the world; but like him she has a wonderful gift, though it is different from his. Looking back over her career from the close of the book, one sees plainly enough that she was born for the stage; but it is then only that the author's admirable art is apparent, and that we are reconciled to what seemed extravagances and inconsistencies, and are even consoled for the disappointment of our foolish novel-reading desire for the heroine's marriage. Petra does not marry any of the numerous lovers whom she has won in her unconscious effort to surround herself with the semblances that charm her imagination but never touch her heart; she is wedded to dramatic art alone, and the author, with a wisdom and modesty almost rare enough to be called singular, will not let us see whether the union is happy or not, but closes his book as the curtain rises upon Petra's first appearance. In fact, his business with her was there ended, as the romancer's used to be with the nuptials of his young people; what followed could only have been commonplace in contrast with what went before. The story is exquisitely pleasing; the incidents are quickly successive; the facts are in great part cheerful and amusing, and even where they are disastrous there is not a hopeless or unrelieved pathos in them; the situations are vivid and picturesque, and the people most refreshingly original and new, down to the most slightly seen and least important personage. There is also unusual range and variety in the characters; we have no longer to do with the peasants, but behold Norwegian nature as it is affected by life in towns, refined by education and thought, and sophisticated by wealth and unwise experience of the world. The figures are drawn with a strength and fineness that coexist more in this author than in any other we know, and

that strike us peculiarly in the characters of Petra's mother, Gunlaug, who lets her own compassionate heart deceive her with regard to that pitiful Pedro Ohlsen, and thereafter lives a life of stormy contempt towards her seducer, forgiving him at last in a tacit sort of way sufficiently to encourage the feeble-souled creature to leave Petra his money; of Gunnar, the young sailor, who being made love to by Petra because she wants the figure of a lover for her reveries, furiously beats Ingve Vold because he has stolen Petra's airy affections from him; of Ingve Vold, the Spanish-travelled, dandified, handsome young rich man, who, after capturing Petra's fancy with stories of Spain, in turn lets his love get the better of his wickeder designs, and is ready to do anything in order to call Petra his wife; of the pastor's son, Oedegaard, who has educated Petra and has then fallen in love with her, and been accepted by her after that imaginative person has promised herself to Gunnar and Ingve; of the country pastor in whose house Petra finds refuge (after her mother's house has been mobbed because of her breaking so many hearts, and she has been driven out of her native village), and in despite of whom she dreams and thinks of nothing but the stage, till finally he blesses her aspiration.

Two scenes in the story appear to us the most interesting; and of course the chief of these is Petra seeing a play for the first time at the theatre in Bergen, which stands quite alone as a sympathetic picture of the amaze and exaltation of genius in the art destined henceforth to express it and to explain it to itself. It is long after this before Petra comes fully to understand her past life from her present consuming desire, and perhaps she never does it so fully as another does, — as Oedegaard, or the reader; but that experience at once gives shape and direction to her future, and it is so recorded as to be nearly as much a rapture to us as to her.

After this the most admirable episode is that scene in which the "village saints" come to expostulate with the pastor against countenancing music and dancing and other wicked cheerfulnesses, and in which the unanswerable arguments of the pastor in self-defence are made subtly to undermine the grounds of his own opposition to Petra's longing for the theatre. In this scene the religious and earnest element of Björnson's genius appears with great effect. The bigoted sincerity of the saints is treated

with beautiful tenderness, while their errors are forcibly discovered to them. In a little space these people's characters are shown in all their individual quaintness, their narrow life is hinted in its gloom and loneliness, and the reader is made to feel at once respect and compassion for them.

There is no room left here to quote from "The Fisher-Maiden"; but the reader has already been given some idea of Björnson's manner in the passages from "Arne" and "The Happy Boy." This manner is always the same in its freedom from what makes the manner of most of our own stories tedious and abominable: it is always direct, unaffected, and dignified, expressing nothing of the author's personality, while fully interpreting his genius, and supplying no intellectual hollowness and poverty with tricks and caprices of phrase.

We hope that his publishers will find it profitable to give us translations of all his works. From him we can learn that fulness exists in brevity rather more than in prolixity; that the finest poetry is not ashamed of the plainest fact; that the lives of men and women, if they be honestly studied, can, without surprising incident or advantageous circumstance, be made as interesting in literature as are the smallest private affairs of the men and women in one's own neighborhood; that telling a thing is enough, and explaining it too much; and that the first condition of pleasing is a generous faith in the reader's capacity to be pleased by natural and simple beauty.

Red as a Rose is She. By the Author of "Cometh up as a Flower," "Not Wisely, but too Well," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

SOME things you do not like to have a woman do well, and these are about the only things which are well done by the authoress of "*Red as a Rose is She.*" A sad facility in reproducing the speeches and feelings of loose young men of the world about women, and a keen perception of those thoughts of which men are mostly so much ashamed that they try to hide them from themselves, are the strong points of this popular writer whose mental and moral attitudes somehow vividly remind you of the *opéra bouffe* and the burlesques. But let women be as immodest and reckless as they will, they have always a fund of indestructi-

ble innocence; and in this novel, where there is apparently neither fear of God nor regard of man, there is artlessly mixed up with the wickedness and worldliness ever so much sentimental millinery of the kind that young girls delight in, when they write, and, we suppose, when they read, and that comes in drolly and pathetically enough along with all the rest.

The women's characters have a certain bad naturalness, and so have the worse men's,—if there is any choice in that doubtful company. Such a girl as Esther might very well be, and such a one as Constance; though a little more modesty and heart would not hurt either likeness. But the plot is entirely preposterous in its staleness and its wildness. You have all that dreary meeting-at-a-country-house, dining and shooting business which makes the English society novel an insupportable burden, and then that sort of love-making (apparently studied from the enamored cats upon the roof) in which the lovers scold and revile each other, and bid one another leave the premises, when they do not happen to thrill and throb and hunger and clutch and have ice and fire in their veins. And so it comes to pass that Esther falls frightfully sick, and, being at the point of death, asks St. John to kiss her, and, miraculously recovering, cannot get over having begged this simple favor, though she has no shame and no remorse for some hundreds of kisses, as seething and charring as any out of Mr. Swinburne's poetry, which she exchanged with St. John when in health. She will not be consoled till St. John in his vein of airy badinage swears "by the holy poker" not to taunt her with it after they are married.

Throughout this romance there is a great and explicit loathing of all persons in sickness, poverty, old age, or calamity of any kind except unhappy love, and of all religious persons especially, and most of the virtues are put where they belong, amongst the humbugs. You may say that the characters are vulgar in their lives and words, but it is all nothing to the vulgarity which appears when the authoress speaks for herself in a parenthetical passage. There is no denying that she has dash; but you cannot call it anything better. Her wit would not save a well-meaning book; but a very little wit goes a great way in a reckless or evil book.